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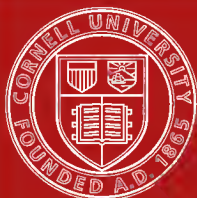
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George S. Howard

THE EVANGELIST:
OR
LIFE AND LABORS
OF
REV. JABEZ S. SWAN.

BEING
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF THIS FAR-FAMED PREACHER,
AND OF HIS WONDERFUL SUCCESS IN THE CONVERSION OF
MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND SOULS IN THE
NEW ENGLAND AND MIDDLE STATES ;

WITH
ACCOUNTS OF SCORES OF REMARKABLE REVIVALS, SKETCHES OF
DISCOURSES, IMPRESSIVE ANECDOTES, AND NOTICES
OF EMINENT PERSONS.

ALSO
PAPERS CONTRIBUTED BY DISTINGUISHED
DIVINES AND MEMBERS OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS,
ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL PLATE PORTRAIT AND
ENGRAVINGS REPRESENTING ACTUAL SCENES IN HIS MINISTRY.

EDITED BY
REV. F. DENISON, A. M.

"HE WAS A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT."—JOHN V, 35.

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM L. PECKHAM, WATERFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
WILLIAM L. PECKHAM,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington,

Electrotyped by E. B. Sheldon,
New Haven, Conn.

Printed by Denison, Grenell & Barker,
New Haven, Conn.

288
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Inscribed

TO THE CHURCHES

IN THE

STONINGTON UNION,

AND

NEW LONDON ASSOCIATIONS,

IN CONNECTICUT;

AND IN THE

CHENANGO,

AND

MADISON ASSOCIATIONS,

IN NEW YORK;

WHOSE FAITH AND LABORS,

RELATIVE TO REVIVALS,

DESERVE AN ENDURING RECORD;

AND AMONG WHOM

HAS BEEN SIGNALLY MANIFESTED

The Power of God.

PREFACE.

YIELDING to the continued solicitations of the thousands of his spiritual children and his countless friends, the subject of this volume was constrained, during the present year, to put upon record the leading facts and incidents of his eventful life. His reluctance to autobiographical writing was overcome by the just argument urged upon him, that a record of his varied and remarkable toils would be largely serviceable to the holy cause to which his life had been devoted, and that his memory alone was the custodian of the facts, names, and dates, necessary to give proper fullness and complexion to the record desired.

We have aimed to arrange the materials thus furnished by his pen, together with certain contributions from his friends, and to fill here and there a niche with such historical statements, explanations and reflections, as seemed necessary to complete the picture and furnish it with an appropriate background. The task has been far from an easy one. Relative to the method pursued in

securing and arranging the material for the volume, our sufficient explanation is, that no one felt qualified, from his single point of view, to delineate the remarkable subject of the work, while it was believed that a variety of testimonies, with their different charms of style, would present a more thorough view, and be more entertaining, instructive and valuable. The avails of the volume we are happy to state, will accrue to the benefit of the evangelist and his family; a fact which will surely bespeak for the work a generous reception. The editor has gladly contributed his literary labor.

Special obligations are acknowledged to William L. Peckham, Esq., at whose instance the work has been taken in hand, and who has generously volunteered the labor and expense of publishing the volume. Particular thanks are also expressed, for valuable papers, appearing in the body of the work, from the pens of Doctors, B. M. Hill, R. H. Neale, D. Ives, A. G. Palmer, S. D. Phelps, J. H. Raymond, J. N. Murdock, Prof. J. J. Lewis, Hon. W. H. Potter, J. H. Crocker, Esq., Revs. N. E. Shailer, C. Willett, W. C. Walker, O. T. Walker, P. G. Wightman, A. C. Bronson, A friend, H. D. Pinney, Deacon J. Niles, Deacon G. O. Sumner, Deacon L. Clark, I. Anderson, D. T. Richards, Josephine Tyler, and others.

Mention must also be made of indebtedness to my daughter for the labor of copying for the press Mr. Swan's Record, and our own hasty pencillings. Nor may we forget to state that the electrotyped cuts were drawn and engraved by the veteran artist, John W. Barber—member of the Connecticut Historical Society—now in his seventy-sixth year—the well known author of many illustrated historical works. Expense and difficulties attended the restoration of the old meeting houses. The unique scene of the Union Baptism,

was reproduced by the editor's pencil, guided by his memory, and supplemented by the hand of the artist. The symbolic terminals also were suggested by the pencil of the editor and engraved by Mr. Barber. Throughout, in the execution of the work, we have studiously endeavored to combine reasonable taste with a wise economy, considering the interests of the readers.

But the interest and value of the volume will be found in Mr. Swan's Record--readily traced by the table of contents. If the large number of truly valuable historical and personal memoranda, incidents, principles, and reflections, furnished by him are duly weighed, they cannot fail, we think to prove an inestimable blessing to the disciples, and the cause, of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose we are, and whom we desire to serve.

F. DENISON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., NOVEMBER 27, 1873.

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WHAT a multitude of actors the Lord is pleased to call out in every scene of the great drama of the ages. Nor are any two actors alike; some are strong, some weak, some brilliant, some dull, some regular, some eccentric. Variety in unity is the world's pleasing order; general patterns are infinitely varied. In any forest, no two trees, in truth no two leaves are alike. Equal diversity reigns, by divine appointment in the human family. How interesting and instructive therefore becomes true history. Alas, that so small a part of what is written is really true. Truth fills a charming, endless gallery. "Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that."

Men are raised up for their times; Cyrus for his age; Moses for his; Paul for his generation; Cæsar for Europe; Washington for America; Judson for the world; Howard for the prisoner; Lincoln for the bondman. What is true of representative men, is true of

the masses. It is a great thing for a man to know his times and his work. This he can do truly only as he is guided, like a Joseph or an Ezra, by the Spirit of God. Though not knowing all certainly, if he is a man of faith and prayer, he will be guided aright ; and the generations following him shall recognize the Divine Hand. Genuine evangelists are ordained of God as they are needed, and sent to serve peculiarly amid the peculiarities of their times.

We are invited to consider a singular and majestic character, with the unusual part assigned him in the important events of his age. How can we justly present our unique subject? Can words depict Mount Washington or Niagara? Will the view of any eye, from any stand-point, be an adequate one? Facts shall speak for us rather than words. The greatness and difficulties of our task will be apparent as we proceed.

All are pleased most with pictures from nature, and instructed most by real examples. Profit and delight accompany the study of true biography. Wise and successful voyagers eagerly study the courses pursued by their predecessors. Special value is happily put upon the career of a brave and good man. His principles and his conduct become an inspiration to every upward striving spirit. Because our Creator has largely constituted us imitative beings, the sentiments and examples of our fellows exert over us a controlling influence for good or evil. Therefore should we select for our study and imitation the worthiest models. With confidence and pleasure we commend to widest study and most careful reflection the life and labors of the christian man before us. Away with novels in the presence of enticing facts. When the world abounds with real

characters, why delude us with the creations of dreams ? Can men paint better than nature ? Are human imaginings wiser than the thoughts and providence of God ?

Considerations of no ordinary delicacy pertain to an attempt at sketching the qualities, peculiarities, and doings of the distinguished preacher before us. How shall we fully describe a man of extraordinary natural powers ; of brilliant and eccentric genius ; of acute and robust reason ; of lightning-winged imagination ; of quick and ready memory ; of sharp and double-eyed wit ; of well-poised and herculean will ; of pure and ardent piety ; of thorough biblical study ; and of a physical frame with voice, gesture and manner suited to the animating soul.

On the title page of our volume we have adopted the metaphor applied to the harbinger of Jesus, since the honored subject of our work was a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness and preparing the way of the Lord. Largely did he accept the ancient Baptist as his model of faith, zeal and labor. Often have we heard him quote this metaphor and express the prayer that all preachers of the gospel might be of like spirit and power with the first Baptist.

His style is graphic, epigrammatic, pictorial, poetic in spirit and often highly so in form. The metaphors of the Bible, the symbols abounding in nature, and the impressive incidents of history supplied him with illustrations of his arguments, as the hunter's quiver supplies his bow. But we shall vainly attempt to give his real living style, as it flowed from his glowing heart and ready lips in the hours of his true inspiration.

The larger portion of the powerful preachers and evangelists of every age have been like the prophets, and

Christ, and the apostles, in that they have sparingly used parchment in their preaching. Some have written not at all. The explanation is twofold. Their thoughts have been too rapid in their flow, and too epigrammatical in form to brook the restraints and little proprieties that attach to a pen. And secondly, the speakers have been unwilling to forego the use of their eyes and the freedom of their whole bodies by confinement to paper. Indeed everywhere, if men would powerfully move assemblies, they will do best, after thoroughly mastering their subjects, to leave their labored preparations out of sight, and speak to men face to face as the spirit of wisdom may give them utterance. Jonathan Edwards could effectively use his manuscripts; yet not unlikely he might have done even better service at times without them. The most distinguished preachers of our own day, Charles H. Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher, in their happiest efforts at least, use only the merest briefs, and often nothing at all in the form of writing. For their richest, raciest discourses we are indebted to the skill of phonographic reporters. However the remark may militate against our own practice, we here emphasize what we often have stated, that the world doubtless would have been the gainer if never a manuscript had been carried into a pulpit. Men can learn to think on their feet as well as in their chairs, and can acquire the habit of composing sentences on the spur of the moment quite as effectively, if not always as elegantly, as when allowed the quiet of the study, and long hours in which to weigh the form of their words. It is alike an art to compose whether with or without writing. And is it not the noblest attainment when one can dispense with the machinery of pen, ink and parchment? More-

over the masses of the people are less moved by excellent rhetoric than by vivid ideas.

We here recall the wise counsel of Dr. Wayland whose words were always golden. "Think out your subject clearly and fully. Be master of your position. Preserve the power of writing so completely that you can produce a discourse from your pen when needed. At the same time maintain the ability and habit of speaking without a manuscript." We think that many of the students of Brown University and the assemblies that listened to the eminent thinker in the First Baptist Church in Providence will testify that Dr. Wayland often rose to his grandest heights of eloquence and power as a preacher when speaking without the restraint of notes.

Relative to some of Mr. Swan's oddities of expression two things may be said in explanation; First; his mental constitution was unique; his mind bent towards forms of force; Second; he studiously aimed to awaken and stimulate men to action. Not mere sensation, but working effect, was his prime and laudable object. He could not be like other men. He meant to be incisive. He did not care to clothe his thoughts in the fashionable garb of any school. The eagle does not covet the plumage of the humming bird.

Not that he underestimated true elegance of diction; no man had a more accurate and lively appreciation of fit and forcible language. In fact, in him the poetic element was native and prominent; but for his life-work—to impress men with the truth—he valued strength above mere ornament. Luckless indeed have been copyists of his original style and manner. Attempting to imitate the Swan they became but geese.

Could some of the discourses of the evangelist have been fully reported, they would be counted splendid specimens of oratory, especially if that be reckoned oratory which powerfully moves the multitude. To know their full effect however would require a knowledge of the preacher's spirit, look, voice and manner.

A successful sculptor, or painter, or poet, must be highly endowed with imagination—the image-forming, picture-making, idea-sketching faculty. Not less is it needed by a great orator or preacher. This rare and well nigh regal power is prominent in him of whom we speak. From this grand quality flows much of the charm, vividness and force of his preaching. Delighting in the metaphors, and master of the poetry, of the Bible, he is often wonderfully felicitous in combining the inspired word-painting with the thread of his arguments, and in carrying home his conclusions by the loftiest poetic appeals. Had time allowed him to train and chasten his imagination, he would have been a poet of no inferior rank.

Such was his rapidity of thought and facility of speech that he seldom put his pen to paper as an aid in preparing his discourses, save to jot down what might answer as a brief of his arguments—mere bones to be clothed by the spirit in the hour of prophecy. He however always prepared by hard study. In style, manner, and method, he was original and peerless. As we can not adequately portray him in common formulas of language, we shall hope to present some of the engaging aspects of him by incidents of his life and characteristic anecdotes. What is eminently picturesque can best be set forth by pictures.

Great delicacy and difficulty attach to the effort of

delineating an actor before he has completed his part on the stage. We may not fully comprehend his part until it closes. He himself may not clearly understand it. No man is a perfect judge of himself. No man is an infallible interpreter of another. Steering as best we may by a new method between Scylla and Charybdis we hope the truth may suffer no serious loss from the limitations under which we are obliged to present it. When the good and gifted man shall have finished his work, an abler pen may impart to the picture its full and proper colors. Yet the final shading of so rare an original will be a difficult task.

We study the self-denying lives and fondly cherish the names of the founders of cities and the planters of states. Affectionately we sing of Plymouth and What Cheer Rocks. But he who plants and nurtures the principles and institutions of the gospel does the highest service to his generation and confers the most enduring benefit upon his country. To elevate and purify mankind is to deserve honor. To be a worker with God in the moral husbandry of the world ; to act as an ambassador of the world's Redeemer ; to toil publicly, vigorously, ably, for more than half a century ; to lead thousands in the way of life ; to boldly and successfully apply the laws of God to the habits, maxims and customs of men ; must be admitted to be a task of the highest order, and one presenting a claim upon our attention, persuading us to give it careful study and to imitate as far as possible the noble worker. The highest products of our world are its good men. Whatever land can boast of true, pure, heroic spirits has its

historic fame secure. With equal force and beauty wrote Wordsworth :

“ Can earth afford
Such genuine state, preeminence so free,
As when arrayed in Christ’s authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
Conjures, implores, and labors all he can
For resubjecting to Divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man.”

Eastern Connecticut is not without such roll of true honor. Many of her sons have acted worthily for her and all our land. In trying days and amid scenes calculated to make or mar the noblest qualities, true men have appeared and honored their times. Secular history will give to Eastern Connecticut her roll of civilians and military worthies. She has had as well her catalogue of pure, gifted, effective preachers; Noyes, Owen, the Wightmans, Backus, Strong, Pomeroy, Brown, the Palmers, the Miners, the Burrowses, the Darrows. These had their brave compeers and their worthy successors ; a good roll of pastors, teachers, evangelists, men who laid strong foundations and built for God. The spirit and faith of the old revivalists, Wesley, Whitefield, Tennent, Wightman, Crowell, Backus, Baldwin, Payson, have often reappeared to bless the world. Eastern Connecticut stands conspicuous and honored as having been the theatre of numerous and remarkable revivals ; some in the early colonial days ; many during the period known as the Great Awakening. Much of the glory of the New Light shone from her hills. But in all her history, among her native born sons, for stalwart form and qualities, for fervency of piety, for biblical understanding, for multitude of labors, for heroic sacrifices, and for success in winning souls, no one

has filled the commission of a preacher and an evangelist more effectively than he of whom we now write.

In the semicentennial sermon before the New London Baptist Association (Sept. 1867) preached by Rev. S. Graves, D. D. of Norwich, occurs this true testimony : “ And here too, is my brother in the desk, whose voice has been the clarion of the Lord over all this field, and whose life and labors form the most thrilling chapter in our history for the last quarter of a century.” Additional labors have now been performed both in Connecticut and in New York.

Though names and numbers altogether inadequately set forth the results of his ministry, yet it is suitable to state that it is confidently believed from a survey of records, that in connection with his labors, and as their direct fruit, about ten thousand souls have been added to Baptist churches. Very many of course were converted under his preaching who finally united with churches of other denominations. A large number led to Christ by him have become preachers of the gospel.

Not a few will associate the name of Jabez S. Swan with that of Jacob Knapp. They were indeed kin and ever twin in faith and evangelistic labors. Elder Knapp was born in Otsego Co., N. Y., Dec. 7, 1799, and was therefore but two and a half months older than Elder Swan. He was licensed in 1822, studied theology at Hamilton, received his diploma and was ordained in 1825. His first settlement, of five years, was in Springfield, N. Y., his second, of three years, was in Watertown, N. Y. His career as an evangelist began in the autumn of 1833.

Elder Swan, born Feb. 23, 1800, was licensed May 12, 1822, the same year with Elder Knapp ; entered Ham-

ilton in 1825, the year that Mr. Knapp left ; graduated in 1827, in which year he was ordained. His first settlement was in Stonington, Conn., and continued three years, during which the conviction came upon him that he ought to enter the field as an evangelist. This it will be noticed was at least three years before Mr. Knapp commenced his evangelistic career. His second pastorate, which continued eight years, was in Norwich, N. Y., during which he entered upon evangelizing labors in regions adjacent. Large success attended his labors. A third pastorate was in Preston, N. Y., where he organized the church and directed in the erection of a meeting-house. A fourth settlement of about four years duration, was in Oxford, N. Y. In all this time he was withal an evangelist, meeting with wonderful success. He now dropped pastoral relations and girded himself fully for reaping in the broad field. In eighteen months he baptized more than a thousand persons.

It is somewhat difficult therefore to decide between Elder Swan and Elder Knapp, as to who first thrust in the evangelizing sickle. Doubtless they, like the orbs of heaven, mutually influenced each other. Priority in leaving the pastorate for his work belongs to Elder Knapp. In faith and zeal, as in strength and eccentricities, they were however true yokefellows, and at different times in their ministry preached from the same pulpit. Not long however did they toil alone as pioneers in their peculiar labor. They were immediately followed and assisted by such brave and gifted men as George Benedict, J. H. Chamberlain, A. C. Kingsley and Lewis Raymond. Thus the modern type of evangelism, dating from about 1830, may be said to have been largely inaugurated in Connecticut and New York,

through the instrumentality of Jacob Knapp and Jabez S. Swan.

We have spoken of the modern or late type of revivals. Some explanation perhaps is necessary. All revivals are wrought by the Holy Spirit, but the Spirit employs different means at different times. One method was chosen at Pentecost ; another at Philippi ; another in the days of Luther ; another in the times of Cranmer ; another in the times of Wesley. There were revivals in New England prior to the Great Awakening, but they differed from that great event in their modes of manifestation ; they were unfolded in particular churches and under the labors of settled ministers and the body of the churches. Evening meetings and traveling evangelists were unknown. Indeed the state of the country, save in the few cities, would not admit of such means. After the Great Revival more was thought of series of meetings and of the labors of itinerant evangelists. Especially were these in honor among the Baptists as shown by the labors of Isaac Backus. But since from the weakness of human nature, the progress of the world, including that of churches also, is saltatory instead of steady and regular, the spirit of revivals in the country, in the early part of the present century had suffered serious abatement. Military, political and pecuniary excitements had largely engrossed the public attention. Moreover certain doctrinal views had erected themselves into a virtual barrier against evangelistic efforts. Education and routine prevailed in the churches of the Standing Order in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Little opportunity was there for a John the Baptist except among the Baptists and Methodists. Alas, that the hands of some of the Baptist were tied

by Antinomianism and certain perversions of Calvinism. Religious reformation was suffering an ebb. Protracted meetings and fervent appeals to the wicked—the spiritually dead—were suspected of machine-work and the heresy of Arminianism. A holy horror was entertained of man-made converts.

But the time at last came for lifting again the old standard and blowing the trumpet of the Lord on the hills. Of the part acted in the great rally by Jabez S. Swan we shall learn in the chapters to follow.

Opposition to distinctively Baptist principles is what might have been confidently expected from the old dominant ecclesiastical party in Connecticut. The majority in the state have been pedobaptists from the beginning. The colony was planted by a peculiar class of Presbyterians, whose descendants have become professedly Congregational. Baptists have always been congregationalists of the purest type. But their rejection of sprinkling and infant church membership has barred them from the favor of pedobaptists.

It will not be a matter of wonder to the thoughtful that even some of the Baptists hesitated to subscribe to all the bold methods ventured upon by the evangelist. Some men from constitutional peculiarities, and others from habit and a deference to customs, look suspiciously upon innovations. Of necessity they judge of the battle of life from their own stand-point. Hence the movements of a general whose views are more comprehensive than their own, are liable to be misunderstood and unjustly criticised ; courage is deemed rashness ; a bold attack is denounced as recklessness. Not until success crowns the brow of the valiant leader, do these

halting and doubting spirits join in the chorus of victory.

In some fields peculiar chronic difficulties were encountered. Both ministers and churches had long been negligent of discipline and the practical application of vital ecclesiastical principles. To use Mr. Swan's own illustration, they had plowed and cultivated the centre of the field, leaving a large margin on all sides, of bushes and briars, concealing the fence and furnishing a rendezvous for serpents, insects and vermin, with an unmolested growth advancing toward the centre of the field. His idea was to plow up to the fence. Brush, vines, snakes and burrowing creatures belonged on the outside of the enclosure. But it was hard work to put the plow into these bosky, briery, serpent-haunted margins. Such courage met with opposition and not unfrequently with peril.

By not a few he has been pronounced eccentric. But what do men mean by this phrase? Would they have all men precisely alike? Would they bar the Creator from bestowing peculiarities upon us? While the Lord has made no two members of the human family alike (save the Siamese twins) in stature, features, voice and strength, shall he not impart a like variety of intellectual and spiritual gifts? John the Baptist was eccentric. Paul was eccentric. Luther was eccentric. Whitefield was eccentric. No two heavenly bodies move in the same orbit. In fact every member of the great family of man is eccentric. We admit that the subject of our sketch had his eccentricities, but they were all of the noblest type. To use his own expression, he worked "in his own harness." What models he had were drawn from the Scriptures, rather than from his own time.

He copied from Elijah and Gideon and Nehemiah and Peter. If he leaped out of the old ruts and grooves of custom it was to move in a higher sphere and to accomplish worthy ends.

Impartiality requires at least an allusion to the fact that in two or three instances in his life, owing to his herculean labors by day and night, overtaking his powers of body and mind, the spirit, for brief seasons, broke from its accustomed orbit. It is difficult to speak of this martyr feature in language sufficiently delicate. What can any of us truly say of physical disease or mental aberration of which we have had no experience! How far is one the author of the other? And does not the virtue of great labor and over-work in a holy cause counterbalance the momentary misfortune of abnormal mental conditions? Warriors lose limbs and life also. In these hours however the flights of Mr. Swan's mind were upward, and often mighty and majestic. Whoever contemplates the vast amount of work he performed will only marvel that the mortal frame of the man endured so well the heavy shock of heroic battle.

His aims in life never included the acquisition of property. Ambitious to give his talents, his bodily strength, his time and his all, to the service of Christ, he has been contented with a bare support. Traveling, preaching, toiling unweariedly for fifty years, always giving liberally from his scanty means, suffering no case of real need to pass unheeded, sometimes receiving comfortably but always pouring out benevolently, he is still dependent upon his labor for his living. Always plain in dress, economical in habits, and ceaseless in efforts, the state of his finances is a proof of his disinterested

spirit. Indeed he has seen times of real poverty, even in the times of his most abounding usefulness.

The true preacher's ambition is often quite misunderstood. Too frequently is it interpreted as a desire for public life, a love of popularity, a passion for reputation and fame, as in the case of many men of the world. It may be that this is partly true of some who preach the gospel, but not of the best and truest ministers of Christ. They are more like their Master, aiming not for the applause of men, but for the salvation of souls, and for the restoration of the kingdom of God on earth. They seek assemblies that they may do good, and covet the fame of men for the truth's sake. Not unfrequently, as in the case of the subject of the present work, they are naturally the most modest and self-depreciating of men. Their seeming confidence and boldness is a moral courage drawn from Christ, to do their appointed work as his ambassadors. Like tender John and wavering Peter, they are made strong and confident and brave in their work, by virtue of the grace and Spirit of their Lord. The heroic and invincible in them pertains to the kingdom of God, and is inherited from Christ. For the gospel's sake and that they may win souls to the cross, they often brave the tide of public opinion and consent to have their names cast out as evil. Nobly scorning sycophancy and flattery, and disdaining the sinuous artifices of compromise, they stand by the standard of truth though it may cost them the friendship of rulers and people. They must deliver the message of the Lord at all hazards. Hence the best of preachers, in all ages, like Christ, and Paul, and Luther, and Cranmer, and Whitefield have had the bitterest of enemies.

Public men must never expect to escape the unpleasant ordeal of criticisms. The more elevated and sacred the office, the more exposed is the incumbent. Prophets and evangelists especially have been subjected to the trial of adverse judgments. Even our Lord when in the flesh was accused of complicity with Beelzebub.

Jabez S. Swan has been obliged to endure his portion of ill judgments. Men of the world have thought him fanatical. Conservatives have deemed him a radical. The cold and sluggish have counted him an enthusiast. Timid souls and time-servers have pronounced him an agitator. On the other hand the children of grace have loved him for his zeal; the friends of progress have honored him for his championship of advancing ideas; the hopeful and brave have rallied to the banner he bore; and all the devout have given him the support of their voices and their prayers. He was born for the van, and had qualities given to him for a leader. The scars of his service therefore are upon him, but not a scar in the back. Never could his foemen unjoint his harness or turn him back from his line of advance. Bold without rashness, determined after duly considering resources, strong not in himself but in the Lord of Hosts, he often ventured where other men hesitated, and won signal victories on fields that to less courageous souls seemed utterly forbidding.

It must not be suspected that we claim faultlessness for Mr. Swan. Only one blameless life has been known on earth. If mistakes were made by Job, and Moses, and David, and Paul, we may not reject Mr. Swan if he sometimes erred in judgment, and sometimes unnecessarily differed in methods from his brethren. But at least the core of his character, from the day of his

conversion has been eminently christian. And the generations to come will judge him more leniently than some of his cotemporaries.

Nor pen nor pencil may adequately describe him. The oak of Bashan must be seen to be appreciated. The motion and music of a cataract were never transferred to canvas, though in a happy sense they may live forever in the memory of one who has witnessed the wonder. A pen sketch of a man is at best a faint thing. He of whom we are speaking is above the ordinary stature of men, indeed tall, yet erect and well proportioned. A manlier form one may not find among ten thousand. With a face large, open, frank and pleasant; with eyes large, bright and penetrating; with a voice full, round, musical and rich in modulation, he wears all the natural requisites for a conspicuous public character, and a powerful speaker, as he is. In manner and gesture he is natural, easy, impressive, and always abounding in earnestness. Never was he suspected of imitation or pedantry. Never was a man more original or peculiarly himself. Some may have regarded him as quite careless of things upon which most public speakers lay not a little stress. His dress is always plain, substantial and becoming, quite removed however from the pretensions of the latest fashion. He once said, "I could never preach in a new suit of clothes till I had worn them through a rain storm." Socially no man is more easy, pleasant, free and entertaining. His society is a perpetual feast. In his nature are wonderfully blended the tender and the strong, the delicate and the robust, the sympathetic and the decisive, the fraternal and the administrative. Of sound judgment, of penetrating sagacity, of lively humor, of keen wit, of iron logic, and

of remarkably ready power of illustration, he is qualified to move assemblies. His appeals are always open, direct, persistent and mighty. At times the tenderness of his feelings becomes an irresistible power of persuasion. Indeed he wins no less with his heart than with his intellect. But his great power lies in his faith in God. He repeats the Scriptures as the present enunciations of Deity. In prayer he takes hold of the arm of the Most High. Not doubting his commission from the Lord Jesus, he confidently addresses himself to the consciences of all men, and proclaims with wonderful power the invitations and warnings of the gospel. We have never met with a man who answered more fully to the idea of an "ambassador for Christ."

One should have seen him in the prime of his manhood, before a vast assembly, when the fullness of the Spirit of the Lord was upon him and upon the people. Perhaps his text would be "If the Lord be God, serve him." It were almost pardonable to believe that Elijah himself was present. Fact followed fact; argument followed argument; thoughts bloomed into fragrant illustrations; conclusions were crowned with Scripture narratives, incidents and commandments, till, rising in fervor of faith and volume of voice, in the spirit and power of Elijah, he seemed to call down upon the people the power of the Highest. In such ministry was realized the fact that the gospel is the power of God.

In the meridian of his ministry in Eastern Connecticut, he was intimately associated with Revs. Asa Bronson, Erastus Denison, Henry R. Knapp, Ira R. Steward, John Greene, John H. Baker, B. F. Hedden, Alfred Gates, Benajah Cook, Charles S. Weaver, Levi Meech, D. D. Lyon, William Walker, O. T. Walker, W. Mun-

ger, William Denison, J. P. Brown, E. T. Hiscox, J. R. Stone, P. G. Wightman, N. E. Shailer, A. G. Palmer.

He had as well the confidence and support of the ministers generally throughout the State and in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York. Not a few of them in seasons of religious interest solicited and enjoyed his evangelistic labors. Glad witnesses to the efficiency of his ministry are found wherever he was invited to preach.

Among his associates and co-laborers in the state of New York were Alfred Bennett, John Peck, Nathaniel Kendrick, Daniel Hascall, A. C. Kingsley, J. H. Chamberlain, Linus Peck, Philetus Peck, George Benedict, E. Dodge, L. Raymond. In Albany he stood with the famous evangelist, Jacob Knapp.

Ours is a world of antagonisms. Earth is a battle field. Here good and evil grapple and contend for life. Cain yet seeks the blood of Abel. The true prophets were stoned. Christ was assailed by Satan in the wilderness, and crucified at last by human malice. His followers have been made partakers of his sufferings.

What if the enemies of the cross—men of the world—profane men—thieves, gamblers, drunkards, drunkard-makers, the licentious, infidels, atheists, Universalists and hypocrites, abused him in language and injured him in property. They found no stain on his character. They were powerless to pierce his heaven-given armor. They only fell back from the onset, wounded, defeated and disgraced.

In conducting some of his sacred campaigns, even such of his measures as received severe criticism, were far wiser than to most mere observers they seemed to be. We refer to his sharp and startling attacks upon

errorists and men involved in wicked transactions. Upon these he occasionally, in the progress of a genuine revival which may be compared to a campaign, opened some of his heaviest and most effective artillery. Both shell and solid shot were employed. Like that of a wise general, his object was two-fold; first, to feel of the enemy's front and draw his fire, that he might know the position and strength of the force he must meet; second, that by the effect of his shot or shell he might expose masked batteries and dislodge them from their vantage grounds. Not noise or excitement; but bold, manly, open, effective work was his purpose. He aimed to overthrow the strongholds of Satan.

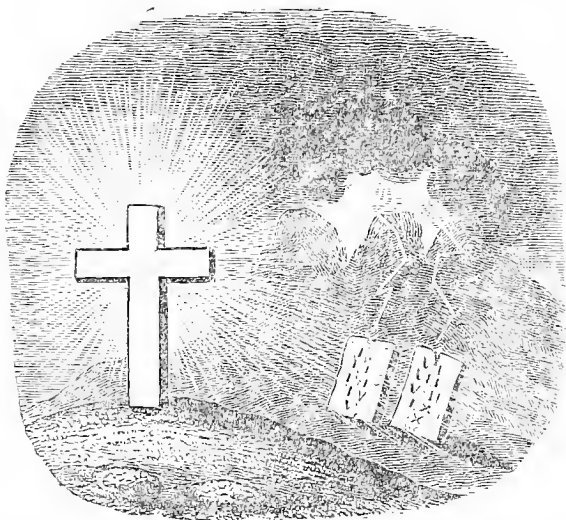
Not that his preaching at any time was characteristically belligerent; quite otherwise. In spirit and manner persuasive rather than denunciatory; advancing truth rather than condemning error; preaching a positive rather than a negative code; chiefly solicitous to edify, and never demolishing except with the intent of reconstruction, he was an agitator wholly in the interest of reform and progress. He assailed Jericho not in the love of desolation, but by the authority of Him who denounced whited sepulchres, and that the land might be brought under the dominion of truth and righteousness. If his exposures of wickedness seemed well nigh merciless, it was only in humble imitation of the faith and zeal of the old prophet when he confronted the votaries of Baal at Carmel, or of Luther when he entered the lists and fearlessly unmasked the corruptions of the Papal Power. Aggression is unquestionably the duty of all preachers of the gospel; preeminently is this true of the successful evangelist.

As to the school of critics, we have but one word to

suggest; let not those who have been reared in palaces despise the camel's hair and leathern girdle, if God has honored the wearer, making him a man of might, full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

In short, Mr. Swan answered well to the high description of a preacher given by Dryden :

“The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truth he taught.”



THE EVANGELIST,

OR

LIFE AND LABORS OF REV. JABEZ S. SWAN.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

MR. SWAN'S BIRTHPLACE.—HIS PARENTS.—THEIR FAMILY.—CUSTOMS.—STONINGTON.—EMPLOYMENTS.—EDUCATION,—BOMBARDMENT OF STONINGTON.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—SABBATHS.—DEEP RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.—DEA. E. FELLOWS.—CONVERSIONS.—DELAYS.—SEPTEMBER GALE.—DEFENSE OF STONINGTON.—PART ACTED.—REMOVAL.

JABEZ SMITH SWAN was born in Stonington, Conn., February twenty-third, 1800. The house honored by his birth is still standing, somewhat changed indeed, at a little distance to the north-east of the Congregational meeting house in Stonington Berough. His father, Joshua Swan, was an industrious yeoman, ambitious chiefly to fill his place among men of toil and character. Brought up on a farm he also learned the craft of shoemaking. The mother of Jabez, Esther (Smith) Swan, was the daughter of Deacon Simeon Smith, of

Groton, Conn. Her father, her brother Rufus, and his son Simeon, were eminent christian men, deacons of the Second Baptist church in Groton; her brother Rufus adorning his office for fifty years. In piety and gifts, Esther ranked with her brother, ready always to speak and pray and sing in the social meetings of the church. She was a power at home, and in the house of God. Her words of rich experience, her fervent prayers, and her wise exhortations are still mentioned with honor.

The children of Joshua and Esther Swan were as follows: two daughters who died in infancy; Joshua, still living; Betsey; Joseph; Jabez S.; William Henry, who died young; William Henry 2d, and Charles, both lost at sea.

Stonington Borough at this time was but a small village. The inhabitants of the township were chiefly farmers. The serious question of "Sailor's Rights" awaited adjustment with Great Britain, and was determined only by the war of 1812. Mechanical pursuits were limited and mostly performed by hand. The people lived by hard work, and reaped but small wages. Toil was alike necessary and honorable, at the spinning wheel, at the plow, at the forge, at the bench. Schools in Connecticut, were common, free, and prized, but they were very simple in form and range of studies. But few realized more than a district school education.

Jabez enjoyed something more than an average of educational advantages in the examples and precepts of his parents, in the influences of kindred and friends, in the schools of his native village, in the good books chosen for his perusal, and in the religious services upon which he regularly attended. Such was his craving for

knowledge and such his application to books that even limited advantages were made productive of large and happy results.

With eager interest Jabez heard his devout and instructed mother tell of the trials and labors of the Baptists of the preceding century, their civil disabilities, their ejection from assemblies and places of trust, their imprisonment in New London, their scourging in North Stonington, the distraints, fines and persecutions they endured in almost every region, save Rhode Island. Withal he heard of the marvelous increase of their numbers, and the progress of their principles. Thus early he recognized in the Baptists the party who contended for personal religion and civil liberty.

Though a mere lad when the British made their attack upon Stonington August ninth and tenth, 1814, he engaged patriotically in the defence of his native place, and acted as he has said, the part of a powder-monkey to the artillerists. He was especially active in the repulse of the barges that attempted a landing on the evening of the ninth. As these barges came up in line towards the place, on the southeast, the cannon mounted on the Point, roundly loaded and heavily shotted, gave them a terrible reception. One of them was so badly torn that she could only be held afloat and borne off by her companions. The bombardment of the tenth from the seventy-four gun ship *Ramilies*, from the bomb-ship *Terror*, from the forty-four gun ship *Pactolus*, and the brig *Despatch*, was heroically and successfully answered by the bravely manned batteries on the Point. In all this the heart of young Jabez beat high, and his hands were prompt to do what they might in support of his country's defenders. The impulse given to his

patriotism by this event was never lost. His valor for the rights of his countrymen only strengthened with his years. But we gladly turn to the record of his early life as furnished by Mr. Swan himself.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

“Associated with my earliest recollections was a desire for religion. My mother was a devoted christian, and her life reflected clear light upon the minds of her children, so that the moral sense of her household was quickened early to discern moral obligations. At times the children of the family were instructed and prayed with by our mother.

“The gospel I heard in that day seemed to have but little reference to children, and there being no Sabbath schools, our only source of vital instruction was the home blessed with religious parents. The services of the sanctuary were in the morning and in the evening; the afternoon left an open door for wandering. A family-law bound all of our household to remain at home Sabbath afternoons. Yet under various pretexts I and my elder brothers often wandered about and virtually desecrated the holy day of the Lord, which I shall regret to the end of my life. I now regard strict Sabbath observance as one of the mightiest bulwarks against the floods of increasing evils which threaten the destruction of the young. From what, in my early life, was esteemed extreme tenacity in the Standing Order in their Puritanic observance of the Lord's Day, Baptists, to some extent at least, threw themselves into the opposite extreme, and they have reaped the bitter fruits in a sorry harvest.

“The first deep and lasting religious impression

made upon my heart was in my father's house at a conference meeting. I was then seven or eight years of age. As the meeting progressed, Deacon Elnathan Fellows commenced talking, while nothing appeared unusual up to that time. He at length broke out in raptures of praise and thanksgiving to God, accompanied with clapping of hands. This was so different from anything ever known of him before, that the whole meeting presented such a scene as I never witnessed. Elder Elihu Chesebro seemed to drink into the same spirit; and all the disciples, male and female, seemed baptised in one spirit. Deacon Fellows appealed to two daughters of his in such a manner as was rendered effectual in their conversion to God.

“The audience filled two rooms; I, with perhaps five and twenty others, mostly youth, was in one of the rooms; and a memorable scene it was. Wailing over sin, with cries to God for pardon, filled all the place where we were assembled. A young lady was so wrought upon that the attention of the meeting was almost wholly directed towards her. Her lamentations on account of having ridiculed religion, exceeded anything I have ever heard since. For a long time prayer was offered seemingly in vain. The sighings of that poor sin-stricken soul seem to reverberate in my ears while I write: ‘O, I have ridiculed religion!’ Very late in the evening God appeared for deliverance. The change in her was so visible, that her countenance reflected the glory of God through the assembly. Many years after I became her pastor; and on looking her up, found she had held on her way. I believe about all who were in that meeting at length came to the light and united with the churches of Stonington.

“Meetings which followed for a considerable time had much interest. Quite a number were converted and came out clearly into the light. Others, and myself among them, were left in the twilight, and for a course of years groped on in darkness and sin. My mind was harassed with convictions of sin and a consciousness of ill, so that I enjoyed nothing for a long course of years. My conscience harassed me perpetually, and my life was like a troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

“In 1815, in what is known as the September gale, I came near losing my life. I just escaped from a barn which was thrown down by the flood. I retired to my room and bowed and vowed to God, in view of his great mercy, I would serve him; but the impression wore off, and I fell again into unbelief and sin. Thus I lived far from God till in my one and twentieth year.

“An event occurred to me in 1814 which arraigned my mind to the matter of meeting God. Our little village of Stonington was attacked by a heavy naval force of the British fleet, and the prospect was that the place would be burned before a sufficient force could be rallied to successfully resist them. The morning after the enemy arrived, I went into the fort to assist in beating off the enemy. While there powder was wanted for a very exposed spot on the end of the Point below the battery, and I offered my services. While on my first trip down, it was forced upon me to settle the question, What would become of me if I was killed; and I at once determined I should be lost. Yet I was where I was called upon to act for my country and my home; and I determined to advance and leave myself to whatever might befall me. My steps took me into the very

face of death; yet 'God shielded me in the day of battle.' I had not been long in the battle before all fear of consequences departed, and I thought of nothing but the object I had before me. Thanks to the Lord, he gave us victory without the loss of life, save one young man (Frederick Denison) who was mortally wounded.

"Near 1816, my father removed with his family to the town of Lyme, Conn. This was the first capital trial of my life. I was taken from all my youthful acquaintances and thrown among strangers. It was two miles to a Baptist church, and they had preaching but a portion of the time.

"I shortly commenced attending the Congregational church where the Rev. Josiah Hawes preached. I became personally acquainted with him, and very much interested in attending on his ministry. Yet all the means employed failed of leading me to Christ."

J. S. SWAN.

JULY, 1873.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH.

CHRISTIANITY AN EXPERIENCE.—CONVERSION A SCHOOL.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—A FAITHFUL MOTHER.—A FRIEND.—THE PROMISE.—CONVICTIONS.—VAIN EFFORTS.—JOURNEY AND STORM.—PAINFUL NIGHT.—PRAYER.—CHRIST REVEALED.—NEW LIGHT AND LIFE.—DEACON PERKINS.—A PLEDGE.—THE MEETING.—CONFESSING CHRIST.—STATE OF RELIGION AROUND.—BAPTISM.—WINNING SOULS.—ANXIETY FOR THE CHURCH.—IMPRES- SIONS.—DUTY OF PREACHING.—MISTAKES.—NO REST.—ATTACKED BY DREAMS.—THE HORSE.—THE GIANT.

ON man's part, Christianity is an experience, a divine life infused into his nature. Consciously to us it begins with the new birth of the heart, a regeneration of spirit, a change of the disposition and the life. "Born again," "born of the spirit," "made new creatures," "created anew in Christ Jesus," are the scripture formulas of speech setting forth this important truth. "Born of God," the believer grows in grace and knowledge and all christian service—a branch of the vine, which is Christ. The evidences of this change are repentance, faith and obedience. Of this change in Mr. Swan we will let him speak for himself.

The thoughtful reader will not fail to observe in the deep and peculiar experiences of Mr. Swan, the kind and quality of preparation he needed for the evangelistic career to which he was to be afterwards called. His experience answers the great question, How shall

we be saved? Let all inquirers ponder this weighty subject in the light of

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

“When in the one and twentieth year of my age, I stepped into my mother’s sitting room after dinner for a little rest. A christian lady was with my mother; and they commenced with me upon the subject of religion. My mother took the lead, saying to the lady, ‘I fear my boy will go to hell.’ I replied, ‘I hope not.’ She said ‘I fear you will.’ So also I feared myself. As the interview closed, and I rose up to leave, the lady arose and took me by the hand, and in a most melting and affectionate manner, entreated me to seek the salvation of my soul. I replied, it would do no good; and I was honest; for I had tried it often and failed to breast the current which I had to meet. She urged me to pray; and I replied it would do no good; but she insisted it would. At length she pressed me to promise her that I would seek the salvation of my soul. I finally gave her the pledge, that whatever the result might be, I would seek the Lord.

“From that moment I began to ascertain the moral distance between a holy God and my soul. I would not say, as I have often heard persons affirm in the commencement of prayer, that the more they prayed the better they felt, for all was directly the opposite with me. My heart was as unyielding as a rock. My life was mirrored before me in such a manner that all attempts to yield myself in submission to God were utterly futile; despair was upon me ‘like an armed man.’ I tried to reform my life,—breaking from what was offensive to God; and then would press my suit to

the mercy seat. But all was of no avail. Days and weeks rolled on only to increase my sense of my depravity, and the bitter hopelessness of my condition.

“At the close of a most painful week I left home to take the lady friend, to whom I have referred, a few miles to visit some friends of hers. It was Saturday afternoon. On the way the darkest thunder cloud I had seen lay over the north; the wind blew terrifically; the forest shook under the terrible power of the wind; and a little lake we passed was covered with the dark cloud, and the waters terribly agitated with the wind. I said to the lady, it seemed to me that everything in God’s world was angry with me; and all was right, because I had sinned against God.

“We at length arrived at our place of destination. It was night on our arrival, and I soon retired to a room assigned me for the night; not to sleep or rest, but to bemoan my lost condition. As the night wore on, the storm increased. The thunder was terrific, and the glare of the lightning was frightful. God, I knew, rode upon the storm, which seemed of awful import to me. I prayed till it seemed as though my life was well nigh exhausted, and then sunk in a despair that seemed like the deep glooms of hell. I have no power to describe the glooms of that terrible hour.

“While lying prostrate upon my face, hopeless and lost, I became impressed once more to pray. I fell upon my knees and besought God, for the sake of Christ, to save my soul. While prostrate before God, in midnight darkness respecting the mediation of the Son of God, the law of God was spread before my mind as never before. I knew I had broken it, and if I was eternally lost I could see that God was just. But how

to be pardoned and saved, I could find no light, till at length Christ appeared before me in spirit, standing by the tables of the law, asserting his death as fulfilling the law, and reflecting upon me the true light,—that, to them who believed, he had satisfied the law, and that thus believing I could be saved. That view brought salvation with it. Unbelief fell off like chains. Hardness of heart seemed to melt away, and Christ was revealed to my soul as precious.

“I was now happy for the first time in my life. I walked the room and sang praises to God in perfect ecstasies. Morning at length came; and when the sun arose to me it dressed God’s world in perfect beauty. I left for home on my way to meeting. The heavens, the lake, the forest, all put off their formidable attire; and ‘holiness to the Lord’ seemed written on all things.

“On my way to my father’s house lived an aged Congregational deacon called Father Perkins, who had prayed for me and counseled me to seek the Lord. I called on him and informed him what God had done for me. His joys were like my own, if not equal. When we parted he said, ‘My child, keep with God.’ I left and was soon at my home, and met my father and mother and the family. God enabled me to tell what great things He had done for me.

“In my struggles the previous night I had pledged to God, if I found mercy, I would go to what is now the North Lyme church and make known that I had found mercy. I attended the meetings; heard a sermon, after which the door was opened for exhortation; and a number availed themselves of the opportunity. I sat trembling for a long time; duty was impressed upon me to confess Christ, and my vows which I had

made to God came up with mighty force, and yet it seemed utterly impossible for me to arise and open my mouth for God. The conflict was new. I supposed, if fully converted, I should find a perfect pleasure in serving God. Now, why this opposition, if indeed I believed on the Son of God? But at length I arose and found perfect freedom in confessing Christ, and telling what the Lord had done for my soul. Perfect peace followed the discharge of my duty.

"Religion was at this time quite low in the church. They had preaching but a portion of the time. I was impressed with the duty of baptism; but the state of things in and around the church looked forbidding. I have seen since that my delay was wrong; and I suffered on account of it. The sanctuary had to be closed in winter, and the congregation was compelled to worship in the school house, a very inconvenient place. All the external prospects of the church looked forbidding.

"I now arose and was baptized by Rev. William Palmer, and united with the church. Previously to this I had exerted myself to bring the young men of my acquaintance to Christ. God blessed my efforts, and converted several young men, who also united with the church. My whole soul became solicitous for the salvation of others, and for it I labored continually as opportunity occurred. Things began to brighten. Several young ladies united with the church, who came into it with gifts, which they improved for the edification of the body.

"The question was now forced upon me, how could the church obtain permanent preaching? Occasionally we had a minister who would spend a Sabbath with us, but our financial condition was such that we could make

no one a proper remuneration for his work. While the society was in this shape, I commenced to call upon the Lord to raise up some one to preach to us the gospel.

“Once in my approach to God in the early morning on that subject, God rolled upon me the conviction that it was my duty to embark in that very work. I was so overpowered and filled with distress on the subject, that for more than an hour I was overwhelmed with a kind of distress to which I had been all my lifetime a stranger.

“From that time onward, those impressions would come upon me, with less distress than at the first, but always attended with deepening convictions of duty to preach the gospel. The only response to those impressions which I made was opposition. I could see nothing in myself adapted to the work of the gospel ministry. I seemed wanting in every qualification. I had an overwhelming desire for the salvation of souls, and had had some success in leading a number to Christ.

“In my opposition to what I now consider the leadings of the Spirit of the Lord, I found my religious enjoyment departed till my hope in Christ became clouded and I became embarrassed in my public duties in conference meetings. About this time my mother’s father visited us, and I, having great confidence in his judgment, asked him if he thought the Devil ever tried to induce a man to preach the gospel. He replied, ‘O yes, often;’ and offered this reason. That where the man might be useful in another line, if Satan could induce him to attempt that which he could not do, he would ruin his usefulness. I determined on the spot that such was my condition, and endeavored to banish all idea of ever attempting to preach. Still my mind was ill at ease. My whole soul was fully absorbed in

the scriptures, when I was not shut in by dismal clouds, which thickened or were broken as my opposition to what seemed duty was cherished or opposed, till eventually all my joys departed. I had succeeded in conquering my impressions, and had effectually grieved away the Spirit of the Lord from my heart.

“God finally attacked me with dreams, which were terrible. About this time I dreamed that I was standing upon a fence attempting to bridle a white horse of enormous dimensions. I had one hand upon the head of the horse, and with the other hand held the bridle. I saw a stream of fresh blood streaming out between the animal’s ears. I awoke filled with confusion and deep distress. About this time I dreamed of a mighty struggle with a demon. I seemed to be upon a large threshing floor, and soon discovered the form of a giant of astounding dimensions. His appearance was in form as a man, but in height and proportions unlike anything I had ever seen. His eyes were enormous and fiery red, resembling the sun in Indian summer. My first impression was that it was the Devil. We soon came near each other, and he said, ‘Swan, I can throw you.’ I replied, ‘You can’t do it.’ He reaffirmed his saying. ‘Well!’ replied I, ‘I will lay you out.’ We took a square hold, and I laid out his tremendous carcass on the floor. As we both fell, I fell upon him,—but he threw me from him and arose like a giant. Nothing passed between us of words, till we had grappled three times, and I threw him every time. In the last fall I threw myself from him, and said, ‘There! I have thrown you three times fairly.’ ‘Yes;’ replied he, ‘but you couldn’t hold me.’ I then awoke with this impression: with God’s help I could throw the Grand

Enemy; but it would take a God to hold him. From this I took a little encouragement.

“Duty in the line of preaching was now continually upon me. My inability and utter unfitness for the work was met in such a manner that I could no longer urge them, and now the question was to be settled. To attempt to live on in the state of mind I was in, I could not. To engage in what appeared duty was impossible. None but God can know the depth of my sufferings. Not only days dragged heavily, but ‘wearisome nights were appointed to me.’ I at length arose from my bed and went to my shop amidst the darkness of the night, and bowed to pray, filled with unwillingness to yield to God, till my attention was called to the vows I made to God on the night of my redemption. The question was put to me, ‘Did you not promise me you would obey me in all things?’ my only reply was, ‘I would preach if I could; but I cannot.’ This was finally cut off by another question, viz.: ‘Could not I enable you to preach?’ Surrounded with the awful darkness of the night, and with the overawing presence of God, I was constrained to yield to God’s demand, and I pledged to Him my life, and service, with a promise to engage at once in the work of trying to preach the gospel. My mind calmed down like the angry waters of Genessaret at the command of Christ. A sweetness of heavenly peace filled my whole soul.”

J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

PREPARATION FOR MINISTERS.—THINGS ESSENTIAL.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD :—FIRST SERMON.—LICENSED.—LABORS WITH THE ELDER LEE CHURCH.—WORKING AND PREACHING.—MARRIAGE.—QUESTION OF DUTY.—EDUCATION SOCIETY.—ESSAY IN SERMONIZING.—GOES TO HAMILTON.—EXPECTATIONS.—DISAPPOINTMENTS.—BAD AGENT.—RETURN.—SECOND EFFORT.—TAKES HIS FAMILY.—ECONOMIES.—HELPS.—PREACHING.—FRIENDS.—SUFFERING.—SPLITTING LOGS.—OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—THEOLOGY.—LOVE FOR IT.—FACING A STORM.—DR. KENDRICK AND HIS VIEWS.—DISCUSSIONS.—RESORT TO THE BIBLE.—REASONS.—EXAMINATION.—DEBATE.—LEAVES HAMILTON.——ANECDOTES.

As there have been in the past, so doubtless there will be in the future, differences of opinion relative to the preparation necessary for such as occupy the position of christian ministers. While manifestly no large catalogue of rules can be drawn that shall be applicable at all times and in all lands, since the customs, culture and needs of the various peoples of the world are ever changing,—though human nature in essential character remains unchanged,—yet a few qualifications may be regarded as everywhere indispensable. First; the preacher must be a christian—a regenerate man. Second; he must know the salient facts and fundamental principles of the gospel,—the way of salvation through Christ. Third; he should be found naturally “apt to teach,”—quick to perceive and ready to communicate. Fourth; he should feel that God by his Spirit commands

him to the work. Fifth; he should furnish himself with such measure of culture, such intellectual training, and such stores of general knowledge as shall fit him to stand with respect and ability among the people to whom he is to minister; Philip for the eunuch; Paul for Mars Hill; Massillon for the court of France; Knox for Scotland; Africaner for his Namaqua brethren; Obookiah for the swarthy sons of the Pacific; "diversities of gifts," yet but "one spirit."

All true christians will be interested in tracing Mr. Swan's intellectual and spiritual struggles; and all scholars and preachers will read with profit his sketch of the theological discussions of his early days. But we hasten to

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

"Upon an evening I attempted to preach in the school house in Pleasant Valley, ignorant of the custom among the Baptists in bringing young men into the field. I proceeded without consulting my brethren, though they met me with a most cordial response. In attempting to preach I had perfect freedom, and realized wonderful help from God. Within the field of the church I continued to preach in the different sections of the society, and God wonderfully blessed my exertions. Souls were saved.

"My commencement to preach was but a little over a year from the time of my conversion. The church voted me a kind of verbal license at first, and in a few months they gave me, at the suggestion of Elder William Palmer, a written license, dated May twelfth, 1822. I preached almost wholly without pecuniary reward, and exchanged with other ministers that were

ordained, so that the church might enjoy the ordinances of the gospel with some regularity.

"At length I began to supply the "Elder Lee Church," in South Lyme, and was for a time the only Baptist minister upon the Jordan. Having in those days to work hard with my hands, I found an embarrassment upon my ministry in attempting to follow a worldly calling and preach the gospel at the same time. Our Baptist tradition, bearing upon the ministerial life, was for the minister to follow some honorable calling to afford him support, and then preach, and, as was often said to me, 'support yourself, and not live on charity.' My relatives were mostly opposed to my leaving my business to preach the gospel; for neither they nor myself were able, from our stand-point, to see how I could possibly obtain a support. Impressed with the idea that I must hold on to a worldly calling, I was married to Laura Griffin, of East Haddam, Connecticut, January fifteenth, 1823, bought me a house, and settled down in my worldly occupation, and preached as opportunity presented, till the time came when I must either give up preaching, or my worldly business. I was bound to business by necessity; but to preaching by conscience, and what I esteemed the will of God.

"Eventually the conflict was so severe that I left my business, sold my house, moved my family back to my wife's former home by the desire of her uncle and grandmother, by whom she had been brought up. Impressed more and more deeply that, if ever I was successful as a preacher, I must have more education, and be better fitted for my work, I determined to visit Hamilton, New York, having heard that the Literary and Theological Institution there, was adapted to meet the case

of young men in my situation. I therefore applied to the Education Society of Connecticut for aid, supposing it would be impossible to support myself in a course of study. To derive aid from that Society I was required to furnish certificates from three ordained ministers, and a license from the church to which I belonged.

“On coming before the Education Board at Hartford and presenting my documents; I found another requisition harder than all the rest, which was to preach before them. And here another difficulty appeared. Another young man was present as an applicant, and time would not allow two sermons; so they required us to divide up a text and both hitch to it. And so we did. I went ahead, and he followed. I now insist if ever a text was left uninjured, ours was. I am not able now to see any wisdom in putting inexperienced young men to such a test. In our earlier educational movements in Connecticut, Baptists were filled with fears lest they should aid men who were not true to Christ. I admit that proper care is still demanded; but we should not run upon extremes.

“The Board gave us recommendations to the Board at Hamilton. I went from East Haddam to Hamilton on horseback in the year 1824—a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles. I left home for Hamilton with high expectations as to aid which I might receive from the Society. An agent from that Society had deceived me and others. He proved afterwards to be a very bad man. On my arrival I found beneficiaries had to struggle against wind and tide. Instead of being aided, as the agent had induced me to believe, the Society had to struggle about as hard as the young men they were helping. My health at this time was

poor, and of course my resolution weak. I in due time went before the committee of the Society, and the said agent was on hand, and threw all the discouragements possible in my way, and advised me to seek some rear ground with some little church, and thus do what I could. Not an attempt was made by one of the committee to counteract the agent, and I left for home.

“Leaving as I did, cost me the loss of a year of precious time, so far as preparation for the ministry was concerned. The next spring, in 1825, my wife was induced to accompany me to Hamilton with a view of my commencing study. On arriving I looked about to see what I could do to support myself. I left home with one hundred dollars, it being all I was worth, except my traveling equipage. I at length found a church twelve miles off which could give me one dollar a Sabbath for preaching. On those terms I engaged to supply them. I hired a privilege in house and barn for nine dollars a year, and set up house-keeping on a small scale, and commenced study.

“My wants were few, and by my income from pulpit efforts, and work upon the fields near the village, I kept up with my expenses. I would enter the field, after school closed, and work three hours, for which I received thirty-seven and a half cents. My wife, diligent with her needle in work principally for the students, provided well for herself. God raised us up friends, especially among the Congregationalists, among whom I lived, and they did all in their power in both heart and hand to assist me. God, in ways altogether beyond my expectations, opened doors of friendship, and from these I often derived aid to help me on in my work. The time passed rapidly, as I was engaged with my studies.

“An event occurred about this time which opened a door of comfort to me, which was permanent during my stay at Hamilton. A student had an appointment in Lebanon to preach in a school house; but he, being sick, requested me to fill it. An elderly gentleman sat near me while I was preaching, and he seemed to eye me very closely. Months after I fell in with him, and he asked me if I ever saw him before! I said I had. He asked me ‘where!’ I replied, ‘At a school house in Lebanon.’ He then asked me what I thought of him. I replied, I thought him a Universalist. He replied, ‘you was mistaken;’ ‘but,’ said he, ‘you had for a text the very passage of scripture that was preached from at the funeral of my brother, who was killed near a saw mill; and I was much interested.’ He then asked me what I asked for preaching a sermon. I replied, I did not work in that kind of harness. He then pressed me to come to Lebanon and preach. I went, and found him to be a leading man of the town. He had a very large family—one of the best I ever knew. He was a kind of old hoper, and most deeply interested in the church, and the salvation of souls. His family were all wonderfully attached to him; and what he favored, they all fell in with. So I became established in the friendship of the whole family. From the time I became acquainted with this family till I left Hamilton, I shared the friendship of them all, and very material aid from them in meeting my expenses.

“The economy which I practiced was severe, and what I had never known before. Yet I was prepared to meet any amount of self-denial, ‘for the joy set before me’ of being fitted in some manner to preach the gospel of Christ acceptably. The study of every

day was stimulated by the thought that I should soon be an acceptable preacher of the gospel.

"I bought my firewood in the forest standing, and cut it and hauled it home myself. Time never dragged heavily with me, for I found full employ. I once was so near freezing my feet while chopping in the woods, and unwilling to leave my work to remedy the difficulty, that I pulled off my boots and stockings, and wandered about in the snow for awhile, and then wiped my feet with my handkerchief and put on my boots and stockings and continued my work without inconvenience. I was once in the woods at work sawing up into blocks a very large hard maple tree. I had engaged Justus H. Vinton to assist me. When the sawing was over, we attempted to split the blocks, but without success. I went in search of a beetle and wedges, and on returning found President Kendrick on the ground. He had taken the axe and effectually demolished the blocks. He said to me, 'I hired a man to split wood for me, and he complained that the wood was too hard, he could not split it;' and added, 'I told him he did not strike hard enough.' My friend said of the President's work, 'I never saw an axe lifted so near the heavens before.'

"Study went hard with me in the beginning. To learn how to think intensely, is one of the true features of sound education. I knew that without acquiring that ability, I should be crippled in my life work. When I had gained that at Hamilton, I was possessed of a power, had I learned nothing else, which would have more than repaid me. Now, could I know to what to apply that power, and properly and successfully direct it, was the great question. In my general studies, I was mortified to see how much ahead of me

many of my classmates were, and about all the consolation I could find was in hope that when I came to the study of theology, I should keep up nearer my brethren. I was treated with perfect kindness on all sides, in the Institution and out of it.

“In fact till I came to the study of the Bible, I was never very much interested in branches which my teachers trained me on. My anxiety to know of the way of salvation was so far beyond anything else, that it put the other studies in the shade. It is true I was very anxious to be able to speak my own language correctly; but I was well convinced then as now, that for me to know which way the stars whirled round, or whether they stood still, was a matter of little consequence to me. The great question with me was to learn God’s method of bringing back a revolted world to himself. Hence any study which involved any feature of that plan found me at my work with enthusiasm.

“My brethren of the Institution, almost without exception, were struggling for dear life. My circumstances temporarily were princely compared with some of them. I had four dollars a month for preaching, as one source of income, and the privilege of riding one hundred miles to get that. Some of those rides were in all the severity of winter. My overcoat was little better to secure me against wintry colds, than Universalist religion is to warm a human heart.

“Sometimes to reach my preaching place was attended with extreme suffering from stern winter. Once I left home in a storm of hail and sleet to reach my appointment and preach, and get my dollar, and pushed against the hail-storm till I froze up both eyes, and could not see to keep on the track. My horse was as badly

off as myself. I finally, after facing the storm some four or five miles, found my road utterly blocked. I stopped at a house and thawed out my eyes, and started for home before the storm, having lost my opportunity to preach, and failed of obtaining my dollar, which in those days was a great loss.

“When I had gone through with my preparatory studies as far as circumstances would permit, and entered upon theology, my whole soul was aroused to do all in my power. This branch was the hinge upon which all my future prospects and hopes would turn. On entering upon this course I anticipated a smooth sea and nothing but favorable winds. But I found that my teacher, Dr. Kendrick, an invaluable man, and a giant in his calling, was unchangeably fixed in what was termed ‘limited atonement;’ and that feature of his theology ran through the whole school which he taught. Several of my class soon came into his views; but myself and two others entertained the general view, such as, I afterward found, fully vindicated by Rev. Andrew Fuller. I am happy in knowing that the contest about the atonement has pretty much ceased. So far as I know, all believed that the provision in the death of Christ was equal to meet the wants of all who believed on him, and the design of God was to have salvation by the gospel proffered to all. Such I think is now the general view.

“Yet, while in my study of theology, the whole plan seemed to be pursued with reference to this one question: ‘Was the atonement, in the light of a provision, general, or limited?’ My view was then, and is now, that God’s inspiration had settled it forever in scriptures like the following: ‘Who is set forth to be a propitia-

tion, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins which are past, through the forbearance of God. To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.'

"In the course of our study of the atonement, I found myself in direct opposition to the Doctor in about all that involved the death of Christ, in the light of provision. The views I entertained I had not derived from books or discussions, but from the Bible; they were a part and parcel of my religion, and I was perfectly invincible while I could rally the Bible to back up my positions. I think no mortal could esteem Dr. Kendrick higher than I did, and I was sorry I must occupy the position I did. Yet the views I cherished of the atonement grew out of the relation I held to Christ by faith, and were strengthened by my search in the scriptures. I would as soon have renounced my hope of being saved, as to give up my views of the plan according to which I had been saved. I knew, if I preached, I had got to meet in the line of opposition all the force of 'principalities and powers' which were arrayed against the gospel; and I was satisfied that with the views I entertained, I could withstand the 'very gates of hell' if God should be with me.

"I well knew that I needed enlightening and enlarging, but of the main features and first principles of the gospel, God anchored me upon those in my conversion. Still I dreaded the conflict I had to meet; for whoever attempted to stand up against the views of the Doctor, had considerable to do. The Doctor seemed to show all kindness towards the class, and we all towards him. This made the thing harder for me. When the matter

of atonement was our theme, (and it spreads over vast sections of the field of theology,) things went hard with me. Quite a principal stronghold with me was the revealed fact that God had made men responsible for rejecting the gospel, which could never be just, in case no provision had been made for them. I could see how a holy God could finally condemn men by the law to eternal perdition, but to condemn them for rejecting a provision never made for them, I could not discern justice in such a sentence.

“During the theological year I preached considerably, and with general acceptance, and I hope with some degree of success. When I closed my last year at Hamilton, in the public examination preceding the close, I was brought into a very close place before the public. In the examination, it was assigned me to answer the question as to the extent of the atonement; which I did in the most open manner possible, and closed the subject by stating that my belief was, ‘that Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.’ This answer subjected me to a kind of cross-examination before the public. I answered as well as I could, till the Doctor remarked, ‘Brother Swan has high authority for his views; he has the authority of Doctor Griffin of Williamstown college; not so high as the Bible.’ This set very heavy upon me, and the more so from the fact that it was an entirely new feature in the Doctor’s treatment to me. I was a little jarred by the way this was done, and, when calm, asked if I could have the privilege of explaining, and received the most cordial assent of the Doctor to do so. I simply replied, I obtained my views from higher authority than Doctor Griffin, or any other doctor, and

was happy to say I was able to maintain them.' I presume some sixty or seventy ministers were present. Quite a sensation was created, but finally it closed up pleasantly with all parties.

"At this day it would be difficult for any one to imagine the sanguineness with which the subject of the atonement was discussed. The teacher feeling, in all sincerity, that much depended upon right views on this subject, and that his were those of inspiration; on the other hand those who differed from him, that if his views of the atonement were adopted they were theologically crippled for life.

"In after years I frequently united with the Doctor in revival efforts; in one of which two of his children were converted. All disposition had ceased on the part of both to discuss the subject, which had so deeply interested both of us, while we united to lead lost souls to Him who died for sinners. When I was about to leave Hamilton, the diplomas for the class had been detained in Albany, and I thought I must leave without anything to show my standing. In this dilemma, I called on the Doctor, and he very readily proposed to give me a letter signed by the secretary of the Society, which I very readily and thankfully accepted. I then asked him if anything remained upon his mind in reference to what had occurred in the examination at the hall, or whether he ever doubted my respect for him; and he replied, in the fullest manner, that all was right with him. So we parted in deep sympathy for each other, which remained between us till he was gathered to his rest."

J. S. SWAN.

Rev. William C. Walker gives traditionally the following illustration of Mr. Swan's readiness and tact in an emergency. It relates to his first attempt at declamation in Hamilton.

"The chapel had a raised floor. To reach the platform, students descended one step and shortly ascended the rostrum by three steps. Jabez was in the rear part of the room when called. He walked calmly down the aisle, but, not noticing the descending step, made an unpleasant stumble. Recovering himself, he now ascended the platform by taking two steps with one foot, and at that stubbed his toe against the third step, a manœuvre that produced a merry sensation. At once facing his audience, he placed his hand upon his breast, and taking breath, said: 'I perceive that the fear of man bringeth a snare,' and deliberately returned to his seat amid roars of laughter from all present."

Some of Mr. Swan's peculiarities of style and argument were apparent in his earliest attempts at preaching. Having by request "improved his gift" before a congregation in a school house in Groton, Connecticut, where Rev. Roswell Burrows, and Rev. John G. Wightman were present as hearers, one of them was asked by the other how he liked the young preacher. The answer was, "Well, he did very good work in the field, but he didn't follow the rows." Probably he did not proceed in the old line of firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on, to thirteenthly. Certainly never in his life did he "follow the rows" of other men. But whatever row he hoed had its weeds thoroughly cut.

CHAPTER IV.

PASTORATE IN STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

CHURCH IN STONINGTON.—FORMER PASTORS.—PASTORS IN EASTERN CONNECTICUT.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—SETTLEMENT.—ORDINATION.—SALARY.—ECONOMY.—PULPIT PREPARATIONS.—QUESTIONS.—TWO DIFFICULTIES.—HELP FROM ANDREW FULLER.—SERMON ON II. SAM. 1; 19, 20.—SEEKING TEXTS.—DOUBTS.—MEETING AT MILLTOWN.—REVIVAL.—CHURCH ORGANIZED.—COUNCIL.—NEEDS.—CONCLUSIONS.—REV. IRA HART.—CALL FROM NORWICH, N. Y.—DEATH OF MR. HART.—TRIAL OF MIND.—GOOD NEWS.—SCOPE WANTED.—DEPLORING LACK OF SUCCESS.—FINANCIAL HELP.—PUBLIC CERTIFICATE.—G. TRUMBULL.—PRAYER ANSWERED.—GIFT FROM A CAPTAIN.—PUBLISHED SERMON.—CIRCULAR LETTER.—ANECDOTE.—HIS ORDINATION AND THE ASSOCIATION.

THE Baptist church in Stonington Borough was organized April twenty-second, 1775. Its pastors, prior to the ministry of Mr. Swan, had been John Rathbun, — Benson, Valentine W. Rathbun, William Gardner, Thomas Spooner, Elihu Cheesbro, Gideon B. Perry, an assistant of Mr. Cheesbro, and Asa Bronson, afterwards widely known and honored in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

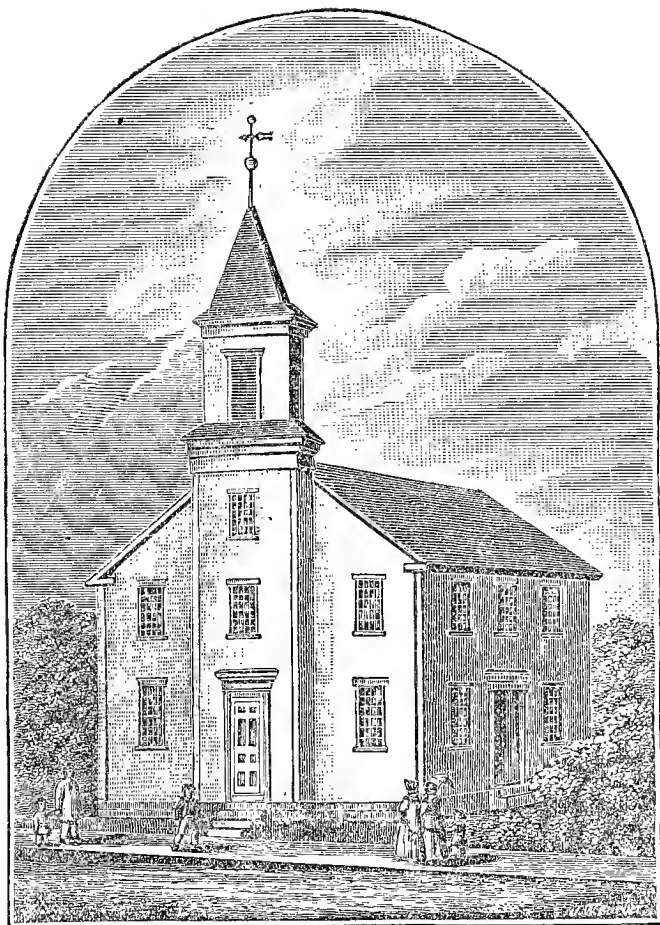
When Mr. Swan began his pastoral labors in Stonington, the Baptist pulpits in southeastern Connecticut were honored by the services of not a few strong preachers—John G. Wightman, Boswell Burrows, Jonathan Miner, Asher Miner, Elihu Cheesbro, Levi Walker, Levi Meech, George W. Appleton, Nathaniel Cole, Luther Goddard, Levi Kneeland, Samuel West, Wil-

liam Palmer, Zadoc Darrow, Francis Darrow, Asa Wilcox, John Sterry, William Witter, Amasa Smith, Simeon Dickinson, Daniel Putman, Jonathan Goodwin, John Payne, Nathan Wildman. Near him in Rhode Island were Enoch Steadman, William Northrup, Peleg Peckham. A valuable chapter of the history of the Baptist church in Stonington Borough will be found in the paper to which we now invite attention.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

"I left Hamilton in June, 1827, having accepted a call to settle with the Baptist church in Stonington Borough, Connecticut. I removed to Stonington, and was ordained, by request of the church, during the session of the Stonington Union Association, June twentieth 1827. My salary per year was to be two hundred and fifty dollars. I was now subjected to a more rigid economy than when a student. If I needed a suit of clothes, I obtained them piece at a time. I dared not go a step beyond my ability to pay. My credit was good, and I succeeded in keeping it so. The church was small, our meeting house of the old style, and the congregation small.

"I had supposed that in my theological researches I had struck out a field, for thought and sermonising, which would afford me abundance of material. But when I came to the work, I found that my previous studies were only of general benefit; the particular fit, which I needed for my work, must come from intense study of the Bible, and most intimate communings with God. Religion was low in the churches around, and in my own church. And the question, how to bring about a better state of things, weighed heavily upon me. How



BAPTIST CHURCH.

STONINGTON BOROUGH, CONN.

JUNE 20, 1827.

to rally the household of faith to take hold on God, I knew not. My preaching was a discussing of various doctrines of the gospel. This was my principal work in the pulpit. Of necessity I had but few books. Among these were the works of the gifted Andrew Fuller, which I claim I have read with much profit.

"I met with two principal difficulties, which seemed insurmountable barriers in my way. The first was, How to get up sermons ; and the second, How to become religiously familiar with those with whom I associated—outside the church of God. I seemed embarrassed in coming to the unconverted easily, and pressing upon them the great things of the kingdom of God. My first trouble, about getting up subjects satisfactorily for preaching, was formidable. When a text pressed itself upon me, I would write it down ; then the question, How to arrange it so that I could cover all that was in it without a troublesome number of heads. Andrew Fuller was the first author that enlightened me on the subject ; and as he died before he completed his treatises I was still in the dark. One thing however I derived from him which was of incalculable benefit to me ; that was, when I had a text on hand, to hold myself responsible to caption it with a statement in which I should sum up its meaning ; and then I could almost always arrange my sermon with two propositions. All texts however will not admit of it. When I succeeded in thus captioning my text the subject would readily divide itself. When I had, by the mercy of God, reached this point, the half of my work, and painful work too, was done. With my two propositions united as the blades of shears, with my text as the rivet, I

found I could cut garments to fit anything in mortal shape, without serious difficulty.

“About this time it was not uncommon for portions of Scripture to fall upon my mind; and when I had inquired after the hang of them, the doctrines would appear. I had my mind tried very much while reading the papers about the falls of capital men from their faith, throwing an eclipse upon religion. I had judged that, especially in religious journals, to herald the affair was injurious, and determined, when the right time came, I would preach against it. A text at length occurred to me which seemed just adapted to that subject. The text is in II Samuel, I; 19, 20. The doctrine that opened the soul of the text was this; The fall of those who have been valiant for God, a cause of deep regret; more proper to be lamented at home, than published abroad. My track of thought upon the doctrine was as follows :

I. The fall of those who have been valiant for God.

II. Wherein is this the cause of deep regret.

III. Why more proper to be lamented at home than published abroad. The answer is furnished by the text; the effect upon the daughters of the Philistines, and the daughters of the uncircumcised. I preached upon it with freedom, and I hope with profit. Such visitations became frequent, and the difficulty of getting up sermons vanished forever.

“My habit was to look to God for texts with all the earnestness that I did for his aid in preaching. To the honor of God, I would record his aid in my life-work. Preaching so frequently as I was called to do, but for the allsufficient aid of the Lord I must have utterly failed. I began from this time to feel a more full con-

fidence in God as the source of all supplies; and more confidence in him to furnish texts upon which I was to preach. It had been my habit, from my conversion to commit scripture to memory, and thus I had laid up a vast store in my mind that I could call out at pleasure. I found on approaching God for direction, when seeking preparation for preaching, that the Lord always answered by rallying upon my mind texts with which I was familiar. So I was kept in the field which I had explored. This led me to seek the enlargement of my acquaintance with the word of God.

“My uniform course for years was, in my ordinary scripture reading, whenever a passage seemed unusually interesting to commit it to memory. When preaching, those scriptures would occur to me without effort on my part, and they would occur in a shape to nail or clinch the idea I was seeking to confirm.

“Being among the few young men in the Association, I was called out on different occasions to preach, when I was well nigh crushed under my responsibility. I had tried to preach before a number of our older ministers before I pursued my course of studies, and gained very little favor, because I knew so little; and when I was somewhat enlightened by my opportunities, this class of ministers gave me their confidence very slowly. I was now wanted to labor with the very ones who at first looked with doubt, not only on me, but all other young men who esteemed themselves called of God to the ministry of the gospel.

“Before I went to Hamilton, I tried to preach in a school house with two of our aged ministers present. I was afraid of them, and greatly embarrassed. When I was through, one of them arose and took my text and

preached from it, being careful to make no reference to me. I called on the other to close by prayer, and he prayed that God would "bless the exhortations" they had had; and so we closed. I heard from one of them afterwards. A friend of mine asked him what he thought of my preaching. He replied, 'I don't know but he will make a preacher; but if so, he has got a good deal to learn.' I replied, 'He was right in that.' Now and then, I found an elderly minister who encouraged me to go forward.

"The place where I was ordained was the one where I was born, and brought up. Of course it cost me much effort to convince the people that I could preach. I finally gained that point, and met with something like general acceptance. I was restless about the state of things in my own church, and with the churches in general. How to rally them, was the great question. Efforts calculated to promote revivals were scarcely recognized at that time. In my conversion to God, a disposition was created within me to strive to save men from perdition, and to desire, in the widest possible sphere, to spread the plan of Christ before the churches and a lost world. The feature of God's plan to 'seek the Lord till he come and rain down righteousness' was almost entirely out of sight.

REVIVAL IN MILLTOWN.

"I looked for some spot beyond my society where I might strike for God, and salvation, with some promise of success. I was at length directed by Providence to the village of Milltown in North Stonington. I commenced preaching there in the fall of the year; and once in each week visited the people and preached in their school house. It very soon became evident that

the Spirit of the Lord was working in the congregation. We were now where our condition coincided with one article of the Baptist creed, viz; that when God appeared to build up his cause, then was the time to work. Accordingly a few faithful ones most perseveringly called on the Lord for help. Very soon the songs of new-born souls were heard, till quite a number called for baptism. At this time there was no Baptist church in the place. I and others had long been of the opinion that a Baptist church ought to be organized there. Quite a number of members of different Baptist churches were living in the village; and quite a number who had professed to be converted, but had never been baptized, we thought would come in, in case a church was formed. We organized according to Baptist usage, and called a council to see if we could have fellowship as a regular church of our order. The council was large, and unanimous in their action to fellowship the church; with the exception of the delegates from the Second church in the town. They had delegates of the truest and best men in their church; but they opposed the whole thing with all their might. The council heard them patiently, and then voted to extend fellowship to the church. Elder William Bently was on the council, and Doctor B. M. Hill of New Haven, who aided us materially. Our struggle was severe, with a kind of Baptists who strive with great conscientiousness against their own best interests. I soon commenced to baptize; and I think some twenty were added by baptism. This was the first revival that I participated in after my ordination. My labors were attended with sacrifice and suffering. The condition of my family was such that I had to return after meeting, thus riding to and fro on horse-

back eight miles. Nor was I protected from the weather, as I should have been, by a warm overcoat; neither was I able to pay for one. I preferred to nearly freeze rather than to run in debt. Our meetings were almost wholly in the evening, which subjected me to the severity of the night air, in returning.

"I saw in this display of God in saving souls in Milltown, a kind of miniature view of what God would do in a wider sphere of action. I discovered his scheme of blessing—clothing efforts with success; and success in proportion to the amount of christian work performed. Thus the principle is reached, of 'reaping as we sow,' which is true of this life and of the life to come. The church in Milltown, which commenced a small one, has held her way, and still stands as a memorial of Christ's faithfulness. It has been blessed with able pastors, the last of whom, Brother J. W. Holman, has recently been called to his rest above.

"I had some success on my home field, but it was small. The Rev. Ira Hart was pastor of the Congregational church of the village; a man of might in the gospel. I esteemed him as a model preacher. He was of the same type with Doctors Hawes, of Hartford, Griffin, of Williams College, and William Lyman, of East Haddam. Had Mr. Hart been my father, he could not have treated me with more kindness than he did. His church and society followed a similar course. In his charge, he preached to a church out of the village in the forenoon of each Lord's Day. This afforded his people an opportunity to hear me in the Sabbath services of the morning, which gave me a fair congregation. But with great uniformity my congregation in the afternoon fell off nearly one-half. This was a most

discouraging feature. I became uneasy, with anxieties for a wider field, and one that would afford me such support that I could expend more labor for the kingdom.

“In the middle of my second year at Stonington, I had a call from the Baptist church in Norwich, New York, to settle with them; but slowness on their part prevented me from hearing from them till I had engaged to the church at Stonington for the third year. In the fall of 1830 I wrote to the church, inquiring if they were supplied with a pastor, and had a reply that they were still destitute, inviting me to spend a month with them. At the close of the month I received a unanimous call from the church and society to become their pastor, and to commence work with them the next spring. On returning home, and making known my position, I found friends in the Congregational society very anxious for me to remain. The anxieties of my own people were quickened from proffered aid outside of my church. I was offered six hundred dollars a year, though I had been receiving but two hundred and fifty. Rev. Ira Hart died about this time, which was an affliction upon me, as well as upon his own people. On a beautiful Sabbath morning, the last of Sabbath mornings for him upon earth, he revived so far as to know it was the Sabbath, and sent Deacon David Smith, of his church, to me, with a request that I would occupy his pulpit in the afternoon of that day. I cordially complied, and occupied his pulpit, and preached to his people. It was an affecting scene when I alluded to their faithful pastor, and mentioned that, in all probability, he would appear before them no more. All hearts seemed overwhelmed with emotion, for his people loved him. Dr. A. McEwen, of New London, preached

his funeral sermon, and the Rev. David Austin made an address at the grave. Altogether it was one of the most affecting scenes of my life. Mr. Hart's friends were my friends, and with heart and hand were ready to assist me, if I would remain in Stonington.

"All I was offered for salary in Norwich was two hundred and fifty dollars, though Elder Randall gave me encouragement of personal aid, which I at length realized. I endured a great conflict in my mind at this time. Providence had changed the general aspect of things at Stonington, and just as daylight seemed to break upon me, I was to change fields. My pledge had been given in good faith, and to ask to be released I could not; and yet to leave seemed impossible. I learned at length that the last sermon which I had preached in Norwich had resulted in the conversion of the youngest daughter of the Hon. John Noyes; and she was waiting for my return in the coming spring to baptize her. This weighed very much upon my mind, and increased a drawing upon me to be on that field. The church in Norwich was small, but surrounded by an immense field without cultivation. Hosts surrounding the church were unconverted. I had told my family, before visiting Norwich, that I must change my field, and I wanted to get where there were plenty of sinners. I had determined to find one where I could wheel some fire on six hundred Baptists without getting upon anybody's toes. My mind was, to take the timber for a house for God, out of forests which belonged to the Master. In spending a month in Norwich I saw forests sufficient to satisfy my utmost desire.

"After I had agreed to settle in Norwich I found myself in a most peculiar attitude. I had a strong

desire to be on my new field, and yet must labor on with little hope of success where I was. In fact, how to work for God successfully in winning souls, I did not know. I had great freedom in preaching, and was everywhere received with favor; but souls were not converted. The additions to the church were few while I was their pastor. I was dissatisfied with myself, and often was filled with sorrow, that I so failed of success in my work as a minister of Christ.

“The spring of 1830 arrived, and I made ready for my removal to Norwich, New York. When it was generally understood that I was to leave, my friends of the Congregational church and society made a special effort to help me financially. Gentlemen of the place signed a paper drawn by Gurdon Trumbull, Esq., addressed to the inhabitants of Norwich, assuring them that the reason why I left Stonington was not because the people of the place did not desire me to remain. This document was signed irrespective of society lines, and by gentlemen of the best standing in the place. As a testimony of their regard for me, set opposite their names were several sums of money. The paper and the money were delivered to me by W. W. Rodman, Esq., a most benevolent christian man. Nearly all who signed the paper have passed away. The kindness thus showered upon me, and my family, made a deep impression upon me and mine. I was at the time of very limited means. In my pastorate at Stonington I was at times exceedingly straightened in my temporal affairs.

“I remember, on one occasion, of being quite in want of a suit of clothes. I made my request known to God as a last resort. I soon met a young man in the street who belonged to the church. He informed me he had

been absent upon the ocean for a long time, and had done nothing for the cause of God; and handed me ten dollars. The next day I met him and he gave me fifteen more, saying, he did not come up to duty in the other gift. I recognized in this the hand of God, while I did not forget the donor. About this time I met a captain on the street, and he invited me to walk into a store with him, saying, 'I was in to hear you preach the other evening;' and added, 'it was a good republican sermon, and I can afford to pay for it;' and gave me a check for twelve dollars. He was not a professor of religion. Why he styled the sermon republican I knew not. In this I viewed the hand of God, in answer to prayer."

J. S. SWAN.

In the spring of 1828, Henry Miner, son of Deacon Asa Miner, was drowned. The death of so fine a young man, surrounded by a large circle of friends, made a strong impression upon the community. Mr. Swan preached his funeral sermon, and the discourse was so much prized that it was published in Stonington by W. & J. B. Storer. We may also add that Mr. Swan was the author of the valuable Circular Letter on Church Harmony, found in the Minutes of the Stonington Union Association for 1829.

We recollect hearing him speak of some of his anxieties and doubts during his first pastorate, relative to the best mode of preaching. Like other educated men, he began his pulpit preparations by writing many of them in full. In delivering these discourses he felt too much confined; his mind and heart had insufficient play. He pondered the matter thoroughly, and prayed

over it. He read over some of his sermons; they seemed sound and fair, so far as words went; but, as he phrased it, "they lacked the snap." Finally, as he said, he "took the broom and walked them into the fire."

There were present at his ordination, besides the ministers of the Association, Rev. Rufus Babcock, Sen., of the Hartford Association, Rev. Lucius Bolles, D. D., Secretary of the Triennial Convention, and Rev. William Yates, returned missionary from Calcutta. The Association then consisted of fifteen churches, with a membership of two thousand eight hundred and forty-five, though within the present bounds of the body there were then but eight churches and one thousand six hundred and five members, where now there are seventeen churches and a membership of three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight. And we might here justly add, what our volume will yet unfold, that, since 1842, Elder Swan has been the Lantern Hill in the Stonington Union Association—towering above his fellows—a lofty, weighty, jewel character. The body may be proud of the fact that they assisted the Stonington church in his ordination.

CHAPTER V.

PASTORATE IN NORWICH, NEW YORK.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD :—REMOVAL.—BAPTISM.—ELDER RANDALL.—
CONFERENCES.—CONVERSION.—SAMUEL PIKE.—QUERY.—DEATH.—
NEW BIRTH.—BAPTISM.—FOUR DAYS' MEETING.—FATHER LAW-
TON.—ANXIOUS SEATS.—WRATH CHANGED.—OVEN FIRES.—FIRM-
NESS REWARDED.—ANGER ABATED.—EVIL SPIRITS CAST OUT.—
WEDDING.—CONFESSIONS.—FATHER RANDALL.—NEW STRENGTH.—
RETURN TO PITCHER.—PROTRACTED MEETING.—DIFFICULTIES.—
INGATHERING.—WORK SPREAD.—EXTRA CALVINISM.—A FALSE
PROPHET.—CALL FROM OXFORD.—A BALL.—PRESSING TO THE
LORD.—ANSWERS TO PRAYER.—ELDER PARKER.—BELIEVING.—
ATTACK OF UNIVERSALISTS.—CHARGES.—PAPERS.—COUNCIL.—
BACKERS.—ADVICE.—SUCCESS.—OPPOSITION.—SET TIMES.—ORDER
OF PROTRACTED MEETING.—PREACHING AND PRAYING.—MEETING
AT HAMILTON.—ELDER LEONARD.—COUNCIL.—“TOO MUCH.”—
LIBERTY.—DR. BACON.—WEIGHTY MEN.—DR. EATON.—PRAYER
AND HEALING.—GREAT INGATHERING.

“In the early part of April, 1830, I left Stonington for Norwich, New York, and made the journey with private conveyance. On arriving in sight of the valley where my station was to be fixed, coming upon a high hill which overlooked the field of my future labors, I was filled with fear and trembling. God only knows the impressions which crowded upon me in view of the results which would follow my settlement in Norwich. I met a very cordial reception, and entered on my work happily. Though the church was small, the congregation was large, and increased very much under my labors. I soon baptized the daughter of Judge Noyes;

and occasionally one after another was converted during the year. One very peculiar conversion occurred. One of my neighbors, a capital man, had a beautiful little son scalded to death. This resulted in the father's conversion, and aided in that of the mother's, so that the parents were very soon added to the church. The man was of great service to me and the cause of Christ. Elder Randall, myself, and two brethren, were all the members we had in the village. Elder Randall was infirm as well as aged, and could not get out to evening meetings; and neither of the brethren were disposed to come, so that my prospects for a conference meeting were exceedingly dubious.

"Yet I appointed conference meetings at a school house every Thursday evening for a year. An aged sister in the church said, 'I think Elder Swan has missed it in setting up the meeting, for it will all run down.' I replied that I thought we were out of danger from that quarter, for we had not far to run, as only three attended now, and if there was any run to it, it would run up. To keep up the meeting I often backed the wood for fire from my home near by; and the expense of lighting fell on me also. Still the meeting kept up with a little increase.

"We commenced praying for some unconverted person to come in, that we might have somebody to pray for. At length one of my neighbors came, whose wife was a member of the church. He was a smart, likely man, but of great peculiarities. Being well acquainted with him, he was about the last I should have looked for as coming to our little meeting. As soon as he came in I was satisfied God had drawn him there. Before we closed I asked if any one present desired prayer. As

he was the only one present unconverted, of course the invitation was quite personal. He told me afterwards that he tried hard to get on his feet but failed. Yet he was soon converted, and added to the church. Very soon a backslider was reclaimed to the church.

“An event occurred about this time which called out Samuel Pike, Esq., to the meeting. A very particular friend of his died in a very strange way, and, so far as he knew, without hope. I shall never forget the meeting Brother P. attended at the school house, having come from the death-bed of his friend. He acknowledged he had been in a backslidden state for some twenty years. He had been a member of a church in the north part of the town, but was now living in our village. He now took strong ground for God, and most deeply deplored his wanderings from Him. His coming out at this time seemed to meet a want in the kingdom. He was a man of unusual natural gifts, but his growth was slow in christian duties; yet he never lost any ground he had gained.

“Our meetings soon became full, and, compared with our beginning, highly prosperous. About this time I heard of a powerful revival in Stonington, Connecticut, under the labors of Rev. Asa Bronson; and the inquiry arose in my mind, ‘Why did not the revival come when I was there?’ That question, with its settlement, cost me months of the deepest sorrow. I charged the whole difficulty upon myself. My want of fidelity to Christ was the cause. My shortcomings as a minister of Christ, while I had been able to maintain a fair exterior, and perhaps above reproach, yet my failing to win souls was upon me like the storm upon the ship which contained Jonah. I fasted and prayed, and

searched the scriptures, increased my labors, examined my motives in the work, and the ground work of my christian experience. I subjected myself to the most strict scrutiny in my christian life, till all my joys were dead. To get out of the ministry was suggested by, I believe, the Devil; but my vows to God would not allow that. I never had greater freedom in preaching in my life. I pored over the scriptures with most intense anxieties, and brought out sermons which surprised me as well as others. Yet I was no sooner out of the pulpit than I was pondering my position, and want of success in winning souls to Christ.

“About this time Sister Noyes,—daughter of the Judge of whom I thought so much,—sickened and died. In her sickness, towards the close, her mind gave way under the power of disease, so that an eclipse was on her religious hopes, till nearly the close of life. Just before she departed the sun of righteousness rose upon her in perfect brightness, and she passed off in triumph to heaven. Now came a new trial. It was said her religion and her baptism were the cause of her death. At her funeral, knowing a host would be present, I had a deep desire to vindicate religion from the imputations cast upon it, and was directed to the text, ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’ I was never more conscious of help from God. I was conducted to the conclusion, in summing up, that a christian, however suffering from loss of reason, or any other cause, must die a christian, and such a death was ‘precious to God.’ She died a few miles west of Norwich village, but the funeral was attended in the village. I led the procession to the meeting house, and when we came in sight of it I pressed the subject of seeking

Christ upon a youth who accompanied me, a cousin of Sister Noyes, afterwards the wife of Rev. O. Wheelock, till I obtained the promise that she would yield herself to Christ. Shortly after, I saw her and found she had fulfilled her promise, and was rejoicing in 'hope of the glory of God.' Her baptism seemed like 'baptizing for the dead,' to take the place of the departed. This death was a severe blow to me, and also to the church, as well as to the family connections. But God overruled it for good. After Betsey was quietly resting in the bosom of infinite love, a young lady came to the church, and proposed to join, as she stated, to take the place of Betsey Noyes, having been awakened by seeing her baptized. The church most gladly welcomed her, and she proved a 'bright and shining light.'

FOUR-DAYS' MEETING IN PITCHER, NEW YORK.

"My mind was quite unfettered in my public efforts. Yet, lying like a canker upon my heart, was my want of success. My house was crowded with hearers, and they gave the best attention, but no break in the ranks was realized. When I entered upon my second year in Norwich, in the spring of 1832, I heard of what is known as a four-days' meeting, in the town of Pitcher, in the west part of Chenango county, a distance of twenty miles from my home. I had never been in such a meeting, and was an entire stranger to the course pursued. I determined to visit the place and see for myself. I had preached in the place, so I was not a stranger. On entering the meeting house I was impressed with a sense of God's presence. Quite a number had been converted before I arrived, and inquirers were numerous. When the meeting was dismissed I retired to a dense forest and spent my intermission in

prayer, being pressed with doubts whether I ever was truly converted. The preacher was a very young man, not a 'head and shoulders above his brethren,' but so owned of God that his efforts, either in or out of the pulpit, seemed attended with the immediate power of God. During my stay, which was but a few days, I most earnestly besought the Lord to bestow on me that spirit which should qualify me for the work. I attempted to preach, and also to pray, but was only more and more convinced that I was above my work. When I knelt to pray for the anxious it seemed to me that I was somehow above them, and could not reach down to them. In preaching I seemed like a man in the hay field, with a good scythe and fixtures; but every time I struck for the grass I struck a little above, so that the work was ineffective. I was deeply humbled in view of my unpreparedness for my work. Yet to stop making effort I could not.

"While a sense of my unfitness rested heavily upon me, in one of our meetings, Father Lawton, an aged Baptist minister, one of the pioneers of the country, and a man of unblemished life, came forward and said, 'If God should do me justice he would send me to hell for my unfaithfulness.' A number of young ministers were present who esteemed Father Lawton as a model man and minister. While he confessed and so bitterly mourned over his unfaithfulness we were thrown, in our view, overboard, Jonah like.

"In the meeting, 'anxious seats' were employed, and several things which were new to me. Yet the part which God took in the meeting so overwhelmed me, that the 'ways and means' had no effect to excite my prejudice. It was a day of wonderful speculation

about new measures among high-gear'd Calvinists and Antinomians. The ungodly reviled and mocked the whole thing. But God rolled in a tide of divine influence like the ground swell of the Atlantic, which no earthly power could successfully resist.

“One man, who was converted, told me that, while passing the meeting house on his way to his home, if he had had the power, he would have torn down the meeting house, and killed every one in it. His wife was a christian and a member of the church, and faithful to the meetings. One evening she had retired after having been to meeting, and her husband, full of bitter opposition and wrath, entered the lodging room, and said to his wife, ‘Well, I should think you could pray well, after having been to meeting so much; I wish you would get up and pray for me.’ She asked, ‘Do you wish me to pray for you?’ He said he did. And she arose and knelt by his side and poured out her soul to God for him. God rolled such power upon his hardened soul as to prostrate him upon the floor, and he was pressed to cry out to God for mercy, and found the remedy which Christ had so fully promised. Instances like this multiplied as the work rolled on. Faith in those who were converted was strong beyond expression.

“A wife came to the church to apply for membership, whose husband said if she was baptized he would roast her when she got home; and he got his wood and commenced heating the oven before she left. She came to me for advice as to what she should do. I advised her by all means to obey the Lord, and if her husband should kill her, the Devil was sure of him, and he would never then trouble her more, for she would find rest in heaven. She promptly obeyed the Lord, and when she

got home the oven fire had all burned out, and her husband lay prostrate on the floor crying to God for mercy.

“Another wife, a most genial loving christian, informed her husband of her intention to be baptized. This so provoked his wrath that his soul—what he had left—for he was a drunkard—seemed like an uncapped volcano, and poured out wrath like cinders and smoke from hell. When the storm had partially subsided, she in a calm tone said, ‘Daniel, I love you as well as I ever did, but shall be baptized to-day, and when I am baptized, if you do not wish me to return home, I will go home with father; he will be to meeting with the family carriage.’ This unexpected coolness and determination disarmed the tiger, and he went out and waited upon her to the water, like a gentleman, as he once was, before rum had honey-combed his heart and eaten out his manhood.

“Another case where a wife wished to follow Christ in the ordinance of baptism, the husband said, ‘I never was drunk, but if you go, I will go to the tavern and get drunk, if there is whisky enough to make me so.’ He put his horses, with the crack of the whip, for the tavern; but, before arriving, he walked his team. On arriving he drank no whisky. The wife returned from church happy. He returned from the tavern with the pains of hell hold of him. Night came on; the family retired. His head seemed as if heated from the fires of the pit. He arose, called on his wife to pray for him, found mercy, and united with the same church. I write some forty years from the scene of this class of facts, but give them as in substance as I received them at the time from the parties concerned.

“Another case transpired in the meeting, of a young

man who seemed bent on destruction, and dragging all he could with him to the pit, setting at defiance God and his ministers. He invited his associates, if they were likely to give way to the pressure, to look to him, he would keep them up. Yet I saw him leave the gallery almost in the shape of the letter V, and he fled to the woods in a most fearful state of mind. It seemed as though hell was opening for him. He strayed about in the forest late in the night, with God's displeasure upon him, till he determined to go to the house of Elder Lawton, call him up and confess to him. He called up Elder Lawton; but before he could accomplish his design Elder Lawton confessed to him, which doubly riveted his convictions and well nigh sunk him in despair. He at length found mercy, and I baptized him on profession of his faith. In the meantime the work of God spread in every direction. Meetings were crowded by day and by night, and a great 'multitude were obedient to the faith.' The time came when I must return to my home in Norwich. I left with great reluctance, but obedient to the demand of duty.

"I had a wedding to attend some four miles north of my home in the Chenango Valley, and called and married the couple, and made an appeal to all who were there to seek and secure eternal life, which seemed to have a wonderful effect. On my way home, I thought intensely upon what course I could take with my own people to break the apathy which lay like the pall of death upon the church and the whole valley. I determined I would take the pulpit and confess wherein I had failed of my duty to God, and the church, and people of my charge. I knew of no irregularity in my outward life before the world, but felt a deep and awful

consciousness before God that I had not done my duty in persistent toils to save souls. Then the thought was forced upon me; If you confess in that style, it will ruin you; nobody will have confidence in you hereafter. I had no precedent for the course which I intended to take. I had only the example of Father Lawton. But I determined, let the consequences be what they might, I should do it and trust in God.

“ I arrived home on meeting-evening, and there came together a full house; and after meeting had begun as usual, I gave a partial relation of what God was doing in the town of Pitcher. The statement I made had a wonderful effect upon the meeting, and when dismissed the young men seemed to leave with a rush, I followed them out and took them by the hand and asked their forgiveness for my unfaithfulness to them. Every one whose hand I clasped was converted. Sabbath at length came, and, after opening the meeting as usual, I related what God was doing at the west, and stated what I had seen and heard. I then opened my mind fully as to my views of my neglect of duty, and asked both church and congregation to forgive me, and pledged myself to discharge my duty, if spared, in a different manner in the future. I took my people wholly by surprise, and my effort fell like a bolt from a clear sky. Father Randall followed in a wonderful confession. I can never forget how he appeared before the congregation. He wept like a child, and his tall manly form, bent somewhat by infirmity, trembled from head to foot. When he was through, others followed by confession, till the time came to close the meeting. We had no preaching in the forenoon; and yet the loudest kind, in another form, which I ever heard. The day passed off in deep solemn-

ity, and impressions were made which can never die. The tidings of what had occurred at the Baptist church spread like wild fire. Opposition, the most complicated and organized was apparent, and I was literally showered with falsehoods, to which I paid no attention. I was now 'walking at liberty,' and worked entirely free. My views of God in his working through the gospel were wonderfully enlarged. My whole soul seemed girded with an inward strength which I never knew before. My anxieties for the salvation of souls were almost overwhelming.

"I was called back to the field where I had of late seen such wonders, to baptize the newly converted. The converts were principally young men and young women. My impression now is that more than one hundred were converted in the meetings at Pitcher. I believe I baptized about fifty of that number. The church was without a pastor, and the young man who supplied them was not ordained. His name was S. R. Clark.

"I proposed to the church, at home to have a four days' meeting. The matter of worshipping God four whole days in succession was entirely new to my people. Nobody would oppose it; and only one brother would vote for it. He said he knew nothing about that kind of meeting, but if it was what Brother Swan said it was, he wanted it. We therefore invited in the surrounding ministers and commenced. I think we had preaching services three times each day, with prayer meetings between them. God was with us from the beginning. Inquirers after Christ increased continually during the meetings, and some twenty professed conversion; and our meetings in the form in which they had been conducted, closed up. With the little expe-

rience I had had, I found it very difficult to manage affairs so as to give satisfaction to the ministers. They had not been accustomed to work together. Some were extremely anxious to season their preaching so high with rigid Calvinism, that it would put into eclipse the preaching which preceded. The man who next followed was called upon to straighten up the one before him, so that we lost a considerable water that was pure and good, by its running over the dam. My anxieties were to so conduct the whole affair as to contribute the most possible to the glory of Christ. Never did I witness four such days. Excitement ran high outside. Malicious falsehoods were set afloat as usual about some who came to help me, and the whole meeting was scathed by the opposers as with lightning. Yet day after day witnessed the conversion of souls to God. Had we had sufficient experience to have continued the meetings for a month I have no doubt hundreds would have been converted. Though the meetings closed at the end of four days, efforts were not discontinued; but onward through the spring and summer, in the sanctuary and in the school houses, persistent work was done; and God followed with his blessing till about one hundred were baptized into the church.

“The work begun by my people soon spread into other churches, and, wherever the means were used, God followed with his blessing. I think at this time we had but two ordained ministers in the Chenango Association, viz.: Elder J. H. Chamberlain and myself. We harnessed up together and ranged the country, and preached in the little churches; and during the year we baptized in the churches of our Association some five hundred and fifty.

“ When I commenced my work in Norwich the general tone of preaching was so highly seasoned with double-extra Calvinism, that the power of God for saving souls was almost wholly obscured. The old doctrine of repentance towards God, and faith in Christ, being preached to those who were lost, was esteemed as the worst kind of Arminianism. It seemed to me that some of the ministers around me judged of a state of lukewarmness in the churches as more highly pleasing to God than the most effective efforts to pull sinners out of the fire.

“ An elderly Baptist minister called on me on his way home from my four days’ meeting to inform me how he had been neglected in the meeting, saying, ‘ it would not be five years before I could not get a congregation to preach to in the county.’ We had a plain talk, and I assured him that if I failed of having hearers in our county I would find them elsewhere. I finally said to him, the trouble between us was we did not believe alike. He insisted we did. To convince him we did not, I asked him if he could address unconverted and wicked men and tell them to pray ? He said no : they could not repent. Then I gave him the address of Peter to Simon Magus, ‘ Repent and pray to God.’ He tried to dodge the case, by saying, ‘ Simon belonged to Israel.’ I cut him off by showing that Simon was pronounced by Peter as ‘ in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity.’ In the fall of the year 1832 I had occasion to preach in his meeting house at five o’clock in the afternoon. At the close of preaching I asked any present who desired prayers if they would rise. Quite a number arose; others kept their seats, but wept. The pastor worked hard to quench the fire

thus kindled, and succeeded for the time being.

“A few months later, one awfully dark stormy night, one of the brethren came up from Oxford, saying, ‘God has come to Oxford, and you are wanted to come down at once.’ I repeatedly told the man I could not go. I had just returned from a journey, and was full of cares. He continued, ‘I can’t help that; God has come to Oxford, and you are wanted there.’ The messenger rang those words in my ears till, amidst intense darkness of the evening and dreary rain, I started out and rode on horseback eight miles to Oxford. On arriving I found God had really appeared in a most wonderful manner. The Baptists at this time had no meeting house, but occupied the upper story of a very large store, which was seated for school purposes, but now used for religious meetings. It was very large and could accommodate a host. The power of God was so displayed that the most wonderful answers to prayer were experienced. Prayer was offered in reference to a ball which was in full blast in the village, and one of the dancers, a young man, left the hall and came to the meeting to seek his soul’s salvation, and we judged found it by submitting to Christ.

“In the course of the meetings, a middle-aged man rose from the back part of the house, came over seats and well nigh over heads, and stood before the pulpit, and called out the leading men of the church to pray for him; his wife also he called out to seek for him the salvation of God. He called on his partner in business to come with him to seek the Lord; and the call was effectual. Piteous cries were sent up to God from broken hearts; and many believed on the Lord. The anxieties arose so high that a great congregation would

be found in the house of God at five o'clock in the morning, while it was yet dark.

“One peculiar feature of the meeting was the immediate answers to prayer. After the regular services were over we would seek among the multitude those who desired prayer and offer special supplications in their behalf. Elder Parker, of Bainbridge, led the way in this part of the work and while we were offering prayer, God would redeem those on the spot for whom petition was being made. I asked him, it being so unusual for God to answer prayer so immediately, how it was. He replied, ‘I don’t know; only I believe God.’ I told him I was satisfied that he believed God, and I did not. The light of the saying, ‘Let us draw nigh unto God with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,’ had not dawned upon me. I pressed the request before the Lord for assistance to believe him, so that when I came to the mercy seat for others, they might find at once the blessing sought. I looked at the reasonableness of the thing in the light of the scriptures, and was convinced that God required that, whosoever cometh to God must believe that he is the rewarder of all them who diligently seek him. Very soon the Lord sent me deliverance; after which I was enabled to hold on to the mercy-seat till salvation came to the soul or souls for whom prayer was offered. The meetings in Oxford continued till it seemed as though the whole village was shaken, and many were brought to Christ.

“About this time a violent persecution was raised against me by Universalists, which frightened some of my brethren. I had recently visited Westerly, Rhode Island, and was induced to stop and preach a few times. I found Universalism had taken hold there, and quite a

number of men had become strenuous advocates of the doctrine. In my preaching, I levelled my shots at the battery of the Devil, which was manned by Universalists, and the shots took effect. A very hard man, of that way of thinking, was hit and wounded in the heart. For professed business purposes he left the place; but the wound upon his heart was so deep that he left his business and went to the meeting, and gave ever after the fullest evidence of sound conversion to God. A gentleman of fine standing in the community became obedient to the faith. A tavern keeper, with whom I put up, was deeply wrought upon, and I sat up and prayed with him. And his wife, who was a disciple, joined in prayer for her husband; and we held on till God converted him. Others turned to the Lord. This rallied those of the order who contend that all will be saved; and one evening after the meeting was dismissed; one of the Fire Insurance Order attacked me with a storm of words against orthodoxy; and I plied his citadel with what power I possessed, supposing that would be the end of it but was mistaken.

“On returning home to Norwich the attacking force forwarded to Skinner and Grosh, of Utica, New York, who were editors of a Universalist periodical, what purported to be a conversation between himself and me, endeavoring to implicate me in slandering people in Norwich. Lawyers were consulted and a committee of Universalists was appointed to visit me, with interrogations drawn up by the lawyers, hoping to entangle me in their devil-like plot. When I first heard of the arrangement I made up my mind, after they were all in my house, I would turn the whole lot of them out of doors, supposing this would be the wisest course. On

consulting Deacon Pike, who was wise in council, we concluded to let them come; and invited a number of my brethren in, who should be witnesses of the occasion. The assailants had a document drawn up by a lawyer, consisting mostly of questions touching the affair at Westerly. I owned up so much that it rather foiled them. One question was, 'Did you, or did you not, say that, when a Universalist minister preached in Norwich, there was a general turn out of drunkards to hear?' I owned up to the truth of having made the statement, and offered to prove it. One of the delegation,—a gentleman whom I esteemed,—replied that he had often been humbled on that account. I grappled with their champion; and he stated that 'nothing a man could do had any effect upon his future destiny.' I replied, I wanted nothing more to do with a man who adopted views that outraged the laws of both God and man in that style. So our interview closed. When they made returns to the lawyers they were told that the statements made by me at Westerly, supposed to relate to citizens of Norwich, must be backed up by proof. Then application was made to citizens of Westerly, Rhode Island, and vicinity, and fruitful results followed. A set of affidavits were procured, each subscriber having his character backed by some public officer if possible; and on came the whole package to Norwich. And such a time as was had, marching and countermarching among the Universalists, I think was never seen in the valley before. A lawyer, who was a great friend to me, but a Universalist, applied to, to assist in the onslaught upon me (as I was informed) said, 'I am a Universalist, and don't believe in a hell, but, d—n you, if I had the power I would make one for

such d—d rascals as you are. Let Swan alone.' The affidavits were a perfect jumble. I believe, with one exception, every man who sent an affidavit procured a backer on his character. My opinion always was on seeing a haystack propped, that it would not stand quite as well without the prop. The lawyers, when they had read the testimony, told their employers, 'You can do nothing to Swan.' One of their number replied, 'D—n him, we will publish him.' A lawyer replied, 'Then, gentlemen, you will help him.' So ended the whole scheme to batter down a character for acting in a matter involving salvation, with independence. I believe the climax of this sickly attempt was my being published as dismissed from the Norwich church. This stroke ended in calling a church meeting, in which my salary was raised. So the smoke of battle cleared up and left Swan alive, and Universalism badly marred by its own supporters.

"The working of God with his people in Chenango County, and the surrounding country, settled the question as to the value of persistent efforts to build up the kingdom of Christ. Churches were aroused to action; and wherever bold attack was made upon the kingdom of darkness, the church taking hold on the strength of the Lord, converts were multiplied. Opposition to revivals became formidable, and those who were opposed to God readily marshalled their forces to overthrow what the friends of God were attempting to accomplish. A general impression among the Baptists prevailed that there were set times for God to work in pouring salvation upon communities, and that any attempt at awaking and trying to break up fallow ground was getting ahead of God. None can now imagine the strength demanded

to break up those views which would allow churches to slumber on, waiting for God, notwithstanding his appeal 'Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.'

"In all cases where churches attempted to seek the Lord till he came, He added his blessing and revived them, and often made large additions to their number. This became apparent, and ministers and churches arose and 'came to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' The question, how to order the battle, was hard to settle. As our protracted meetings multiplied, often six, eight, or ten ministers would be present. Wishing to treat them all well, attempts were made to have them preach, each in his turn; which we found worked unfavorably. At length selections were made from the number present, and some two or three ministers did the preaching. We aimed to select our strongest men for the pulpit, while others labored in different departments. This plan worked more successfully. But difficulties attended this course. Some of the ministers would feel slighted, yet we found to give up the pulpit to such would produce 'eddy-tides.' We found where one man was equal to the task of doing the pulpit work, it was better to keep him in the harness, and let him do all the preaching, while others were 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' On giving this a thorough trial we found God approbated wonderfully.

"A general course in the order of our meetings, when they were fairly begun, was to commence at nine o'clock with prayer meeting; at half-past ten preaching: In the afternoon, prayer meeting at half-past one o'clock, and preaching at half-past two. In the evening, prayer meeting at six, preaching at half past seven. Before

each sermon, two brethren were selected to lead in prayer with special reference to divine aid for the preacher. These prayers were always short and right to the point. When preaching commenced, other ministers and brethren often fell upon their knees in prayer and remained in silent prayer till the sermon was over. Another feature of the order was to select some minister, who was mighty in prayer, to follow up the sermon with melting appeals to the unconverted, and invite them forward for prayers. Under this order of things, I have seen the most astonishing display of God's power. Once the power was so wondrous that about all in the galleries came down, while others below moved forward, till the hosts were prostrated before God, crying for mercy.

REVIVAL IN HAMILTON, N. Y.

"About this time I was called to Hamilton, N. Y., by invitation of a committee of the church to assist in a meeting. Elders L. Leonard and John Smitzer were also invited. We all came on the ground and set about our work. We soon found the committee appointed to settle the preliminaries of the meeting, were appointed to manage the meeting. No one of them was qualified for such work, and everything dragged hard. At length Elder Leonard said to me, he had no freedom in the meeting, and could not sing a verse without asking the committee. I complained that the harness I was in prevented my success in the meeting. After a while a council was held at Deacon Umpstead's made up of the committee and a large delegation from the hill. One of my fellow helpers said, as we were on our way to the council, 'Now you present the case before the brethren, and I will back you up.' The church was without a

pastor, and I declined, being the younger of the two, and urged my brother to present the case. On his persistent refusal, I was compelled to stand in front. One of the committee said, 'if we urged the anxious seats too much, certain ones in the congregation would take offense.' I asked what was 'too much,' but could get no definite guage to the thing. Deacon Payne and Esquire Payne were all right on the question; so was Deacon Umpstead; but some doubted, till on came my backer who backed me up by backing out wholly and said he never asked any one forward for prayers but once, and was ashamed of that; so I appeared alone in the whole matter of the difficulty. I then insisted on having what I had asked for, viz., freedom to work; or I would leave the place the next morning for another field. So I left the council. Deacon Payne returned home at a late hour and reported to me that I was to have full liberty in the meetings. The next day I preached the most cutting sermon I believe I ever preached in my life on contemptible tinkering with the work of God. It took effect; God sent it home. My doubting brother, about anxious seats, came in to the conference which followed the preaching and said that he was going in the line of hearty confessions of men in the churches, and the general breaking down of the congregation, and bowed his head and tears flowed from his eyes so as to run upon the floor. We now had come to an end of discouraging measures; all were for gathering a harvest for God. Opposition outside ran high; but God rode in triumph in the chariots of salvation.

"Doctor Bacon was supplying the church in the absence of the pastor. God appeared in his family in awakening a little girl belonging to the household;

and I think in the dead of night the child called out for prayers. He gave an account of the event next day in the meeting, weeping like a child; it was like an electric shock upon the audience. The Doctor now took hold with us with a power that was felt through our whole meetings. The work deepened daily, and spread all over the regions about us. I think some one hundred were converted, the most of whom were baptized. I speak from memory.

“Among the converts were several prominent citizens, such as Colonel Bonny, who exhibited great decision in coming to Christ, and in following his Lord and Master in being baptized. A prominent feature of the meeting was the power of prayer. Deacons Umpstead and Payne, with his brother, Esquire Payne, were the mightiest men in wrestling prayer that I had ever met. Nor have I up to this time found any who exceeded them in strength of faith. Doctor G. W. Eaton from the Institution assisted us in our meetings very much. I remember calling upon him to pray for the anxious, who had come forward. He was then a young man. He complied, and bowed down his manly form like a little child and mingled weeping with his supplications. When he arose from his knees he remarked to me that there was divine philosophy in the anxious seats. At that time such seats underwent great discussions. Such measures as coming forward for prayers were called all sorts of names; and some ministers called them human machinery, new measures, and the like. Still God put his seal upon efforts to rally those without Christ. The meetings continued for four or five weeks with constantly increasing power, till the churches were most

thoroughly revived and 'very many were added to the Lord,' and to the ranks of the army.

"An event occurred in the meeting which created quite a sensation. Two brethren came in bringing a lady, who belonged to the church, in a chair. She appeared helpless, having been unable to walk for some two years, having utterly lost the use of her lower limbs. One of the men who assisted in bringing her to the house of God, I think, was her husband. He made a statement that the lady had been impressed that if she would come to the meeting and get the ministers to pray for her, she would be restored to activity. I was in the pulpit at the time with a brother minister, who said to me, 'I have no faith in that operation.' I replied I had, and went from the pulpit and knelt by her side and offered prayer that she might be healed. I think it doubtful whether I had much earthly help; yet I believed God would answer. When meeting closed she was carried home, and I heard nothing from her for years. Some time after I was at Hamilton in a meeting, and, services being over, a lady came to me with her face covered with smiles, saying, 'Do you know me?' I replied I did not. She referred me to the time when she was brought there in a chair to be prayed for. She was perfectly able to walk and said she had done her work for some three years. I inquired how soon she was restored, and she replied she commenced walking in a few days after her return home, and had done her housework ever since. I simply narrate the fact, leaving others to discuss the thing.

"When the series of meetings closed it was on the Sabbath. We had baptism, and the great number who had been baptized during the meetings were called out

to receive the hand of fellowship. The line of converts extended from the door by which we entered the sanctuary to the rear of the house. It was the old house, and quite the longest meeting house I ever saw. I had not seen such a sight in my life. For age, the converts ranged from the man of years down to the child. After they were received the church celebrated the Lord's Supper. A most interesting scene it was. God's presence was wonderfully manifested.

"I had been from home a long time and was very anxious to return, and accordingly left near night in a snow storm. The distance was 22 miles. I encountered severe traveling. The snow had fallen upon deep mud, and I was on horseback. I could only ride upon a walk, and slow at that. The cold was intense. I had worn my overcoat into the water to baptize, and it was wet, so my comforts were few, externally. In about three hours I arrived at the house of an old friend, seven miles distant from Hamilton, and was very kindly received. The family, consisting of the parents, one son and two daughters, were all members of the church in the place. Several young people were with the family from the neighborhood.

CHAPTER VI.

NORWICH PASTORATE CONTINUED.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD :—DECREES.—REVIVALS.—TEMPERANCE.—
THE DISTILLER.—DEATH.—TESTS OF RELIGION.—MODEL MAN.—
HIS BAPTISM.—HIS FAMILY.—SIGNALS.—IMPRESSIONS.—OBSTA-
CLES.—PROTRACTED MEETING.—HELPERS.—SUCCESS.—VOW.—
LAD'S PRAYER.—MAN OF WEALTH.—DUMB DEVIL.—SATIRIST.—
UNITED PRAYER.—AN EVIL SPIRIT.—THE LAWYER.—QUESTION —
HIDDEN BLESSING.—EXPERIMENT.—EXPLANATIONS.—GENERAL
GORMAN.—FIELDS.—CO-LABORERS.—SUPPORT.—SACRIFICES.—
WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—AN ENEMY.—ALL-NIGHT MEET-
INGS.—CONCERT.—A JUDGE.—INDIAN WOMAN.—CONFESSION.—
QUESTIONS.—THE TRUE IDEA.—PLAN IN PREACHING.—PRAYER
AND FASTING.—TERRORS.—THE TEXT.—PRAYER AT THE INN.—
ADDITIONS TO CHURCH.

“Soon after my arrival the head of the family inquired, ‘Well, Elder, what have you been doing at Hamilton?’ I replied, ‘Carrying out the old plan of preaching, praying, and baptizing converts.’ Said the Doctor, ‘Why! they were all converted before the foundation of the world.’ I answered, ‘If so, some of them had found it out, who were not sure of it when I went there.’ The Doctor was so imbued with Calvinism that he was compelled to lean towards Antinomianism. I finally asked his wife if any one present was without hope. She replied, pointing to a young man, ‘There is one without hope.’ He appeared like a fine youth; was cousin to her children. I commenced conversation with him and asked him why he was not converted in the great revival? He replied, ‘I was

awakened, and made some effort to obtain salvation, but at length gave it up.' I said to him, 'If you rejected God in such a tide as went over this place, you must be pretty near hell, and escape is doubtful.' I then asked him if he was willing to kneel down for me to pray for him? He consented, and we bowed before God to pray for him. I think it was about ten o'clock in the evening. Prayer was made without ceasing till near two o'clock in the morning, when he begged for himself, and God redeemed him on the spot. He refused for a long time to call on the Lord, till finally the Doctor told him to pray, and unless he prayed he would be damned; though he himself did not believe at the commencement that a sinner had any right to pray. When the young man was filled with joy and peace in believing, at a proper moment the Doctor asked me if I thought he was converted. I replied, 'Certainly,' and added, 'call on him to lead the family devotions in the morning, and see if he will pray.' When all but the Doctor and myself had retired for the night, he was so perfectly overwhelmed in view of what God had wrought, that he said to me, 'Why, you ought to eat a whole ox in a day to carry out your work.' Next morning the Doctor invited the young man to lead devotions in the family, and he without hesitation read the Bible and offered prayer. So all were compelled to admit that God verily had on him 'bestowed repentance unto life.'

.. "Though I was pastor at Norwich nearly eight years, yet I ranged the churches up and down the valley of Chenango county, and, with my brethren in the ministry, spread the gospel net, and very many were converted to God. A new order of things was created.

Family prayer had become common, whereas before the protracted dispensation very few families throughout the churches kept up family altars. One thing was made very prominent in all our protracted efforts; that was temperance. We brought all our guns to bear on rum, with its concomitants. This generally raised a breeze. At length we pledged every convert we baptized. The churches came to incorporate the pledge with church covenants, and God wrought greatly with his people. Judgment and temperance went together.

“I held a meeting with a church near by my own, and in the course of the meeting a man was converted who was running a whisky distillery. Being about to offer himself to the church, he advised with me as to what he should do. I told him, ‘Sign the pledge and put out the fires.’ All this was done. As soon as preliminaries could be arranged he was baptized. Such howling as was heard on the part of whisky suckers was never heard before, but the blow upon that hydra head was irretrievably struck. I baptized the man who thus promptly acted, with twenty-one others at the same time. Opposition to the meeting was organized and pushed with great force; yet, like the power of Saul, it waxed weaker and weaker. The gentleman who put out the fires of his distillery had a very remarkable conversion. He had a little son five or six years of age, who had been to visit his uncle, who prayed in his family. On returning home he beset his father, early and late, to pray, and followed it up till the father was induced to call on the name of the Lord.

“The meeting held in this vicinity was attended with very many conversions. One man whose wife belonged to the church asked one of the brethren if he would

take his wife to meeting; but he made so trifling an excuse, that he who made the request was offended and declared he would do more for the meeting than any member of the church. He therefore took his teams and ranged the vicinity and brought many to meeting; but was careful not to venture in himself. Finally his passengers, many of whom became converted, sang so delightfully on the way home, that he concluded to go in and hear my sermon, and in so doing was induced to seek the Lord, and found Christ precious to his soul.

“One poor man so opposed the work both in his own house and everywhere, so far as he had influence, and gave such evidence of being given over of God to perish, that, in the light of one passage of scripture, I saw his destiny, and foretold it; and it came to pass. I said to a very prominent brother in the church, ‘If God does not kill that man, the Bible is not a true book,’ and asked him to remember when the event came to pass what I had told him. The passage which I saw mirrored the destiny of the man, is this: ‘He that being often reprovèd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.’ The man was one of the most determined Universalists. As a man, he stood well in the community, but was filled with deadly opposition to the triumphs of the gospel. I judged he climaxed his career by coming forward for prayers with others. Just as soon as he was named in prayer, and had opportunity, he arose and said his views were known as far as he was known, but he esteemed it a privilege to be remembered in prayer; then attempted to say, ‘My views are’—and stammering, I saw him turn white about his mouth; and I warned him to be careful what he said, reminding him

of the sin against the Holy Ghost; but he pressed through and said, 'My views are just as they have been.' I saw that he had taken the position he was in to more successfully oppose the work of the Lord. In, I should think, some two weeks, while the text I have quoted was read from my own pulpit, as a subject for preaching, the dead body of the man passed through our village. He was hurried into eternity without warning. Instances kindred to this were common in those days, till the Lord terrified bold opposers.

"If the church of Christ will test trees by their fruit, instead of digging up the roots and subjecting them to a trial by fire, they will gain accessions from a class who always make genuine workers when harnessed for God. I once found within the bounds of my pastoral charge a man of middle age, and a model man indeed. Try him by God's line of measuring character, and when you come to the cross of Christ,—here was the one thing he lacked. As a gentleman, citizen, neighbor, he was all right; but to induce him to take a step openly for Christ, was impossible. He was on hand to meeting, liberal in contributions, and a well wisher to morality and religion. His wife loved the Savior and strove for her husband's salvation; but he was steadfast and immovable in the wrong sense; always abounding in reasons for remaining where he was. •He had a son, a fine young man, who was without hope. I pondered over his condition much, and was exceedingly anxious to get him out. One day I had a kind of inspiration come over me to visit him and say to him, 'Come out and obey your God, or you will inevitably be damned.' I made my way for him on horseback, some seven miles, and found him by a field of wheat on

his farm. He asked where I was bound? I said, 'After you; and have no other business.' I did my errand to him as I received it; then invited him to come to covenant meeting the next Saturday and tell his experience, and be baptized. By invitation I went into his house and prayed with him and his family. The next Saturday he came to the church, related an experience of eighteen years, full of intense interest, and closed by saying, 'To live and die where I am, I shall be lost; if the church will accept me I will unite with them.' He was welcomed with a hearty good will. The next day, Sabbath, he was baptized. Such a looking man I had never baptized; his countenance was mantled with deepest sadness; his moral troubles had become chronic, and to adopt a new course, up hill to all the past, seemed like parting with life. Yet it proved as dying and thus living. When I had baptized him he exclaimed, 'Glory to God; I am relieved.' I responded, 'So I told you.' At the water's edge his wife met him with tears of joy; and she very soon followed his steps into the baptismal waters. Soon an altar went up in his house. He progressed in the faith. Having staggered at the law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' he now said he loved his neighbor 'better than himself.' He was now under the law of love.

"About this time he and his wife left home for a journey to the West. Returning, they found their little son, two young men, and a young lady, members of his family, all converted. The sister of this gentleman, the housekeeper in their absence, while asleep was aroused by a cry of distress. On going to the window she found her brother's son on his knees crying for mercy. He had been to meeting, where God reached

his heart by the gospel. In prayer he said to God, 'I will die here unless I find mercy.' His aunt called the two young men to hear him pray. They shortly turned away to pray for themselves. The young lady was then called, who, with a like broken heart, turned to seek the Savior. John found salvation before he rose from his knees; he took the kingdom by force. All under the roof, except a little child, were rejoicing in the Lord when the parents reached home. One of these young men became a preacher of the gospel. Another gentleman and wife, seeing this result, came out and put on Christ. The man had hoped for fourteen years, but had followed his neighbor. His pattern had now left him. But he followed his neighbor and obeyed his Lord. The moving of the first man knocked away all his props. Thus one man leads another.

"God has hidden from the view of mortals what results may follow simple obedience to his requirements. In 1834-5 God visited the church in Norwich with a large shower of mercy, and numerous additions followed. The ground is taken in the scriptures that those in communion with God not only may know, but it is their privilege to discern the time chosen of God to bless; hence the reproof of God to Israel: 'The turtle, the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.' Signals have been and are still given which act upon the spiritual sight like the little cloud seen by the servant of Elijah, upon the prophet; and as the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees upon David, in reference to going forth to battle.

REVIVAL IN NORWICH.

“ At the close of the year 1834 I became convinced that God was about to visit his people over whom I watched, with salvation. Circumstances, in the providence of God, forced upon me convictions that now was the time to call the church together, and entreat them to take hold of work for God. One event especially urged me to action. While making ready to attend the funeral of a youth, who had died without hope,—who had asserted that when the Lord called for her she should be ready—a lady and her husband, members of my congregation, called at my house. Neither of them were christians. The lady remarked, ‘ You don’t call on us as you formerly did.’ I answered, ‘ I did not know as you wanted me to call.’ She said, ‘ We do, and hope you will come.’ This was said in such a way, and the woman’s face bore such a sadness, that I made up my mind God was coming to save souls. I remarked to my wife, ‘ My dear, let us get ready; God is coming, depend upon it.’ The funeral was of one of our dearest youth. To think that her sun had gone down in a cloud was chilling to my soul. I made an appeal to the church to arise, and to make with me special effort to save the lost. In doing this I found serious difficulty. A number of the strongest men in the church objected. It seemed to me I should be defeated. I then said to the church, ‘ Well, I am fully convinced that a cloud big with mercy is overhanging our place, and the largest blessing awaits us if we will prepare the way of the Lord; and I am willing to enter upon the work. If the church refuses I shall take hold in some other spot, leaving those who oppose to go to the judgment with the responsibility upon them. The

brethren who opposed said they would not take the responsibility, and so backed out of their position; if the church saw fit to go forward they would not oppose. I then secured the best ministers I could and commenced meetings. My helpers were Revs. Lewis Leonard, John Smither, Alonzo Wheelock, Washington Kingsley, and J. H. Chamberlain. Others, occasionally with us, rendered essential aid. The power of God followed the word preached, till the whole region was affected with God's display of love and grace. In this meeting the late Judge York was converted, who accomplished so much for God, but has now been called to his rest. The lady friend and her husband, before mentioned, were converted, and became efficient workers in bringing in others. Principal men and women of the village, with a multitude, bowed to the cross of Christ.

"A young man, whose mother belonged to the church, arose one evening after the sermon, saying he had been up where his brother lay dead, and, in the room with the corpse alone, knelt down and promised God he would come to the meeting and tell the people he intended to serve God. After going home, as he told us, he bowed by his bedside to pray, and his breath stopped. He confessed he did not like to get down for the blessing, but wanted God to hand it up to him. I think the last phrase preeminently condenses the desires of human hearts unsubdued by grace, yet the work with him was effectual.

"The praying of those who sought salvation was peculiarly direct, simple, and whole-hearted. A little boy, eight or nine years of age, appeared among the inquirers, and said in answer to the inquiry if he wished to be saved, 'I do.' I asked, 'Will you pray?' He

said, 'Yes,' and then prayed as follows: 'O, God, I don't want to go to hell. Here is my heart. Take, and do anything you have a mind to do with it, only don't let the Devil have it. Amen.' Simple as this may appear, that little lad grew up in the admonition of the Lord, and did good service for his Master, and has lately fallen asleep in Jesus.

"A gentleman of wealth and standing came into the meeting in the afternoon to seek after his son, having heard that he was anxious about his soul. Finding the report true, he was so affected that he came forward for prayers, and a remarkable scene followed. We continued in prayer for him till it became so dark in the house that we could not discern one from another. He prayed most devoutly for himself, and went down to his house justified by grace. His wife then came up to the meeting with him, and was converted. Both united with the Episcopal church, and were consistent members till their death. He was one of the strongest and most reliable friends I ever had. I think he lived some thirty-five years to serve the Savior, and has recently been gathered to his fathers.

"One evening I was requested to step back into the body of the house and speak with a young lady who was in great distress about her soul. It seemed that despair had seized upon her with a grasp that defied all power to break it. I named the name of the Blessed Savior to her as a remedy, and she started back like a person bitten by a mad dog on seeing water. Said she, 'Oh don't name that name to me; that is the very name I have despised and ridiculed.' After a season of prayer she was helped home, for she was unable to walk. I was sent for to come to the house where she boarded.

to pray for her. When I came to her she was leaning back in a rocking chair, with her hands clasped upon her breast, and gnashing her teeth as though she would take them out of her head, and was past speaking. A sort of suppressed sigh was all she could utter. As I stood before her I gained a view of the finally lost in hell, as represented in the parable of the rich man. All my strength seemed to leave me; I trembled from head to foot. While this trouble was upon me, a good Methodist brother, seeing my condition, put his arms about me and said, 'Don't give up; we had such a devil as this at a camp-meeting, and we prayed him out. It is a dumb devil; but God will cast him out.' After a season of prayer I left, and, as I left, I could hear a kind of sigh as from the prison house of the damned. I think she continued in this condition some eight and forty hours, and then became calm, but could not take a step without help. Finally hope triumphed over despair. As unbelief gave way to faith, she was clothed with the garments of salvation, and was in her right mind. I heard her pray in a meeting, and judged it exceeded all prayers I had heard. The way she took hold of things that accompany salvation, indicated the way she had fled for refuge and laid hold of the hope set before her. Surely she was a brand plucked out of the fire. The character of this work, evidently wrought of God, led me to inquire about the person thus wrought upon. I found her possessed of an uncommonly sound mind, and in excellent standing in the community, but gifted in the line of satire in an eminent degree. This gift she had used well nigh to her destruction, upon Christ and his friends. Now,

with a heart pervaded with the spirit of Jesus, she sought to build up the faith she once destroyed.

“After this a lady of the church asked me if I believed if two friends of Christ should make a covenant to pray for a family for a year, spending one hour each day alone, yet in concert, that God would convert them? I replied that I did as much as I believed in the resurrection. She then said, ‘A lady friend of mine at the West made a covenant with me, less than a year ago, to spend one hour each day in prayer for a year that my children might be converted. Now the year is not closed, and they are all converted.’ The seven children, and the hired man, were in the kingdom of God. Six of them I had baptized, and the other soon followed, making a household of faith. I went home with the family to spend the night. The parents having retired, we were surrounding the fire singing, and, as quick as thought, the eldest daughter, a young lady, pitched headforemost from her chair to the floor, and cried out, ‘O pray for me, for I am filled with blasphemy.’ We all fell upon our knees. The father and mother heard the cries of their child, arose and came to join us in prayer. After awhile the distressed maiden calmed down and we retired. These attacks returned at intervals for days; at last complete deliverance was found. I then attempted to solve the mystery. It could not be said the youth was excitable and worked up her imagination till a frenzy followed. She was not of that make, but cool, deliberate, and decided in what she undertook. When the shock fell upon her it was as sudden as a flash of lightning. I could only account for this exhibition of satanic agency from the fact that God struck a stroke in the meeting which had

driven out the strong man armed from his house; and he, to recover a lost position, not being driven out of the country, followed our company home, and gave the strongest exhibition of crippled power possible, supposing that I might take the hint to let his kingdom alone. My conclusions may savor of poetry to some, but the whole scene to me was one of startling reality, rather than poetic imagery. That youth, so strikingly wrought upon, lived for years to exemplify her faith in Christ, and died in hope of eternal life.

“Converts were multiplied, and baptisms frequently occurred during the meetings, till, I judge, more than one hundred were enrolled as jewels for Christ. One conversion was so marked and peculiar that I will mention it. A gentleman of a high order of legal talent, and at the time of the meeting engaged in writing a law commentary, on one occasion came home and found me at his house, where I had been invited by his family to take tea. His manner toward me was very cool. I was glad to hear the bell ring to call me to meeting. The wife and daughter were believers, and seemed to feel very sorry. The course the gentleman pursued reacted upon him, and he finally came to meeting with his family. I went to him and asked him to go up with us for prayers. He very respectfully declined. I often asked him if he wished me to pray for him, and he replied in the affirmative. I went back to my place and offered prayer for others, and entirely forgot him. After rising, I recollected and said, ‘I have forgotten one friend.’ Again kneeling, I supplicated the mercy seat for him, and dismissed the meeting. At the suggestion of the gentleman I was invited to go home with the family. In conversation with him he said he had

been in business with two men in New Orleans who professed religion, but who cheated him out of all he was worth, and he had made up his mind that religion was all hypocrisy. I tried to convince him of his mistake, assuring him that true religion was a great reality, and urged him to seek it. I spread before him the simplicity of Christ's teachings on the subject, referring to the grain of mustard seed, and the leaven hid in the meal, showing how God could work out results from small beginnings. He listened very attentively. I closed the interview with prayer, and left him. When I was gone he said to his family, 'I never heard anything like this before. Now, if you will help me, I will call on the name of the Lord.' His wife and daughter promised to help him. All bowed together to seek the Lord. And, calling on the name of the Lord, he was saved. In a few weeks God called him home. He was just in time for the rewards of the eleventh hour.

"While the work was progressing, I had to meet a question, which few in that day knew how to answer. The question was, 'What to do with a class whose sympathies were always encompassing the kingdom of God, following up the church as near as possible by exemplary lives, and yet, as they would say, never had any conviction; wanting to be saved, while they would follow no advice; a class right in our way. I made up my mind they stood where the woman did who pressed through the crowd and touched the hem of Christ's garment, and was healed, but immediately hid in the crowd;—a received blessing, but an unacknowledged blessing. The blessing was as real in character while hidden, as when she acknowledged it, but not so marked in results; coming forth, and acknowledging it, gave

the fact publicity, and secured still further blessing. Of the persons alluded to, I determined that they were all of one type, and ought in some way to be pressed to leave the crowd and acknowledge Christ.

“Of this sort was the sister of my brother-in-law, with whom I was well acquainted. She had been well educated, and her father’s house had long been the home of ministers, who had taken a deep interest in her. Strangers accepted her as a christian. Her sympathies were christian, and she seemed to live on them, yet all attempts to induce here to come out on the Lord’s side failed. One Sabbath morning I saw her, and told her I must withdraw all my sympathies from her, and even my prayers. She was much affected saying, ‘What would you have me do?’ I replied, ‘Advice will do you no good; you will not follow it.’ She answered, ‘I will do anything you say.’ Then said I, ‘Go to your young lady friends and ask them to go forward for prayers, and if they go up with you, bow down and pray for them.’ Said she, ‘What; without any religion?’ I replied, ‘That has nothing to do with it; if my advice is not followed I shall adhere to my purpose.’ Said she, ‘I will do it.’ When opportunity came she commenced her work, and her young friends followed her up for prayers; and shortly they found mercy, and joined her in soliciting others to come. Her influence was something like the shadow of Peter; healing to souls followed. Finally she asked for further advice. I said, ‘Go to the church and tell your experience, and, if they will receive you, be baptized.’ ‘What,’ said she, ‘without any religion?’ I referred her to the promise she had made me, and said, ‘Carry it out, or come no more to me.’ She complied. The church received her, she was

baptized, and a happier soul one might not find. The chain of Satan was broken, and she saw the fallacy of her past reasoning. She became wonderfully useful, married a minister of the gospel, and was a most efficient worker, till the Master called her to himself.

“On this subject, ministers and churches need light. The above is a representative case. Thousands of them are found around the churches, and are like Lazarus in his grave clothes. I have had much success since my first effort in this direction. I might name some reasons why so many are in this state.

1. God always works upon our comprehension in the redemption of souls; this is admitted on all sides in regeneration; but as to the time and manner, God is denied. God put power upon John the Baptist so early that I presume had he given in his experience to the people of God—say to a church—he would scarcely have been received. He would hardly have been able to get into his account the first thrill of soul he ever had from the power of God. Yet the facts concerning this young miniature Baptist, are thrown into Revelation, as an accepted fact. Any heart that is on the side of God in its sympathies for religion, or interest in christians, establishes the fact that some power must have been employed to bring the soul on the side of Christ. Keep in view that God alone has power to sway the heart; hence, if love to him be found there, however incipient in its state, the fact is fixed; as to the *modus operandi*, it belongs to God. I never knew one of this class to go back into bondage, under the yoke which had been broken by power from on high.

2. God may have set his seal upon the soul so early, that from childhood religion was loved above all else;

like Timothy, from a child having known the scriptures, and like him, having the faith of mother and grandmother. This is not given to prove that religion runs in the blood, but to bring out the fact that it runs on the line of faith, in conformity to which children have been given of God, like little Samuel who so early knew the Lord that latent enmity he never knew.

“A conspicuous politician had been in the state legislature, and in Congress, but was a notorious infidel. In July, 1832, when the ministers who came to help me arrived, it was reported that this man said, we all ought to be horse-whipped and sent home. But before the meeting progressed far, he came in, and was the first one converted. Though of a high order of intellect, he had been so long led by the prince of the power of the air, that light to him had become darkness. As he bowed in the house of God to pray, the words of Jesus came to my mind, ‘Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ I looked to see if Christ’s words would be fulfilled, and I think they never had a clearer exemplification. The gentleman bowed in a most child-like manner, and would first appeal to God, and then address sinners, urging them to repent. To see General Gorman on his knees crying for mercy, astonished everybody who beheld him. After meeting he invited me home with him to dinner. At his house he said to me, ‘I was never choked down before; but in attempting to pray I choked down,’ I replied, ‘If you had made an eloquent prayer I should have concluded the Devil was sure of you, but God has illustrated in you the law of receiving the kingdom of God as a little child.’ Nevertheless the coming down for him was

hard; he came down like a camel, a joint at a time. He was clearly converted, and was baptized by his son-in-law in the Chenango river, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and I believe lived and died in the faith of the gospel.

“I engaged in meetings among the churches in several surrounding counties, and often preached twelve times a week. I ranged from Norwich north as far as Utica, south as far as Binghamton, and west to Oswego, in connection with a number of ministers, most faithful men of God. We broke the fallow ground, and sowed the seed of the kingdom of God broadcast, and reaped a glorious harvest. The brethren I worked with were Harvey of Utica, Chamberlain of New Berlin, Parker of Coventry, and Washington Kingsley of Oxford. Never did I meet a more thorough class of workers. Under our united labors God brought up the churches from small bodies to become strong and healthy. Many of them, till the protracted meeting dispensation was inaugurated, were without sanctuaries. Now meeting houses were reared, and the wilderness was made to bud and blossom like the rose.

“I think in many of these years I spent some half of my salary upon fields beyond my own church. My income, from these fields, was next to nothing. One year, with a view of helping myself, I raised quite a piece of corn. When it was ripe, rains becoming frequent and the weather hot and muggy, it commenced to rot; but I was called to work away from home. As a result, in seeking first the kingdom of God, I lost the principal part of my crop, traveled some hundred miles, preached several weeks, saw the power of God

displayed in saving souls, received fifty cents for my work, and a benediction from a wealthy man.

WEST CHESTER, PENN.

"I was once introduced into a field of labor in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Being called out to pray in a public meeting in Hamilton, New York, when prayer was ended Rev. G. J. Miles, of West Chester, inquired of a minister of Utica, who it was that had prayed; and was told by the Utica protracted-meeting hater, 'That is the chief protracted-meeting engineer of Chenango Valley.' This sarcastic reply induced Brother Miles to invite me to hold a meeting with him. I complied, and saw the grace of God wonderfully displayed. I believe in the Baptist church in the village of West Chester there were but three brethren, besides the pastor; hence very little work could be obtained. The church was principally made up of ladies. We soon found a heavy current setting in against us in the community; and I gave the pastor my opinion, that, unless the ladies took hold in the meetings we must be defeated. He replied, that they were unaccustomed to such work, but approved of my endeavor to enlist them. In the end they came to the help of the Lord, who followed the effort with a wonderful blessing. A saying became common among the converts in speaking publicly, 'I am prepared to serve God at any expense;' and this service was anything but poetry to some.

"A beautiful and highly educated young lady came to the house of the pastor to inquire if he would baptize her, and stated if he did, her father would kill him. The father was a terrible man. The pastor said he would baptize her. She promised, if possible, to be at the water on Sunday morning. On Sunday her father

forced her to leave town. I heard no more of her. But the word of the Lord grew and was multiplied. I have seen instances where greater numbers were converted, but never beheld the grace of God more peculiarly displayed. Numbers were obedient to the faith.

"In the struggle of the kingdom of God with the powers of darkness I introduced an all-night prayer meeting at my residence. Besides members of my own church I invited Deacon Chamberlain of the Congregational church, and Brother Stanton, a Methodist. We had a room full, and held on all night in prayer and supplication for the triumphs of Christ in saving souls in Norwich. It was a remarkable meeting. A revival had commenced, and it continued through the whole summer. I saw and felt the influence of the all-night meeting. After this, all-night meetings became quite common. When all other means seemed to fail, churches resorted to crying to God day and night.

"In one village I attended for weeks. It seemed that the day would never break; sinners were unmoved; the church failed of striking the current of salvation. We appointed an all-night prayer-meeting, which was fully attended; God broke the clouds and poured down salvation like a flood. During the night I requested all who could pray for themselves vocally, to come up and take the front seats; and eleven came. An aged Methodist minister was present, who, when in unbelief, was a prodigy of wickedness, and, when converted, became mighty in prayer. I asked him to lead, and requested any aged brother to follow him. Some one said, "There is an aged brother of the church here, but he is so broken by infirmity that he cannot pray here.' I said I would risk him, and added that, in the

time of Elijah, when fire fell upon the sacrifice, the altar was built of old stones that had been used for that purpose before. The infirm old man came up. The Methodist led the way to the mercy-seat; but, before he had proceeded far, the other commenced, and both ascended the ladder together. Both had strong voices, and I think neither remembered that the other was praying. I never before saw it on that fashion. I called it a concert of prayer. When prayer was concluded, on examination of those prayed for, ten out of the eleven expressed hope in Christ. After this the power of God increased upon the meeting till, one time, a judge—a gentleman of excellent standing and family—was present, and before morning submitted to Christ, and left the house converted to God.

“Before the protracted meeting closed I think about a hundred expressed hope in Christ. Interesting events occurred. While our prospect yet seemed dark, a member of the church said, ‘When Brother Williams breaks down and the Indian woman prays, the work will go.’ At length I heard the old lady pray. Unable to read, she was taught of the Spirit of God; she knew how to prevail in prayer. One afternoon she rose, referred to the preaching, and said it had ‘shaken the old building, but, thank the Lord, it has not stirred the foundation.’ She then bowed and offered prayer. In her approach to Christ, she said, ‘O Jesus, you said it; you know you said it; you did; you know you did; that when two or three are agreed.’ Under this appeal the heavens seemed to bow, and the Divine presence filled the place. Brother Williams also broke down, and such a break down I never witnessed. His confessions and appeals to his brethren, heightened the interest, till God rolled...

in a tide whose action was like the swell of the great deep. From this time the word of the Lord, made mighty by his Spirit, triumphed gloriously.

“About this time questions were raised about times and methods of labor, such as, ‘Ought a church to engage in a protracted meeting without being thoroughly prepared? What constitutes a suitable preparation?’ I was called to labor with one church, the leading member of which said, ‘The church is all ready; you need spend no time with them.’ We attempted to reach the unconverted, but failed. We had to go back and rally the church.

“In my view, the best step a church can take, where religion is in a decline, and a desire exists for a revival, is to set apart a time for fasting and prayer, and the confessing of faults, and praying one for another. Healing will follow. But here a question arises: Suppose the church, as such, will not come up? But some will. Begin with those who come. I had rather begin a meeting with a handfull who are willing to do duty, than a housefull who imagine they are fitted up, and yet have not the first qualification for work. A certain son was called three times one morning before he appeared. On being questioned about his delay, he said, ‘I dreamed I was up doing my chores.’ Give me a church fast asleep to begin with, rather than one that dreams it is up and about its work. God appeals to churches as in a slumber, ‘Awake thou that sleepest! arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!’ The duty is to awake, and arise. The motive is, ‘Christ shall give thee light.’

“Once a capital man, all in kindness, opposed me in reference to a protracted meeting. He argued that the

church was not in a condition to take hold. But we launched out, and God wonderfully blessed the effort. In the course of the revival I took this brother to visit an old friend of his, to converse and pray with him. When we came back he said, 'Why, I used to think that the church must wait for preparation before they commenced work for God, but I find the worse off they are the more need they have of going to work.' I answered, 'You have the true idea of the thing. Prophesying over dry bones has been demanded of God, and proved a success in olden times.'

"If my ministry has been a success in building up churches, and leading souls to Christ, it has resulted from carrying out the rules of the Bible. I have followed the Bible idea, 'When Zion travailed,' &c. I have begun and ended with the church, believing that when the church of God have their strength on, mighty works are accomplished. When the people of God stand in the light, as the angel which John saw standing in the sun, one will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. In a ministry of over fifty years I have preached few sermons to the unconverted exclusively. When the church stands firmly upon the Rock of Ages, and throws her influence for good, sinners will readily resort to Christ. David has given us light upon this subject: 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; uphold me by thy free Spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted to thee.' Until the church of Christ has obtained favor with God they never can have power with men. I believe this principle runs through the economy of God in all the diversified manifestations of

his grace to save souls, and consequently all attempts which ignore this established order will be fruitless.

“In a meeting of some four weeks, in which about one hundred were converted and baptized, I preached sometimes weeks almost exclusively to the church. I remember a lady asked me if I had not got about through preaching to the church. I replied, ‘I have just begun with them.’ She sighingly said, ‘O dear, I have got no hope left now.’ Yet the power of God upon the meeting was constantly increasing. In the early action of the churches, in the time of continuous labor to save souls, we were sometimes defeated, after the work of the Lord had been begun and progressed to some extent. Finally something out of our sight blocked the wheels; and, counciling our fears, we closed the meeting. We at length found a remedy in a resort to fasting and prayer. For the crying of the elect to God day and night he avenged them. In a most triumphant work of God I once witnessed, during some six weeks, the church held about as many days of prayer and fasting. One hundred and forty-six were added to the church in the course of the meetings.

“The hand of the Lord became more and more prominently developed till the village was electrified. While the powers of light and darkness were in a desperate struggle on a given evening, after preaching, while efforts were put forth to bring up the inquirers, one man was standing on his feet, and as it appeared was resisting his convictions to go forward for prayers. In the midst of his struggle against duty, he fell to the floor as though struck dead. He was a man in middle life, stood well in the community as a citizen, but had become encased in infidelity as in a coat of mail. His

fall sent a thrill through the house. I went to him and found him with his hands pushing against the edge of the seat as though he was still fearful of falling. On my asking what was the matter, he said, 'I am going down to hell; don't you see it?' He called for his wife, who was a lovely christian woman. She wiped the great drops of perspiration from his brow, and most tenderly commended him to God in prayer. Others followed in prayer till he was able to rise upon his feet, when he said, 'I guess I can go to the anxious seat, where I ought to have gone before.' When in the seat he called upon the Lord most beseechingly for mercy. After prayer was offered by others he arose, repeating the text which he had heard preached from that evening: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth! come ye to the waters.' He simply repeated the text without comment, but every few moments would stop and pray, and then repeat his text, and then call out the names of citizens present to come. In his repeating the text, sometimes the emphasis would be, 'Ho, every *one*;' next, 'Every one that *thirsteth*;' next, '*Come*;' next, 'Come to the *waters*.' I never saw such an effect produced by a Bible quotation before. I asked him why he prayed so often; and he answered, 'I saw the burning bush right side of me.' When he left the house in the evening for home, I could hear, clearly ringing upon the night air, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth.' From this time events were constantly transpiring which heightened the interest of the meeting, while the marshalled host of the Devil howled like a pack of wolves. The man's conversion well nigh threw the train from the track. In fact it seemed like felling a hemlock tree in the time of a deep snow, and dragging it out top

first. There was a general cry, 'We never saw it on this fashion.' I tried my best to keep the attention and faith of the people steady, assuring them that greater things than these would come if we would but believe. Still, by the event so wonderful in itself, their minds were diverted, and it took days to recover our position. At last we struck the trade-winds of the kingdom again, while God rode in awful majesty in chariots of salvation. Power from God so fell upon our audiences that often when the meeting was dismissed, it was difficult for those who were pricked in their heart to reach their homes. Often we were urged to hasten to houses to pray with those who had just returned from the meeting.

"On one occasion several ministers were urged to go to the public house to pray for the wife of the keeper. Both the keeper and his wife were of high standing in the community. The wife was in agonizing distress. Before we prayed for her, she prayed for herself in the most touching manner. She appealed to her husband, saying, 'We have led our family far enough toward hell.' No emphasis which can be put upon the last sentence can do justice to its power as it fell from her lips. When I saw her again she was meekly hoping in Christ.

"I find, by the records of the church in Norwich, that the whole additions to the body, during my pastorate of nearly eight years, were three hundred and three, mostly by baptism."

CHAPTER VII.

PASTORATE IN PRESTON, NEW YORK.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—PRESTON.—PLANS.—REV. J. H. CHAMBERLAIN.—REVIVAL.—APPEAL.—REV. P. PECK.—CALL.—OWEGO CHURCH.—HARD WORK.—TRIAL.—DEACON WOLVERTON.—HARD ROCK.—RAIN OF GRACE.—ASSISTANCE.—THE MORALIST.—HIS TRIAL.—HIS WIFE.—BAPTISM.—DREAM.—AN OPPOSER.—HIS POLITICS.—BAPTISM.—RETURN TO PRESTON.—SABBATH SERVICES.—REVIVAL.—HARVEST.—MEMBERSHIP.—CONTRIBUTION.—UNIVERSALIST.—COL. DANIEL NOYES.

“IN the fall of 1837, I resigned my pastoral charge of the church in Norwich; a step directly against my temporal interests. I was receiving for salary six hundred and fifty dollars a year; by far the largest amount I had ever received. My convictions were very deep that I owed to God a duty to go to Preston, a field of great destitution, covered with population mostly without Christ. There had once been a Baptist church in the town, but it had died with consumption. The preaching which they had had was styled ‘doctrines of grace,’ embracing the orthodox creed, with the purposes of God, election, and predestination, and total depravity; all of which were true; but they never dreamed that God had decreed them to work out their own salvation, until, under a system of do-nothing-ism, they gave up the ghost, and God buried them in their own folly. In the town there were two small churches; a Seventh-Day Baptist and Congregational church. Preston joined Norwich on the west. Being without a

meeting house, we had no convenient place to meet for worship. I commenced meetings in the school-house, and continued there till we could find a place more commodious. We commenced building in the fall of 1837, and by February, 1838, had a house forty by sixty, so that we could worship in it. I invited my brother, J. H. Chamberlain, to come and preach for me, and I think in some two weeks the Lord added to the little church which we had organized of members dismissed from surrounding churches, about forty newly converted souls. So far as my financial prospects were concerned, all was dark. I walked by faith, yet I launched out, involving myself in expense directly and indirectly, till all began to look cloudy about me. I sought the Lord for help, and appealed to surrounding churches for aid. Here and there a friend responded kindly, but in the main I was repulsed. I prayed to the Lord for a way to open by which we might free our house from debt; but for the present no effectual door was opened.

REVIVAL IN OWEGO.

“While in the midst of my anxieties about the meeting house, Brother Philetus Peck came to my house from Owego, to get me to come down and help him in a meeting. I had been there about a year before and labored with the church four or five weeks; and with their pastor, Rev. O. Wheelock, baptized into the church one hundred and one converts. I told Brother Peck I could not go; I was praying for money for my meeting house. ‘Well,’ he replied, ‘my brethren have heard that you were in rather a hard fix, and have sent me after you, that they might help you.’ I finally promised to go. On commencing work, it

appeared to me the church had thought if they could only get Swan there, all would be right, and the work would go as a matter of consequence; and seemed to sit down with very much of that kind of ease, with which Jonah sat down outside of the city of Ninevah to see what would become of it.

“In our meetings everything dragged heavily and but a few had been converted, principally children,—in fact all, except one man, who had been very intemperate, and of course, in starting out upon a religious course, could have but a little influence. For some considerable time no more could be induced to come up for prayers, except this little group of children and my friend just named. I was well aware that my hope of help for my meeting house depended upon the prosperity of my meetings, and a dark cloud seemed to overhang the whole scene. I was in trouble; the Devil would ring in my ears, ‘Well, sir, if your meeting don’t go, you won’t get any help for your meeting house;’ and that sounded in my ears like the ringing of the big bell of Moscow. I put up at the house of Brother Peck, and God never created, I think, a purer hearted man, or better minister. Deacon Wolverton, living some distance from the church, sometimes put up for the night with Brother Peck. After I had retired one night, he came to my room and asked me if I was asleep. I replied, ‘No.’ ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I want you to go to sleep on this passage; ‘Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me;’ and added, ‘You must sharpen your drill. This is a hard rock; but you must drill down thirty feet farther, and charge the rock; and God Almighty will blow such a blast as you never saw.’ This somewhat comforted me,

but the Devil held me in a sort of witch-knot, and kept up the drumming, 'If the work don't go, what of your meeting house debt?' I finally told Brother Peck my trouble, and that I was determined to break the spell of the Devil. To work for the salvation of souls with a motive to secure funds to pay off a debt on a meeting house, I would not. 'Now,' said I, 'I am going to remove Preston meeting house; that will go overboard.' So I knelt down in his family, spread out the whole thing before the Lord, and begged for help, promising to stick by my work, meeting house or no meeting house. God brought me up and bruised Satan under my feet. I appealed to the converts of the revival of the winter previous, and also to the church, and they came to the help of the Lord effectually.

"Soon the cloud of mercy broke over us; and I think near seventy were baptized into the church. The work went on gloriously. God triumphed, and Satan was defeated. For a month's labor I received one hundred and thirty dollars; and, in another form, clothes for myself and family. Being without a salary, I was under a most rigid economy, and was not the owner of a coat suitable to wear in the pulpit. One of the brethren came to me before I left, took hold of my coat and asked, 'Is this your best coat?' He ordered a good one; and this made a perfect suit given me by the brethren. Brother Peck was so anxious about the remuneration I was to have, that he said, 'My salary is four hundred dollars; I can live where other men would starve. I shall give you twenty-five dollars.' I refused it. This was a great sum for him, being poor as well as myself. He, however, forced upon me ten dollars. He was a man of a large heart, and of the

broadest sympathies for Christ's cause and the world.

"Included in the additions to the church, was a gentleman converted the winter previous with his wife and little son. The man had been the leading moralist and infidel in the whole region. His conversion, as well as that of his wife, was very remarkable. I had given out that I would preach to moralists; so he came up to hear the sermon. And while I labored to prove that they, by the authority of Christ, were thieves and robbers climbing up some other way, he left the house, saying, 'The worst of all is, the fellow proved it.' The sermon was preached on Saturday evening. He came to my room Sabbath afternoon following, looking like a dying man, and said, 'I was in to hear you last evening. I have been the leading moralist and infidel of this region; but am now satisfied, unless God shall have mercy upon me, I shall be lost. I have showed no mercy to christians; and now I am exposed to perish. I have come to inquire what I shall do.' I pointed him to the Savior, and prayed with him. Very soon he came to hope in the Lord's mercy. His wife, in her experience, related that her little son, converted when quite young, was taken violently ill, and was given up by the doctors to die. She was not willing to give him up and thought of asking the Lord to spare him; but the thought occurred, 'Why ask the Lord for favor? You have never done anything for him.' Still necessity drove her to seek of the Lord the life of the child. She retired to a secret place and poured out her heart's desire unto the Lord. He heard her cry and spared her child. When the child was well and running about the house, the thought came over her, 'You have never thanked the Lord for the favor received.' She retired

to thank him; and in so doing the Lord conferred salvation; employing the words of Christ, 'Hadst thou asked of me, how would I have given thee.'

"The head of the family, having waited a year without professing his subjection to Christ, gave as a reason for tarrying, that he had marked out a line for christians to walk in while he was in unbelief, which he could not walk in himself; and if he went forward, he should fare as those he had mercilessly opposed. But husband, and wife, and little son, were all baptized on one occasion and filled with peace.

"Another event rendered the commencement of our meeting peculiar. The man referred to as reformed from intemperance, dreamed, after he became sober, that he was standing by the side of a huge mountain, and on its side was a moving ladder working upward, and the machinery that worked the ladder was moved by a heart on the top of the mountain. He became anxious to ascend, but could not get upon the ladder. After awhile he saw a man who helped him upon it, and he ascended to the top. When there he found a friend who took him about upon the table land and showed him scenes of exquisite beauty. Then he took him to the mountain's brink, opposite the ladder, and showed him a terrible gulf of imagery indescribable, and warned him against entering there. As soon as he saw me, he said to a friend, 'There is the man who who helped me on the ladder.' He was soundly converted, and honored God, living and dying.

"I was requested, before I left the place, to visit a family where the wife wished to unite with the church, but the husband bitterly opposed her. She was an orphan when she married the thing she had for a hus-

band, and as she had been brought up in the Congregationalist order, preferred that meeting; but her husband chose the Methodist. She fell in with the proposition to attend there; then he was a sort of Baptist and preferred the Baptist meeting. She so readily fell in with that suggestion that he swore (as I have the account) she should attend no meeting. She was a little slender creature of much sensibility, and of course was deeply grieved. She was now treated very cruelly; turned out of the house in the dead of the night by the husband, and, but for the tender mercies of others, would have perished. I was urged to go and see him, and was told he would doubtless turn me out of doors. I went and knocked at the door, and was told to come in. In a few minutes he came in, in a rage, and asked what business I had there. I would give any reasonable sum if I had his picture, could it have been taken at that time: then if any one wished to see the profile of Satan I would give them so near a resemblance that they would recognize the family relation. I replied, 'The biggest kind of business.' Said he, 'Will you baptize my wife if I forbid you?' I replied, 'Yes, and you may help yourself.' 'Don't you believe in asking liberty to baptize?' I answered, 'I sometimes do it; but it is not in my commission.' I assured him that I was under a commission higher than the state of New York, and could carry it out. Said I, 'What is your politics?' 'Politics?' he asked. 'Yes,' said I, 'your politics!' 'Well,' he replied, 'republican.' 'Then,' said I, 'you have given your wife a glorious exemplification of republicanism. Now, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. When that little woman married you she neither surrendered her con-

science nor her God. When you married her she was an orphan; and you are the only one on earth to whom she may look for protection.' 'Well', said he, 'if you baptize her' suppose I sue you.' I replied, 'All right; I always carry money enough with me to pay the damages of baptizing one convert. If my money gives out, and you jail me, if the jailor is not converted, I will have him out and baptize him before morning. Replied he, 'I guess God made you on purpose.' I said, 'He did.' I went round that chap like a cooper round a cask, tightening every time round, till he caved in. The next Sabbath his wife was waited upon by him to the water; he went like a wolf with a trap upon him. Wolves won't bite under such circumstances; but the wolf is still there. His wife and her sister-in-law were both baptized together by the pastor and myself. When raised from the water they fell upon each other's necks and kissed each other, while tears and smiles were mingled together on the part of those who stood on the banks. When we reached the shore the lady who had been sorely oppressed was asked, 'How is it with you now?' She sweetly replied, 'I feel as though I had been baptized.' Of course she could 'go on her way rejoicing.' She is in heaven now; but he apparently sealed for another home.

"The time came at length for me to return home. Brother Peck rode with me some miles out of the village, and there we parted. He stood by the side of my sleigh, and such weeping I scarcely ever witnessed; his manly face was flooded with tears. 'O,' said he, 'Brother Swan, with the exception of my wife, there is not another being in this world so dear to me as yourself.' Our parting was like that of David and Jona-

than. It was a dewy time, and I left him for my home facing a pelting snow storm, while he turned towards his home. On arriving at Preston my meeting house was snowed in; no meetings had been held there in my absence. I arose early on Sabbath morning, sought God's grace upon me that I might be convinced before the day was over, if I was right in my mission, and that God would show it to me. I then went to the sanctuary, cleared off the snow, dug the wood out of a snow bank, built my fires, and prayed again for evidence if my mission was of God. When the people came together they filled the house. After preaching I asked if anybody in that house wanted to be saved, and invited all such to arise, referring to those who had not satisfactory evidence of being converted. One after another arose weeping. One young lady who had come on foot four miles was converted before meeting closed. Now daylight was upon us, and God gave us a glorious harvest. My hundred and thirty dollars mostly went to pay our meeting house debt; but God took care of me and mine. At the end of two years I left them numbering some two hundred members, made up mostly of newly converted souls. The church is alive now, and maintains the doctrines and ordinances. For them I spent two years' time, a deal of pains, and not a very small sum of money for me to part with, and gave my scrip of fifty dollars which I received from the New York Baptist State Convention to aid me in my mission. I could have taken for the first year seven hundred dollars; the next year I was offered six hundred dollars by the Baptist church in Auburn, New York, but declined all offers till I had fulfilled my mission where I thought I was led by the spirit of God. I owe

it to God, as well as to my neighbors, to acknowledge the great kindness of many who claimed to be Universalists, for assistance to build the meeting house, and to aid in keeping up singing.

“As far as I am known, my views of Universalism are well defined. I mingled with them in their family circles and prayed with them, and did my best to lead them to Christ. In their turn they loaded me with kindnesses on every hand. A gentleman who offered me great assistance about the house, was a son of the late Judge John Noyes of Chenango. The son I refer to is Colonel Daniel Noyes, whom I am happy to know is indulging hope in a precious Savior.”

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORATE IN OXFORD, N. Y.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—NEW ORDER.—BAPTISMS.—OXFORD MEETINGS.—UNIVERSALISTS.—SQUALLS.—CLOSING SCENES.—DEVIL'S FORT.—COOPERSTOWN.—OFFER OF FEATHERS.—DEVIL'S PEDDLER.—THE IRISHMAN.—INSPIRATION.—CONVERSIONS.—SINGERS.—CELEBRATIONS.—LIGHTNING.—FIRE INSURANCE.—JOURNEY.—AID.—RESIGNATIONS.—EVANGELISTIC LABORS.—NIAGARA COUNTY.—OWEGO.—CASES OF LOSING STRENGTH.—MULTITUDE CONVERTED.—RIVER SCENE.—OPPOSITION SUBDUED.—THE BLESSED SOUND.

“IN the fall of 1839, I commenced to preach in Oxford, New York, and supplied the Baptist pulpit half the time till spring, when I moved there and became pastor of the church. Between my agreeing to settle and my removal there, a difficulty arose in the church, about a minister who had formerly preached to them, and divided them, so that my salary, which had been promised was reduced to three hundred and thirteen dollars. I think I was to have had five hundred for the year. I never saw a squall so effective in turning things in general upside down. None however objected to me; so trusting in the Lord, I took the field.

“I was told in the begining, of the deadly hostility of the region to revival measures, and that a first rate Congregational minister was once drummed out of the place, with tin pans. I made up my mind to meet the conflict in the end, but went to work, first of all, to secure harmony in our own ranks. Instead of resorting to discipline, I struck for life in the church, hoping to

pour oil on the troubled waters, and thus smooth down the commotion of the deep which had been so effectually stirred up. One favorable circumstance was, that our meetings were well attended. My preaching was confined to the principles of God's kingdom, and the logical conclusions which must follow them.

"About this time I saw an account of a course of meetings which had been held by an aged Baptist minister in Courtland County, New York, after the following order. He preached in school houses in the different districts of his field, and then closed up with a meeting in the centre, in the sanctuary. And God crowned the work with signal success.

REVIVAL IN OXFORD.

"I had pondered for some time on what course would be the safest to pursue to bring the church into harmonious action. To attempt to rally them to march against the common foe, while not united among themselves, would be vain. I therefore determined that I would adopt the above plan. I named my purpose to Deacon R. Main, father of the present Mrs. Doctor Dean, of missionary fame; and also to Deacon Jeremiah York, both men of sterling worth. They seconded my plan, and I commenced in a large stone school house in the eastern district of our society. The meeting continued some six weeks. I think I was there every evening but one. Very soon the Lord appeared and poured down the Holy Spirit in a wonderful manner. Converts were multiplied; the house was crowded; one after another the disciples broke into the work, and the whole community seemed stirred.

"My meeting house stood on the bank of the Chenango river, which ran through the place, affording a

most convenient place for baptism. Soon I commenced baptizing on the Lord's Day. The community knew not where the converts came from, and I was not careful to inform them. So the saying became common that the candidates for baptism were not converted, but came to Oxford to meeting, and 'Swan caught them and baptized them.' I paid no attention to the Sanballat operations, but kept about my work. In a short time near fifty were baptized and added to the church.

My second school house meeting I commenced in an adjacent district on the Chenango river, and held on two weeks. If my memory is correct, about thirty were converted, some of whom united with the Oxford and Green church, others with the church in Oxford village. My next school house meeting was in a district north of Oxford village. I had preached but a few evenings when the school house was closed against me by Universalists. I then preached in a dwelling house close by. This was one of the hardest spots I ever found. I was informed there never was a revival of religion in that neighborhood since the country was settled. The strong man armed had had his own way so long that he quite objected to being tormented before his time. Yet the Lord appeared among them and converted souls, I think some ten in number, in the course of the meeting. I then struck in another direction from the village, where was a small Baptist church, and in two weeks baptized some forty. Some of my own young people followed me to the meeting and sought the Lord and found him. On my return home they came to the church and were baptized into its fellowship.

"When through with this meeting I commenced in our sanctuary in the village. By this time Satan was

fully awake to apprehend the danger to his kingdom. From this time I suffered nothing for want of music to march by, till the next spring. The Universalists had built a meeting house in the village, and, of course, from their creed, saw no need of revivals, believing that everything in sinners contrary to holiness will be punished out of them, either in this world or the world to come. I had some strong friends among them who, though esteeming me as in a mistake in my revival notions, could never be induced to persecute me for my views or manner of carrying them out. Others in their ranks resorted to all sorts of warfare to impede me in my work. The churches around me were in a lukewarm state, and being opposed to revival measures, they acted like the bondwoman and her son; they persecuted the son of the free. I never saw such a determination of dead professors in union with the ungodly, to oppose the work of the Lord. Finally I invited all opposers in and out of the churches, to turn out and man the Devil's gun, and then it would be known what brigade they belonged to. In fact when I entered that village and settled there I shared no more consideration from the professed christian community than a sheared poodle would at a brigade training. Still I was known to be of good standing as a christian man. The battle waxed hotter and hotter, till about all around me took sides somewhere. I was disturbed at the water when baptizing, disturbed in the sanctuary, showered with lies outside; and every painter who had served his time with the Devil and could mix paint, and all who knew how to handle a brush, were after me. I was never happier in my work. True, my surroundings somewhat resembled the squalls of Cape Hatteras, but underneath

the storm was a ground swell that was doing execution for God and his kingdom gloriously.

"God appeared in my family and converted my two little daughters, and they were baptized with others. In the midst of the storm I baptized thirty-six at one time, in the bitterest kind of winter weather, and preached twice that day, and gave the hand of fellowship to nearly a hundred newly redeemed souls. The church, at the communion that followed the baptism, was seated in the body of the house; and there were converts enough to encircle the whole church like a rainbow. That evening I closed my protracted meetings, which had continued some twelve weeks.

"Very happy was I to know that now I had a united church whose heart was cemented with some one hundred happy souls who had joined the army and enlisted for the war. The enemy seemed to withdraw his forces; and when the clouds cleared off, God's Zion stood very much like General Hooker's army upon Lookout Mountain, when the clouds and smoke of battle were gone. The rebels were driven, and the stars and stripes were floating from the highest peak of the mountain.

REVIVAL IN COOPERSTOWN.

"In closing my meeting Sunday evening I gave notice of my intended absence for a month to take down a fort belonging to the Devil in Cooperstown; but assured the congregation that on my return the battle would be renewed and pushed to the gate of the enemy. What would transpire in my absence was wrapped in profound mystery; but the demand of God was upon me to be absent, and I rested all with him. I called on a Universalist to do some marketing before I left on Monday, and he inquired after my health. I told him

it was first-rate. He said he wondered I was not dead. 'Why,' said he, 'I could hardly stand it on the ice yesterday at the baptism while you was in the water.' I told him the secret was I had a spot in my heart filled with the love of God, which cold could not affect.

"I arrived, as I hoped, in Cooperstown and joined Brother Lewis Raymond, who was pastor of the church, in a meeting of a month. The Baptist church was small, but made up of working members. At this time the Universalists boasted of considerable strength, and in fact the village was the stronghold of the Fire Insurance Company. Our meeting was well attended. Ministers and brethren from surrounding churches came in to assist us, and the work of the Lord shortly began to put on the appearance of promise. Very soon those who professed a universal benevolence and good will for the human race, believing that all will find happiness in the future, though they are now opposed to subjecting the orthodox to a little temporary inconvenience before they come to the happy state in reference to which they so peculiarly felicitate themselves, began to threaten us and so revealed themselves.

"A lady of that order offered if any persons could be found to cover Swan with tar, she would cut up her only feather bed to furnish feathers. I satisfied myself that it was true, and then in the pulpit used it for her benefit, and also the good of the order. I called that diffusive benevolence, and asked what a sweet spot a Universalist heaven would be, made up of such jewels of benevolence. Yet notwithstanding every way pursued by the enemy of all righteousness and his devices, God wrought wonderfully in the conversion of souls, and very many were obedient to the faith.

“In the course of the meeting one young man so tormented me in a variety of half concealed forms of disturbance, that my patience was well nigh worn out with him. I finally took hold of his case in prayer and asked the Lord to take hold of that Devil’s peddler and convert him. He told me afterwards if he could have got to me he would have killed me on the spot. Very soon he ceased to have trouble with me, and turned his attention to an account between himself and his God, and was very soon in the kingdom. From that time he became one of my most efficient workers, and is now an effective preacher of the gospel of Christ.

“A very amusing affair occurred in the experience of an Irishman, who thought very much of Brother Raymond, by whom he had been invited to come to meeting. He came and was much delighted; and went and invited a brother Irishman to come with him, assuring him that the meeting was as good as a theatre. On they both came; and the first fell under the word of God, and was mad with Raymond and Swan: He would whip them. At length he ascertained that the trouble grew out of the fact that he had sinned against God, and, unless he was forgiven, he must perish. He resolved he would never eat again till he had first given thanks to God. On coming to his table with his vow upon him, he dare not eat without fulfilling his pledge, and how to preform he knew not. So he sat at his table for hours dumb before God. At length he thought a little child of his knew a little grace taught him by his grandmother. He got the child to say that, and that paved the way for him to say, ‘O God, I am thankful for this victuals.’ He then ate his meal and turned from the table to pray and find mercy. When

he appeared at meeting again, he was through with his trouble with Raymond, having sought and found the 'peace of God that passeth all understanding.' A happier human being I never saw. At the end of four weeks I left for home, commending church and converts to God and the word of his grace. The church had been greatly revived, and a goodly number of converted souls were in their midst as lambs for them to nourish up for God and the world's good.

"On my return to Oxford, I found all quiet; and the church pursuing her heavenward way, and the late converts were working with wonderful order under the genial influence of the reign of Christ. From this time till I left Oxford, I was treated with all the respect, as a gentleman and christian minister, that I could desire. The community said that a true revival of religion had for its object, not only the glory of God, but the best good of all, even those who opposed it. One of the happiest summers of my life, followed this campaign. I uniformly preached three times on the Sabbath, twice in my meeting house, again at school houses in different directions within the field of my labors. I sometimes returned from my third service so as to attend conference at the meeting house.

"On one of these occasions while my brethren were conducting the meeting, I sat perfectly exhausted. thinking of my soul-poverty as though I was out of all the spiritual grace I should possess. While thus musing, a kind of breath came over me like an atmosphere from the hills of God. I arose and made an address under the inspiration upon me. While talking, I saw the head of a gentleman drop down; and a youth also dropped her head. Before meeting was out, knowing

the parties, I went and asked them to come forward for prayers. They declined. I invited the young lady to my house; found her under deep anxiety about her soul; held a prayer meeting; Mrs. Swan, my two little daughters, and a youth in my family, all prayed. And the anxious one for herself called upon the name of the Lord, and found Christ precious. I then went after Deacon Main to join me in seeking salvation for the others. We went to the house where he lived and kindly told our errand. The gentleman's wife was a lovely christian and received us joyfully. Her husband was all that could be desired, only he lacked one thing. Before we left the house we all joined in prayer, and held on to the mercy seat till God answered, and redeemed the man whose salvation we sought. He, and the youth converted at my house, both came to the church and were received; and I baptized them.

"My choir of singers I think numbered seventy during the revival. All of the unconverted of their number were brought to Christ, except one. They had all been under the instruction of a christian man and well trained to sing. Their singing would seem to lift all christian hearts to the heaven of heavens.

"In the course of the summer we had a grand rally of the Sabbath schools in our vicinity, including our own, to go up to Norwich on a celebration of Sabbath schools and Temperance. We procured a band of music and went up with a procession one mile in length. Our turnout provoked many around us, and called out strong and hard sayings. Before I returned, having tarried at Norwich after the procession left, an awful thunder storm swept across the valley and over Oxford; and the lightning struck the Universalist meeting house

and well nigh destroyed it. I passed it in the evening on my way home, and could see the ruin upon the exterior; and I learned afterwards that the destruction inside was much more than without. I heard from one of the brethren of the establishment thus smitten, that he never saw a man laugh so heartily as Swan did when he saw the wreck. I met another of their members, a whiskey distiller, who accosted me thus: 'Well, Brother Swan, the Fire Insurance Building took a hard one yesterday, and I shall begin to think there is something to your prayers by and by. You have prayed to God for three months to strike that house with lightning.' I replied, 'You have got your pay for lying once. It was the underpinning of the creed that I wanted taken out, not the house.' The house of course was not fit for use till repaired; and that called for considerable money. For several Sabbaths our meetings were crowded by members of the congregation of the crippled house. I never alluded to it in any shape, till one of their number said, 'We expected to have heard something from you on the subject of our house.' I told him I had my way of dealing with Universalism; but when God took it in hand I chose silence. A good Methodist brother lived by the side of the house, and if that had burned, his own would have been destroyed. I gave it as my opinion that the house struck would have been burned had it not been that the gentleman's house was next to it, an ancient pledge of God being, he would not destroy the righteous with the wicked.

"I remained working in Oxford near three years much blessed in my labors. Towards the close of my third year my health gave way, and I was compelled to cease labor for a while. I concluded to visit my native

town, on the seaboard, in hopes to recover. I had very little money, and before leaving home was much cast down, as my absence from home would subject me to expense, and my salary hardly afforded a living for my family. My success in building up the church had not done much for me in the line of additional income. I finally committed myself and family to God, and left for the sea-shore. But instead of growing better I grew worse, and for a time it looked exceedingly dark about my ever seeing home again. I however in the course of a few weeks recruited a little, so as to preach once before I left. Before meeting was dismissed, one of the brethren arose, referred to my condition, and proposed a collection. It was cheerfully responded to, and I think about eighteen dollars were handed me. When that money came into my hands, something seemed to say, 'When you left home, you did not believe I would care for you.' I at once reproached myself for lack of confidence in God. Before I left for home, some thirty-five dollars in value came into my hands from another quarter. Accompanying it was the same reminder as before, accompanied by the same self-reproach of lack of confidence in God. On my way home, on the last day, I fell in with a remedy which arrested my disease, and I gradually recovered my health.

"In the fall of 1841, I resigned my charge in Oxford, and removed to Norwich, with a view to labor as an evangelist, if my health would admit. In November, 1841, I set out upon my mission, commencing in Niagara County, of which I have given some account already. On my return I visited Owego again, and united with Brother Peck in a meeting of weeks. This

meeting was blessed of God in numerous conversions and very valuable additions to the church.

POWER OF GOD IN OWEGO.

“The power of God was so displayed as to cause perfect physical prostration. A lady fell to the floor in the entry of the house while moving towards the door, after meeting had been dismissed. After she fell, she cried out to God most imploringly for help. She was helped into a chair, and said, ‘I knew this was coming upon me before I left the house. I ought to have gone forward for prayers.’ We prayed with her and for her until she became calm, and was able to return home. The next morning she was in the meeting happy in the love of God, and came out from her seat, before the congregation, saying, ‘I don’t know but you thought I was crazy, last evening. I was not crazy. It was the power of God ; and now he has redeemed my soul.’ She seemed perfectly happy. Of her it could not be said, she was naturally flighty, and had worked herself into the frame she was in. She resisted the emotions which were upon her soul, till she fell under the pressure of conviction and the power of God. Moreover, her standing in the community was that of a fine specimen of a well balanced mind and excellent moral character. The same kind of power followed the meeting till it closed.

“Its next exhibition was upon a most excellent youth just converted, and very happy. On the day she was to be baptized, at the close of the morning service, she could not rise up or move from her seat. She was overwhelmingly happy, and was carried to the house of Brother Asa Trueman, where the candidates for baptism prepared, which was near the river. She sent for

me to come where she was. I found her seated, and unable to arise, yet perfectly happy. Said I, 'What is your wish?' She replied, 'I want you to pray that I may have strength to be baptized.' I replied, 'God will give it to you.' And after prayer, she arose and was baptized. She was one of the most excellent youths in the country. She is in heaven, now, for she honored God until he received her to himself.

"This manner of God's manifestation was commenced in the Owego church, in the first meeting I attended in the place. It began with a deacon of the church, reported to be the most devoted christian in the body. After our meeting commenced, he seemed to be greatly exercised for a deeper work of grace within him. I never heard more devout entreaties urged before the Lord for being filled with the fullness of God. I was told at his home as well as at the sanctuary, his cry was perpetually for a higher conformity of heart and life to the image and will of God. So far no lover of Christ will doubt the appropriateness of his desire, or its justification on Bible principles. While in the sanctuary one afternoon, engaged in our devotions, the good man became distressed so that his moanings and sighings could be heard all over the house. I spoke to him and urged him to pray. He replied, 'I cannot pray.' He fell upon the floor and appeared to be dying. The aged deacons, Wolverton and Spencer, with their pastor, wept like children. We fell down before God and implored delivering grace for his servant, scarcely able to interpret the vision. After prayer his strength began to return, and he soon stood upon his feet, but he was perfectly blind. His sight at length returned, and the first man he saw he shook

hands with, and then commenced clapping his hands and shouting 'Glory to God.' He was now in perfect ecstasies. It seemed as if he was enfolded in the very atmosphere of heaven, and was enjoying the celestial world. He calmed down at length, with a countenance radiant with the beauty of holiness. So many of us as entered the cloud with him, shared in some degree the joys he had so fully found. I record the fact. The philosophy of the thing I leave for others to discuss. After this the brother thus exercised appeared like a new man, and evinced that his experience was not a cunningly devised affair, but was wrought of God in an order higher than the ordinary process of transforming into the divine image. Knowledge is incorporated with growth in grace, and reaches higher than ordinary christian experience. All experiences which heighten the love of God upon the heart, and confirm the walk with God, carry the evidence of their divine origin with them, and display the power of God.

"Our meetings increased in power; a great multitude came up for prayers, and conversions and baptisms were of frequent occurrence. One evening a young man, now a pillar in the church, arose and asked if any one could tell him what to do to be saved. I told him I could, and asked 'Will you do it?' He replied, 'I will.' Then I directed him to kneel down where he was and call on the name of the Lord, and to submit to Christ, pledging a life-service to him, whether saved or lost. He complied and found salvation; for it was coming to pass, as of old, that in Mount Zion there was deliverance. Another youth made the same inquiry, was directed in a similar manner, complied with the directions, and went down justified. Such manifestations

of God became frequent, both in the apprehending and conversion of souls to Christ.

“A young lady, whose husband belonged to the church, though religiously brought up, became terribly disgusted with river baptisms. She had been taught other methods of initiation into the church besides introduction by the river. Instead of enjoying her own mind peacefully, she became disturbed at the river scenes, which were peculiarly happy to the recipients of God’s saving love. Her unhappiness increased as the scenes of the river multiplied, and she fought it out on that line, till the river and its scenes, and the God who presided over the whole, conquered her, and the victory was signal. One evening as I was about to enter the pulpit a request came from her for me to come to the inquiry room. I readily went where many were seeking salvation. I asked her what her wish was. She replied, ‘For you to tell me what to do to be saved.’ I asked her if she would kneel down and pray. She readily consented. I then suggested an outline of prayer, such as saying, first, ‘O Lord, I renounce every thing that hinders my receiving Christ into my soul, the hope of glory,’ adding a pledge of service for life. So she began, ‘O Lord, I renounce all that hinders the reception of Christ into my soul,’ and stopped for a few breaths, with the question raised, ‘What am I to renounce?’ The reply followed immediately, ‘Your prejudice against my ordinance.’ She at once said, ‘O Lord, I give that up.’ The rest of the outline of prayer she failed to remember, only to entirely commit herself to Christ. She then arose and said, ‘Now I guess I can go into the river,’ and went down to the audience room and told what the Lord had done for her soul.

Her trouble with the Susquehannah river was now at an end, and its beautiful waters soon afforded her a religious burying place. God had promised he would set the hand of his Son in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers. We certainly saw an exemplification and abundant fulfillment of this in one of God's rivers. Thousands lined the banks while the joyful shouts of the converts, as they arose with Christ from the water burial, fell like melodies from heaven upon the hearts of the multitude. I think some one hundred and seventeen were, in the course of the meetings, added to the church, by the saving power of God.

“On one occasion while administering the ordinance of baptism, using the formula, ‘In obedience to the Great Head of the Church, I baptize thee,’ the words ‘Great Head of the Church’ fell upon the ears of a husband and wife who were in a boat upon the river, but hidden by a bend from the baptismal scene. The wife said to her husband, ‘Do you hear that? Great Head of the Church! That is the voice of God to us.’ God rendered the sound effectual in the conversion of both. So the Lord owns other means besides ‘the still small voice’ for his glory.

“While our meetings were in the highest sense prosperous, and people were flocking in from all quarters, and adjacent towns, God saw fit to send a flood which inundated the whole country. I think the Susquehannah rose some thirty feet. The village for a time was shut in from the country on almost all sides.”

CHAPTER IX.

ITINERANT LABORS.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—PASSAGE—DOWN HILL.—WORK.—LADIES.—
BUTCHER.—DISCUSSIONS.—G. BENEDICT'S LETTER.—OWEGO.—
NEW FIELD.—REVIVAL.—SHEARED HORSES.—SWEDENBORGIAN.—
FRUITS.—REVIVAL IN AUBURN.—INTEREST.—UNIVERSALISTS.—
OPPOSITIONS.—PEPPER.—BAPTISMS.—INDEPENDENT WOMAN.—
PRAYERS.—MRS. PINNEY.—LABOR WITH J. S. LADD.—YOUNG
MEN.—JEALOUSY.—REMEDY.—ALL-NIGHT MEETING.—WHISKY.—
ITS FRUITS.—WARRANT.—COURT.—NO BILL.—DEVIL'S HOST.—
FALSE REPORTS.—RESULT.

“BEING under obligations to Rev. George Benedict of New York City to help him in a meeting, I left Owego in the stage to cross the mountains to New Jersey, where I was to intersect the railroad for New York. It was now the dead of winter, and the roads had been so washed by heavy rains and rendered rough during the thaw, that we could only travel in an open lumber wagon, and a board upon the box of the wagon was my seat. This broke down in the course of the night, and my position became more humble, and far more uneasy. We had some hay in the bottom of the vehicle, or it seems to me I should have perished with the cold. Whenever we called to change horses we were behind time, and the drivers, waiting for our coming, were out of patience, and used language about our detention that indicated they had been educated in the primary school of the Devil. So we could never tarry to really get warm. I, being the only passenger, had all the room

to myself; and I occupied the whole at different times especially when the horses quickened their pace. It was difficult to keep on board, and I needed to be lashed to keep in any upright shape. When morning came we exchanged our vehicle for a stage; and with a little improvement in the roads we made a little better head-way. Falling the great mountain slope from the back roads of Pennsylvania, the horses ran with the stage I should think for miles. That exceeded all rides I ever took. I pinioned myself on the middle seat and awaited the result with varying anxiety. Nothing was to be thought of but the business on hand. I judged, upon passing ridges upon the hill, that the hind wheels must have run clear of the ground some ten or fifteen feet. As I was alone my thoughts were confined to the felicities of the occasion. Gilpin's ride could scarcely come up to this. When we were fairly at the bottom of the summit we made a halt. The driver asked me if I went fast enough. I told him that would do, and inquired into the manner of the thing. He said his horses would not hold back.

"I left Owego on Monday morning and arrived in New Jersey Wednesday evening, too late for the cars to reach the city that night. When I had obtained refreshment and repaired to my room, if I ever enjoyed bowing to God in prayer I did then. I had not had opportunity to kneel to pray since I left Owego, and sleep had been about impossible. My long fatigue in a meeting of some four or six weeks, with this journey upon the back of it, had well nigh exhausted my life. When I could think of my work which lay before me in the city, I was cheered, for my mission towered aloft above fatigues and being knocked about as a worthless

thing. The joy set before me, the hope of leading lost souls to Christ, was my joy and crown. The next day I arrived at Brother Benedict's house, was kindly received and was soon in the work of the Lord, which had already commenced. Our meetings were crowded with hearers from the beginning; inquirers multiplied, and conversions to God were of daily occurrence. Brother Benedict was a most genial man, of indomitable perseverance, and was willing to see the gospel plow put in nearer the fence than he was able to plow. Yet I found the old law still in being, 'Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.' I tried it, and got bit before I got through. Baptismal scenes were frequent. Everything seemed full of promise, and the work of God prospered. A Universalist who had been enshrouded in that creed as in a winding-sheet, was converted, and exchanged his foundation of sand for the Rock of Ages. I named to the pastor that I thought we had better take some measures to open the way for the ladies of his church to take part in our meetings, and suggested an afternoon service in which I would preach to them on the subject of their duty to Christ. He replied, 'It will do no good.' I told him that would be my business; if he would consent I would try it. It was not exactly popular to attempt to carry out that feature of Baptist polity. He finally consented, not I think on the ground of faith, but of kindness to me. I made the appointment for an afternoon meeting, announcing my intention to preach to the ladies of the church, though the meeting would be free to all who would come. I held to equality and liberty.

"In the forenoon of the day of my first meeting I went down to Fulton Market among my acquaintances.

While there a humorous man suggested that there was a person there whom I might benefit. I named the subject of religion to him, much to the amusement of my humorous friend, and found a perfect iron-clad and copper-fastened individual. Had I known him I should have kept a proper distance, according to the proverb about touching pitch and being defiled. Arrows of gospel truth would rattle upon his shield like shot on the scales of an alligator. But God turned it to good account. A Fulton Market butcher was listening, and appeared so much interested that I turned my attention to him. He assured me he had been a very hard sinner, and he felt he ought to be a better man. I invited him to come up to meeting that afternoon; he promised me he would, and came. After preaching, he, with others, came up for prayers. I called on an aged sister to lead in prayer; she consented, and other ladies followed. The meeting was one of great interest. My friend from the market appeared very broken-hearted and gave me the fullest assurance of his intention to seek and serve the Lord. When he returned to meeting in the evening his wife accompanied him; both were converted. At length a young lady, their daughter, came and was converted also. The father became a deacon of a Baptist church in Brooklyn, and did good service for the Master.

“After my afternoon lecture began, everybody was not pleased. Brother Benedict must go and see his father, of which step I questioned the propriety. A vestry meeting was notified the evening after he left, following our meeting in the audience room. Discussions were had about ways and means, and a vote was taken whether to retain Swan or dispose of him. I had

most reliable information on this subject. 'Not-so, Lord,' did not die with Peter. The next day I was summoned home to my family in Norwich, New York. All four of my children were sick, some of them not expected to live. I sought before I left the sympathy of a neighboring pastor with whom my old friend Chamberlain was at work in the city. He and pastor Bellamy prayed for my family. When prayer was over, Brother B. said, 'I don't know who is dead at your house, but no more will die now.' At the moment of prayer my youngest son lay, the doctor said, dying, in a most distressing manner. His fever gave way so suddenly that he came near dying before anything could be given to rally him. After reaching home I received the following letter:

'DEAR BROTHER SWAN:—I had been hoping ere this time to hear how it was with your family, and whether you reached home in safety; but as yet have heard nothing. I hope you will write immediately if you have not done so. You may judge of my surprise, on my return from the country, to learn that Brother S. had left; but the will of the Lord must be done.

'The work is going on pleasantly, although the meetings are not as fully attended as on two or three of the last evenings you were here. The disappointment occasioned by your leaving is a great one to very many. I think if you could have continued with us a couple of weeks longer the result would have been glorious. We have received for baptism to-morrow forty-nine, which, added to the sixteen baptized when you were here, and the thirty-five the first Lord's Day in this month, make the number just one hundred since the commencement.

of the year. * * * * We have forwarded by Brother Chamberlain a small compensation—fifty dollars—which we beg you to receive as a token of friendship from our brethren. * * *

Your brother in Christ,
GEO. BENEDICT.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1842.'

"My children being spared, and my affairs taking shape so as to admit of my being from home, I left for Owego, being impressed that I had something more to do in that section; and I had left my team there which I wished to take home. I borrowed a horse of a friend and drove down a distance of some sixty or seventy miles. On arriving at Owego Brother Peck informed me of a church of our order which was quite overrun by Swedenborgianism. The church was located about half way between Owego and Ithaca. Brother Peck and myself went and held a course of meetings in the Baptist meeting house. While the church rallied God appeared, and souls came to Jesus, and met a joyful reception. This stirred the Swedenborgian nest. Some of the cockatrice eggs got crushed, and turned to fiery flying serpents, and made their attack upon the kingdom of God somewhat formidably. I gave out at the close of an evening meeting that I would preach the next evening upon Swedenborg's creed and show its union with Universalism.

"On the morning of the next day I awoke early, and was impressed that something had occurred at the barn out of the usual course. I went out and found three horses sheared so as to make them resemble the horses Swedenborg saw in his Jerusalem, in the parade

ground, with bobbed tails; only mine, and the other two, had shared more liberally the action of shears. One of the horses was Brother Peck's and the other belonged to a son of Judge Woolsey. Instead of horses and chariots of fire, we had horses Swedenborged and put into nearly the image of his new Jerusalem steeds. The imagery of the affair seemed to pass off with more mirth than tears. I however gave the brethren of the New Jerusalem the credit of the whole affair, and so far as I know the whole enterprise sheared the Swedenborg-sheep closer than they had done the horses. God however wrought wonders, and a goodly number were added to the church of those I trust who will be saved. The Swedenborg charm had departed.

"On arriving at Owego on my way home I told the brethren, so far as I was concerned, I had returned a Baptist, but Charley had joined the New Jerusalem, and got his badge. When I got home I found I had traveled one hundred and sixty miles, worked three weeks, received fourteen dollars and a pair of mittens, and paid twenty dollars damage for the shearing enterprise.

REVIVAL IN AUBURN.

"I now was under obligation to visit Auburn, New York, and unite with Brother Alfred Pinney, in a meeting. When I left home, I was sick, and just able to sit up, and I left in the rain, and had to combat rain and mud, of the deepest order, till Saturday night found me some fifteen or twenty miles from my destination. When night came upon me, I was wet with the rain, and faint from weariness, among strangers, and must by necessity disappoint my brethren at Auburn. Under my complicated burdens I wept, and thought of

my own friends, of my brethren in the ministry sitting by their warm fires, and asked myself why I should adopt such a suffering course while others chose a more comfortable path. While thus musing I had a kind of angel-visit from a passage of the New Testament, if any 'have left houses or land, or wives or children for my sake and the gospel, he shall have a hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. I was so impressed with the force of the passage, that I forgot all inconvenience about my work, or suffering, and took heart and pushed on. I arrived in Auburn in time to preach the next evening, and was welcomed by my brethren for my Master's sake.

"I found the church in Auburn in a low state, but desiring to be revived. Our meetings were well attended. God wonderfully favored us with his Spirit; inquirers after Christ increased from day to day, and soon were heard the songs of the newly converted. The meeting house was very large, and though our congregation was considerable, yet we had room for others. When I thought the church was in a proper state to take hold of the work of the Lord, I concluded we would have the house filled up. The Universalists occupied the house formerly used by the Baptists, and claimed they had considerable strength in number and means. Wishing to fill up my house, I gave their creed a pretty thorough going over; and they set about their work in reference to myself in full earnest. My house filled up to its utmost capacity, and then I poured upon them all the power that God gave me of the gospel of Christ, and said no more about Universalism till my congregation began to thin down. Then I would attend again to their creed, and we were crowded

once more. I followed that course till the interest rose so high that I no longer needed their help. With converts multiplying, and God's people standing with full armor on, the gates of hell found themselves foiled.

"The Devil now changed his tactics and began, through his subjects, a course of disturbances in our meetings; the climax of which was, when the house was crowded, as we were about to commence preaching, one of the baser sort threw a large paper of cayenne pepper on the hot stove. But for its discovery in time we should all have been driven from the house. The effect however was to cause a universal gasping, sneezing, and coughing, followed by a distortion of faces, and struggles for breath, so that before the fumes reached the pulpit, I did not know how to interpret the affair. Windows were raised, and doors thrown open, and soon we were all right again.

"The meetings were attened with a kind of power which it was difficult to gainsay or resist. I think on one occassion we baptized some thirty. Brother Ladd of Wells Port, and a Brother Smith of Niagara, rendered me very essential aid at our baptismal scenes.

"I found one member of the church sufficiently independant to attend all our meetings from the beginning to the close. She was a poor woman who supported several children by taking in washing. She was never absent from the sunrise prayer meetings. Her work was done before she came up. The pastor, Brother Pinney, and his wife, were always remembered in her prayers, that they might walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Brother Pinney had married into one of the best of families, and his wife had been brought up strictly in the Congregational

order, and up to this time had not seen fit to change her church relation. She was devotedly engaged with her husband to build up the cause of Christ in general, and in particular the Baptist church. I used to ask her how she liked to have that poor sister pray so for herself and husband, that they might 'walk in all the commandments.' 'O,' she would say, 'I like that ; I would not have her change her course on any account.' The principles of Christ's kingdom had been so deeply impressed on sister Pinney's heart in her early training that, as a logical result, she would follow Christ as she learned his will. She at length asked me, 'Why don't you say something to me about baptism !' I replied, 'Because you are perfectly competent to ascertain your duty yourself.' However strong in my views as a Baptist, I always despised and hated oppression. I married into a Congregational family myself. Mrs. Swan's grandmother, of most devout piety, urged my wife to join the Baptists with her husband. Said she, 'Laura it is your duty.' I never myself urged her to do that; she came willingly, or I would have objected. Sister Pinney informed me of her conviction of duty, and soon arose and was baptized. I write from memory; I think some one hundred were converted in the course of the meetings, the principal part of whom were baptized into the Baptist church of Auburn.

REVIVAL IN WELLS PORT.

"In the course of my itinerant labors I attended a meeting in Wells Port with Brother J. S. Ladd. I was behind my time in reaching the place, detained by sickness. While detained, Brother Ladd wrote me that the proudest young lady in their village had arisen in one of their conference meetings and asked for prayers.

I could only regard that event as a signal of God's approach to bless and save souls; and in the end was not mistaken. As soon as my health would permit, I took my place in the pulpit, and found meetings had been in progress some two weeks, and a pew full of young men were forward for prayers. Their heads were up in prayer time, and when we knelt to pray for them, they kept their seats.

"One evening while in prayer for them, I mentioned the name of one in particular; as is common for me. The next day another from the pew called on me at my room and informed me he felt slighted in the closing prayer of last evening. He said the one I named stood a little higher in the military than himself. That one was a colonel in the militia, while he was only lieutenant; but he thought he was entitled to be named as well as the other. Said I, 'You thought it a military operation did you? Well, I had no intention of slighting you; but as you judged you were slighted, come kneel with me, and I will offer one prayer exclusively for you. He declined to kneel. I told the pastor that his young men forward for prayers had come forward out of compliment. I would adopt a course to drive them all away from the seat. The unbending one though professing anxiety, would curse our meetings. Very soon the rest of them were missing. I then made my statement that I wished none to come forward for prayers unless they made that move as a pledge to seek salvation. For quite a time all invitations to come forward were treated alike; no one would come under the caption got up. But we held fast.

"The church determined to hold an all-night prayer meeting, and wrestle with God until the day dawned

So we held the meeting, which was one never to be forgotten. Prayer and supplication, with strong crying and tears, were offered till morning broke upon us. When we came again to the sanctuary the tide of salvation was setting in upon the church. Sinners, being alarmed, began to move. Every thing in the religious atmosphere had changed, and very many were pressing into the kingdom. The Devil, being foiled in his attempts to keep his palace, sought redress by trying as Bunyan would render it, to recapture the town of . . Man's Soul. But his guns were too short.

“While we were at the water baptizing, a man, or an apology for a man, frenzied with whisky, seized his daughter with violence to drag her from the water. She was among the candidates for baptism. I approached him and took hold of one of his arms and asked him to desist, assuring him if he was opposed to her baptism we should not press the matter. At the time I took hold of his arm he was holding his daughter with both arms clasped around her so as to well nigh stop her breath. A peace officer was present, and instead of arresting him vented all his spite at me. I know that the law of the state recognized me as an officer of the peace, and I was in the way of my duty to quell a difficulty which was disturbing a religious gathering. The affair was evidently in sympathy with the disturber. An interest in the kingdom of God was prospering which he wanted retarded. Soon order was restored, and when we arrived at the meeting house I made a statement of the whole affair, throwing the blame where it belonged, accusing the officer of taking sides with the disturber of the peace, which gave him great offense. He called at my room in great official dignity, and

threatened me, unless I corrected my statement. I assured him I would not do it, and invited him to do his best; and he left me in much confusion.

“At length I had a call from the miserable specimen of whisky-pickled humanity who had disturbed us at the water, who invited me to settle with him. I asked him to make out his bill, if I owed him, and I would foot it. He said he wished me to settle with him for the damage he received from me at the water’s side; he was very lame. I told him I thought he must be badly off to be so filled with the Devil and whisky as he was. He then said, ‘Unless you give me something I will sue you.’ I told him I would see the Devil have him before I would give him a red cent; that I prized my character as of more consequence than such a drunken wretch as himself. I then prayed with him and told him I would wait for him to institute legal proceedings; I should not run to get away. I had a warrant served upon me, went to court, pleaded not guilty, and appealed to the county court. The grand jury had the case and found no bill; and the Devil’s host had the privilege of chewing their cud at their leisure.

“About this time the Universalists at home raised a wonderful smoke and dust; had me in the State prison; I had knocked a man down; I wore a stolen fur cap. On returning home I found the village alive with these reports. On Sabbath morning before service I read the letter from Esquire Hilly, and announced I would read it again in the evening at the close of the service. My appearance there was a sort of insinuation that I was not in prison, and Judge Hilly’s letter set the assault and battery case all right. All was straightened out but the cap. Now for that. It appeared that a woman

in an adjoining town had taken up stealing from merchants, and among other things had taken a fur cap. I had a new cap which I had purchased and paid for in the village. The deadly opposers of Christ and the gospel worked up the matter of caps till they in report had landed the stolen one upon my head. Before my meeting closed I took up the cap and said, 'It is reported that Elder Swan wears a stolen cap. Now if you wish to know where I obtained this cap, I bought it of Brother Brown, who is seated yonder, and I paid him for it. I presume you can get a certificate of this fact by calling upon him. Now,' said I, 'Mr. Devil, your bell is down, and the tongue gone; if you can rehang it and make a tongue for it out of a fur cap, I want you to ring or toll it at your leisure.' God refers to such moral cannibals who riot upon character, and says of them, "whose mouths must be stopped?" Nothing will more effectually do this work than to serve up their malignant falsehoods for their own entertainment.' "

J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER X.

EVANGELISM AND REVIVALS.

REVIVAL EPOCHS.—REVIVALS IN EUROPE.—AMERICAN REVIVALS.—THE “SET TIMES.”—REASONS.—MISSIONS.—EVENTS ANTICIPATED BY PROVIDENCE.—VARIOUS WORKMEN.—ANECDOTE OF A. LINCOLN.—NEW MEASURES.—LIFE BETTER THAN DEATH.—HISTORIC TESTS.—GREAT QUESTION.—MR. SWAN’S RECORD:—RAINS OF GRACE.—GLANCE AT REVIVALS.—OPPOSITIONS.—OBJECTIONS.—REMUNERATIONS.—ELDER KNAPP.—EXPERIENCES.

THE world has advanced by epochs, separated from each other by greater or lesser intervals; much like the marches and halts of an army; or like the growth of a forest, vigorously shooting forth in spring and summer, but pausing to rest and consolidate fibre in autumn and winter, preparatory to a future growth. Revival eras, not unlike the old geological epochs, and preceding the civil marches of our race, have signally marked all human history. We have only to recall the days of Abraham, of Moses, of Ezra, and of Pentecost. The plan of God goes forward. Grace has been poured upon the nations. What dews descended, and what showers of blessing fell upon the churches of Asia, and Europe, after the departure of the apostles, and upon the Waldensian mountains and the homes of Gauls, Germans, Normans and Britons, have been told in part by Eusebius, Neander and D’Aubigne, but only in part. The revivals in England in the days of Wickliff and Knox and their followers, have a cherished place in our English literature. The truest philosophy for our race

is found in the command of our Lord, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

In our own land, from its first planting, these seasons of the outpouring of the Spirit of God have been largely realized, so that America has, in an enviable sense, become known as a land of revivals. Mention of these spiritual baptisms may be found in the records of the churches, and on the prized pages of Roger Williams, John Cotton, Jonathan Edwards, David Brainard, and Isaac Backus.

It is now evident, as we studiously survey the past and estimate the present, considering the forces that have been at work in American society, that when the spirit of evangelism came so remarkably upon Jacob Knapp and Jabez S. Swan, another of "the set times" to favor Zion and bless the land, had benignantly dawned. French infidelity, brought to our shores on the tide of sympathies and aids from France during our Revolution, and accepted by only too many prominent men amongst us whose patriotic services gave them wide influence, had at last brought forth its blighting and baleful influences, in loosening the faith and morals of the people, to such an extent that the devout and intelligent in our country were filled with sorrow and alarm. The subtle evil had proved its poisonous character. The hour for reaction had come. And, as always in such emergencies, the honor of inaugurating and carrying forward the needed reform in the heart of the country was given to the people of God—the disciples of Christ, ordained to be the light of the world.

To prepare the way for the more effectual husbanding of the forthcoming harvests in the churches, the spirit of missions had been breathed anew upon chris-

tians in the early part of the century, and both in our own wilderness and in the jungles of Africa and Asia, some of the solitary places had been made glad. The way was prepared, and the time had come for the increase of converts, treasures and new evangelisms, in the Kingdom of God. Moreover the period was drawing nigh when a great moral and religious question—a national principle—a question of life or death to freedom and republicanism—was to be decided in our country, and decided not for the United States merely, but as well for the whole American continent. The relic of barbarism was provoking its own fatal battle. A host consecrated to the right, animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, was to be raised up to lift the christian banner of freedom and do effectual battle against the aggressive legions of slavery. As the great Great Awakening beginning near 1740 was a providential and gracious preparation of the colonies for the struggle of the Revolution, so the revivals of the present century, beginning near 1830, were ordained of God to prepare the people for the fiery ordeal of the civil war. Verily, “there is a tide in the affairs of men,” but the Lord rides upon the floods, and sends his breath to overwhelm the Pharaoh’s of sin. And in obeying Him and heralding his gospel, men do a far greater work than they know at the time ; they serve the present and lay up blessings for the future. How devoutly will every christian, and every studious patriot, now recall the outpourings of the Spirit of God upon our land beginning near 1830 and reaching their fullness in the great baptism of 1857 and 1858 when tens of thousands were converted and churches of every name drank in the pervading Spirit of the Lord. How many were thus brought to Christ

and made ready for the service of their country and the sacrifice of their lives, will be known only at the great roll call in the last day.

Let it not be supposed in the prominent mention we make of the names of the evangelists who led out the elect host in the revival epochs of our country, that we ascribe to them undue influence and honor. We remember all who did preparatory work; and all who stood valiantly by their side as armor bearers or aids; and all who furnished them for the battle, and afforded them supplies; and all the faithful host of true souls who rallied at their call and pressed the battles to glad victories. The privates in the holy army may not be forgotten. With a tender and tearful satisfaction we recall the hour, amid the darkest scenes of the civil war, when, having introduced two private soldiers to President Lincoln, he, after warmly shaking hands with them, in paternal affection laid his right hand upon the shoulder of one and, with deep feeling, said, "These are the men we have to depend upon after all." True; what is a General without an army? what is an officer without a command? The Lord's people are his army for the subjugation of this revolted world.

In their own circumscribed fields too,—divinely chosen provinces beyond which they were not called to labor,—many pure, devout, able pastors, and their people with them, sowed and reaped for the Great Husbandman. And the full record for all, for overseers and humblest toilers, for officers and privates in the great host, has been kept on high and shall be duly published in the hereafter when the whole church of God of all ages shall enter in triumph through the gates into the New Jerusalem. All man's records will

then be left behind, and the report of the Great Captain of our salvation will be hailed by all.

Doubts, fears and alarms always accompany revivals. Not a few are excited about "new measures." But excitements must come; they are periodical and necessary. Human society somehow, like the earth itself, needs winds and storms as well as calms and sunshine. Occasionally even volcanoes and earthquakes are beneficial in their final influence.

But many of the deprecated "new measures" in society are only old measures revived, the restoring of what had been lost. And the dreaded measures that are really new, are frequently but the lifting of men to heights and privileges before unknown. Naturally communities and nations, like individuals, left to themselves, allowed to follow their native biases, slide backward and downward. They need to be provoked to good works. They need excitements to keep them awake, vigilant, and active against their natural tendencies to deterioration.

Hence, by order of Providence, society must often be stirred up. Agitation becomes a necessity and a mercy. At one time the excitement is political and perhaps culminates in arms. At another time it is pecuniary, or educational, or scientific, or moral, issuing in a reformation of thoughts and practice. Nations have been tossed by these excitements as winds have stirred and moved the Atlantic. At another time the agitation is religious, breaking the slumbers of churches, and restoring the knowledge of God to the people, and rekindling fires on the altars of God. Slavery encroaches upon freedom till freedom rises to do battle in self defense. Prerogative becomes conceited, haughty,

overbearing and oppressive, finally goading the injured to break the heavy yoke. Intemperance brings forth its loathsome debasements until common humanity recoils from the monster vice and demands reformation. In the state the "ins" abuse their power till the "outs" rise up and supplant them.

In every generation New England has had its "new measures," its excitements in society, its agitations in church and state, its blessed reformations—its hard-earned advances. Its political and financial struggles are recorded with honor. Its religious history is even more significant, and more valuable, by as much as the franchises and interests of our souls are superior to our merely secular affairs. Indeed, as the heart is in the body, so is religion in human society; it is central in its place, vital in its relations, and determining in its functions; its derangement is disease; its ossification is death; its agitation may be a hopeful augury. Henry Ward Beecher says, "No heresy is so damnable as lethargy." Even fitful life is better than death. But revivals are more than spasms of life. They are like the rains on the mountains, swelling the streams, perhaps inundating some valleys, but finally blessing the far off plains with their richness.

Exclusive ecclesiastics, proud of robes, and bands, may prate of their "apostolic succession" and the monopoly of grace by their mother—"the church;" but how are all their pretensions utterly shamed when honestly brought into comparison with the faith, life and labors of such men as Chalmers, Hall, Spurgeon, Cartwright, Finney, Knapp and Swan. Churchianity cannot escape the crucible of experience. Arrogance is sure of being exposed and rebuked by history.

Divine Providence will justify and defend christianity against all theories of self-righteous churchism. The Scripture rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," will forever hold alike against individuals and establishments and reveal their worth.

The records of revivals from Pentecost to this day, and especially of the seasons of spiritual refreshing and religious advances since the Reformation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, suggest to the studious and devout a very weighty question. What, after all, do christians know of the baptism of the Spirit? How much did the Lord mean in the old promise, "I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy?" What meant the Savior when he said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you?" Do we know this power in its fullness? Have the churches received full baptism? Have they been baptized "with the Holy Ghost, and fire?" Have they the faith in regard to this divine power that they should have? Are there not heights and depths in this regard unmeasured by our experience? We cannot but look upon the glorious displays of grace in the past, as auguries, earnest, yea prophecies of the great baptism of the "Holy Ghost and fire," yet to be realized.

As aids in studying this great, practical, vital question, the life and labors of Mr. Swan, and the issues of his prayers and preaching, cannot fail to be of special worth.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

"From Moses we have, 'My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and the showers upon

the grass.' Here is the rule for all times. In reference to Christ and his mission, we read, 'In his days shall the righteous flourish. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and showers that water the earth.

"If God intended that 'the great rain' and 'gentle showers,' should illustrate the different manifestations of his love to bless and save the lost, happy will it be for men to know God's mind in this matter. A glance at the triumphs of Christ in the past confirms the councils of God on revival economy. The life and work of the Wesleys, of Jonathan Edwards, and of the Nettletons, break like celestial light upon the churches. In our country, both east and west, we see what has been done, by the blessing of God, under revival efforts of evangelists with the pastors of the churches.

"Our Congregational churches were before the Baptists in the order of time in large evangelical labors, under such men as C. G. Finney, (Cong.) S. D. Burchard, (Pres.) and others, until councils were brought to bear upon them from their own denominations and discussions were held, in their ministry, by men of great talents, upon the best method of managing revivals,—men who had never enjoyed a revival in their churches, and knew nothing of God's method of promoting one. Evangelists were hampered; some were kept back; others driven from the field. It should be borne in mind that Christ put evangelists between apostles, prophets and pastors, that the church might take the hint. We have no right to question the wisdom of God in joining two and two as workers in the gospel field.

We may be pointed to long pastorates as having been very successful where no evangelist ever stepped his foot. We answer, we know men entirely self-made, as

the term is, never having seen the inside of a college or academy; but does this fact brand institutions of learning as evil? The axe must be ground somewhere, and it has been thought that some one to turn the crank while another held on was better than to attempt to grind alone. God has made some men giants physically and intellectually, who can combine the genius of pastor, evangelist and prophet; but such cases are exceptions to the general rule.

“Finally, Baptist evangelists appeared. The most of them began while yet pastors, reaching to the regions beyond. Some forty years ago, when evangelists began among the Baptists, there was quite a council of ministers in the state of New York, to consult upon missions. Two evangelists were present, ready to embark in the enterprise. But the question how to support them sunk the whole thing. The united wisdom of that mighty body of ministers could not devise how to do it. I favored the evangelistic movement, and with others tried to carry out the plan. In the main we had to work at our own expense, relying upon our already insufficient salaries. As a specimen of remuneration I may state that, from a large and able church, with which I labored some six weeks, when many were added to them, I received twenty dollars. From another, for equal labor, I received twenty-two dollars, and from a benevolent society two shirts, the collars of which buttoned behind and which I wore hind side before till a friend posted me in the philosophy of the thing. Thus all I received would not make me good for my wear and tear.

“Yet my love for souls inspired me with zeal, which if it did not consume me, consumed my substance, and

kept me beyond hailing distance of temporal prosperity. So it was with my co-laborers. Shot at by hypocrites, despised by Antinomians, and mocked by the Devil and his hosts, yet the tale of bricks was forthcoming.

“Till Rev. Jacob Knapp entered the field as an evangelist, it was never demonstrated that an evangelist could be supported in our denomination. He was at a loss for a time, and his being properly rewarded, at last, cost him more trouble than his struggle with poverty. Soon after he commenced, God brought up others who developed traits of evangelists; and God converted thousands by their instrumentality. All went well till they were discussed, and the attempt was made to cashier them. Brother Knapp was pitched into, from a hatred of the principle of evangelism, by one who led the way in a persecution rarely equalled; but, thanks be to God, neither the man assailed, nor his principles, died. Yet his leading opposer now sleeps. Had the attempt to destroy Elder Knapp succeeded Swan was to be the next for the Devil’s frying-pan; but want of success with the former allowed me the privilege of keeping off the coals.”

J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER XI.

REVIVAL IN STONINGTON, CONN.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—OPENING SERVICES.—RISE OF INTEREST.—FRIENDS.—WATER DEEPENING.—FATHER CHEESBRO.—BENNETT AND HIS REPORT.—ELDERLY PERSONS.—BAPTISM.—JOY.—CROWDED HOUSES.—CONGREGATIONALISTS.—PRAYER AND SUCCESS.—WORK SPREAD.—VIEWS OF REVIVALS.—CHILDREN.—DEATH OF CHILD.—WORK AMONG ADULTS.—NUMBERS ADDED.—REQUEST.

“IN June, 1842, I returned to my native town to hold a protracted meeting, having received a letter from Brother Peleg Hancox, saying that the church was in a condition that demanded some spiritual effort, and that a seriousness was upon the community caused by peculiar providences of death among the inhabitants. On arriving, I found that the friends of Christ, to some extent, were seeking of God the outpouring of his Spirit and the revival of his work. I commenced meeting with them in a physically exhausted state, but with an unflagging faith. I preached every evening on week days and three times on the Sabbath. The meetings were well attended from the beginning. Being now where I was brought up, and ordained, and held my first pastorate, and being well known among the churches, I had few prejudices to encounter in the kingdom or out of it. But the weather was oppressively warm and the Dorr-War kept up an everlasting clatter on the railroad that much annoyed us in our evening services. Still the Lord was present working

with his people, and soon the work of conversion of souls to God commenced. A number who had long indulged hope in the mercy of God, arose and were baptized. Our Congregational friends also united with us in earnest efforts to save souls. Prominent among them was Judge Pomeroy and Elisha Faxon, Esq., both of whom have now passed to their heavenly home. Ministers from surrounding churches came in, among whom were Brothers Ira R. Steward, Erastus Denison; and Benajah Cook, all of whom now rest in peace.

"The report spread in different directions, and the work of preparing to meet God became the prominent topic. In part to accommodate those living out of the village, we commenced meetings in the afternoon, which were well attended. Thus an effectual door was opened for the church to improve their gifts. Daily the tide of life, like the water's of Ezekiel's vision, deepened, till something like a general inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' was heard among us.

"Father Cheesbro, so long the pastor of the church, arose in strength while God came into his family and made a number of his posterity heirs of the grace of life. His eldest son came out with his wife, and both were baptized. He dated his experience back to the wonderful meeting in my father's house near forty years previous, of which I have before spoken.

"On one occasion when we baptized about thirty happy believers in the harbor near the Robinson burying ground, Mr. Bennett, of New York Herald fame, being in Stonington, was among the witnessing multitude. He was also in our meeting on the Sabbath. In his paper he gave a most amusing account of the scene at the water, describing the whole proceedings in a

manner peculiar to himself. I quote his words, from memory, as they appeared in the Herald: 'Swan baptized near thirty souls, body and breeches; some of them thirty years old in humanity and a hundred years old in iniquity; all washed inside and out—inside by the blood of Christ and outside by the briny waves of Stonington.' Then he drew a contrast between Swan and Knapp, the veteran evangelist. He said 'Knapp was a little short fat fellow, and the Devil would bury him in his own fat upon his old gridiron, but Swan was a tall bony fellow, and the Devil could not get him up on the gridiron.' Still following up the contrast, he said of Swan, he had more sense than Knapp, and more nonsense, more brimstone and more nitric acid. I consider this a fine specimen of the moral views entertained by him who, with a Roman passport, has gone to meet his God. Men have their reward.

"One feature of the work of the Lord in the place was, that peculiar blessings were bestowed upon a class of elderly ladies who had cherished hopes in the mercy of God, but never were able to gather confidence to come to the church and openly put on Christ. The failure of such to profess their subjection to Christ, is not altogether their fault. The New Testament recognizes 'secret discipleship,' but does not encourage such to remain in that state, but requires them to move on to duty. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, secretly being disciples, sent to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. It took the murder of Jesus to bring them out fully for the Lord. The failure of the ministry to detect that kind of discipleship has allowed thousands to die in twilight, out of the churches of God. I found of this class some six or seven advanced in life,

except one, and all widows. The son of one of the number said, 'You will confer a great favor upon our family, if you can get mother out and baptize her.' I replied, I would do it, if he would stand it himself. He assured me he would. I adopted the following course. It might seem severe to a looker on, but in the end it proved a great blessing to her and her family. I called one Sunday, on my way to church, and told her I had come to bid her good bye. Said she, 'Why, are you going to leave?' I said, 'No, not the place, but to leave you; I shall never offer another prayer for you. I have done, and must turn my attention in another direction.' She wept. So did I, inwardly. She replied, 'Why, you hurt my feelings.' I assured her I did not intend that, but felt constrained to say what I did from the fact that all attempts to bring her out on the Lord's side had utterly failed, and my efforts for her must cease. When I was about to leave she said, 'Elder Swan, if you will hold on for me one day more, I will be baptized if I live.' Said I, 'Well, under that consideration, I will hold on.' The next day, good as her word, she arose and was baptized, and rejoiced in God with all her house. On returning from the water she sang, 'My soul is full of glory, inspiring my tongue;' and,

'O how happy are they who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above.'

Multitudes rejoiced with her that her bondage had been broken, and a daughter of Abraham had come into the light of the gospel. I looked then after the others, one by one, till the whole of the number named were baptized and came to the church and were received.

One of the number had not walked a step for years. I carried her into her baptismal grave in my arms, and baptized her, and returned with her to the shore, with her countenance radiant with the smiles of Jesus. No work did I ever attempt for my Savior which afforded me greater joy. I believe they all are now enjoying the rest of heaven.

“Our house became so crowded that we could only bring into active service a portion of the friends of Christ who were with us. The work had taken such an extensive sweep in and around the town, that brethren of the Congregational church thought it best to open their sanctuary, and thus make room for those otherwise unprovided for. God appeared among them, and their church and society shared a wonderful accession. Though our meetings commenced in the month of June, they were crowded with hearers, and the people flocked in from adjacent towns and carried away the spirit of the meetings with them.

“In prayer offered to the Lord, the country north was most earnestly remembered. It was often asked of the Lord to send the revival power twenty miles north and sweep over all the land with the breath of heaven. God in this was true to his promise. More than twenty miles on the north was reached by divine and saving energy, and a general awakening was apparent in all directions.

“The work went steadily forward without any eddy-tides. This; of itself, is a great blessing. In case, from any cause, a revival seems to be checked, the timid take council with their fears, and think meetings ought not to close on a receding tide; and often meetings have been closed, fearing the present baffling winds, sent for

the trial of their faith. In the natural world we have some heavy rains which commence with great power, and progress in that manner till over; but such are generally short. Other rains are more gentle, and distil in showers. In the kingdom of God we have something analagous to this. Pentecost exhibited a mighty flood of grace demanded to glorify the mission of the Son of God; and grand results followed this divine inundation. Other exhibitions, under the early action of the gospel, were like falling dews and gentle showers. If God's pleasure is to appear in successive showers, the order supposes intervals between; and in no ordinary interval should it be considered that the cloud has disposed of all its treasures. Successive showers have more effect in moistening the earth than the violent rain. Yet both are from God, sent in season.

“In the progress of the work in Stonington, several events transpired worthy of record. Some that were very aged were converted; and others, who evidently had been converted, had lived so long without growth and increased vitality, that they had become like the heath in the desert, and did not see when good came. Such were aroused and came out decidedly for God. I remember a little girl, perhaps nine years of age, who came to the church and offered herself for membership, and was put off for the time by the pastor—all well intended. Pastors differ very much in their estimation of the religion of children. Christ was much in their favor. The child mentioned had an intemperate father on whose salvation she had set her heart. One night, after the father had retired, the little daughter made her way into his room, knelt down and prayed for him. The father said, when he came to the church, he had a mind

to get up and drive her away; yet this he could hardly do. The child held on to the mercy seat; the father broke down and was shortly converted; and father and child were both 'buried with Christ' together.

"A lovely little daughter of the eldest Captain Brewster became very much interested in the meetings, and gave evidence of loving Christ. She was taken suddenly sick and shortly died, while the revival was progressing. I had told her of the conversion of my daughter, whom I had baptized at seven years of age, which so much interested her that she, with her mother's approbation, had selected a small package of shells for me to take home to my little Annie. Her father was at sea, and the mother had to follow her to the grave in his absence. The event fell with great weight upon the mother, as this was all the child they had.

"In this advancement of the Lord's work, much was accomplished among middle-aged men and their families. Blessings of grace falling from day to day upon village and country, our happiness in ourselves and for others became very great. According to my recollections the additions to the Baptist church were some one hundred and seventy. Additions to the Congregational church were also numerous. And both the churches in the place, and friends from without, rendered liberal aid.

"Before the meetings in Stonington closed, Revs. Ira R. Steward and Erastus Denison, from the Second and Third Baptist churches of Groton, Connecticut, requested me to hold a meeting with their churches in Mystic, proposing that the churches should unite in the meeting. Considering the matter, I determined to comply with their request, returning to them after visiting my family in Norwich, New York." J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER XII.

REVIVAL IN MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.

HON. W. H. POTTER'S LETTER.—ELDER S. A. REVIVALIST.—MINISTERS.—SUNDAY.—THE WEEK.—HOPERS.—SECOND BAPTISM.—WORK GENERAL.—DAILY BAPTISMS.—HUNDREDS BAPTIZED.—FELLOWSHIP.—ADDRESS.—SUPPER.—JOURNAL.—INTEREST.—LOSING STRENGTH.—UNION BAPTISM.—EFFECTS.—VIEWS.—SECRET.—ANECDOTE.—PRAYER.—HABIT.—IMITATORS.—LESSON.—NOTES.—E. G. AND S. G.—DOGS.—WRONG SHOP.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—SERMON.—C. MORGAN.—B. C. PHELPS.—BAPTISM.—UNIVERSALISTS.—S. B. BAILEY.—C. C. LEWIS.

“REV. FREDERIC DENISON, A. M.: DEAR SIR:—
I much approved of the design of Mr. W. L. Peckham to undertake the publication of the Life and Labors of Rev. Jabez Smith Swan, as proposed to the Stonington Union Association at Groton Bank, in June; and I have been especially pleased that he has since secured your patient talent for research, and your ready pen, to gather the details and compile them into an appropriate volume. There is doubtless ample material to be found, though to find, select, and combine it, will be no small task; but it will be to you, I am sure, a labor of love. It is fitting that such a work be done; for Brother Swan has been a shining light—a conspicuous and effective worker in God's cause; and much of the current religious thought of our state, especially in respect to revivals—those healthful fountains of spiritual life scattered at short intervals along the King's highway for the refreshing of weary pilgrims—much of

this faith, I repeat, bears, so to speak, his image and superscription. Honor to whom honor is due.

"I believe Elder Swan has largely molded the particular cast of piety which has, during the last third of a century, so often secured 'the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord'—a piety and devotion whose exercises have crystalized into the international 'week of prayer'—oftener weeks—observed by nearly all evangelical churches in Christendom, and recognized as an established rule, rather than an exceptional usage, in Zion. All this is patent, and is a reason why Elder Swan's arduous labors and great success should be put on record in a permanent form. He is a part of this history, as a great actor—a central figure in the foreground of any faithful sketch which shall group the strong laborers and successful reapers who have borne the burden and heat of the day in the field.

"The few facts coming within my own observation, concerning the great revival in 1842, in Mystic, I will cheerfully attempt to give you, aided by a somewhat full journal kept by me at the time. I began my residence in this village in April, 1840. It had then been more than a year since the extensive revival under the labors of Rev. John Greene, a Seventh-Day Baptist evangelist; and I thought coldness again pervaded the churches. But we were partially revived again in 1842, when Elder Greene once more held meetings, and a good number were converted, many of whom united with the churches. We had then heard of Elder Swan as a revivalist. And his success at Stonington Borough during the early part of summer, led Revs. Erastus Denison and Ira R. Steward, to unite in asking him to labor here. This request had the acquiescence, it was

understood, of other denominations that filled, by agreement, at times, the pulpit of the only meeting house existing in the place—known as the Mariners' Free Church—and also of the trustees of the house. In this house then statedly officiated Revs. I. R. Steward and E. Denison, (Baptist), N. B. Cook, (Congregationalist), and B. C. Phelps, (Methodist). Elder Swan commenced his labors here on Sunday, the fourteenth of August. By some it was thought to be unfortunate that he should begin his meetings in the hottest portion of the year, and there was a general impression that little could be expected.

“No other indications of good appeared the first Sunday except a full house, but rather a proneness to criticise his manner of presenting truth, and to pronounce judgement upon his style, as rather extravagant. A meeting was appointed for the next day which was Monday, afternoon and evening, and those were unexpectedly well attended, and some surprise was felt at the anxiety of the people to hear, and a deepening impression was made, though the spirit of criticism continued. Then he introduced a sunrise prayer meeting. All the meetings during the first week were well attended, and a solemnity prevailed. A nine o'clock followed the sunrise service, on Sunday, August twenty-first, at which time, Sister Fish, an old hopper, asked for baptism, which was the first apparent fruit. At this baptism was a large attendance, and as our sister came up out of the liquid grave rejoicing, Brother Swan the administrator, still standing in the water, proclaimed with a loud voice, that yet there was room, and that it was the duty of every old hopper to arise and be baptized. The command came, like the voice of God, to not a few

halting believers, who were living, as the speaker said, 'upon the Devil's common,' and were a hindrance to the further progress of the work. At this moment Captain Jeremiah Wilbur stepped forward and pulled off his coat and offered himself as a candidate, and was baptized. Captain Jesse Crarey followed, and Captain George Wolf also—three prominent, influential citizens. There was little formality and little time to consult. The ministers and brethren present gave their cordial assent, rejoicing that God had given their friends strength to follow Christ in the initial ordinance, in the presence of so large assembly of his people. Returning to the house of God, which was full to overflowing, the Evangelist preached another powerful discourse, when two others related their experience, as 'old hopers,' and were received, and the congregation again repaired to the water side, to witness their obedience to the faith. The feeling of incredulity, as to the success of the meetings, was at once changed, in the minds of believers, to that of great confidence, and a willingness to labor. In the evening the house was again thronged beyond its capacity, and sinners began to ask for prayers. Thus ended the second Sabbath, and the eighth day of the meetings.

From that time the work went forward with a steady and increasing power. Secular work began to be laid aside, and men, women and children gave their time to the meetings of the sanctuary. The schools were closed, and the haunts of business were gradually deserted. Farmers with their families came in their teams, from the country, and staid till the evening meeting closed. The sunrise prayer meeting was held in the open air in front of the church, waking the whole village with songs of praise and with fervent prayers. The nine o'clock

meeting was called an inquiring meeting, where converts offered themselves to the church, while the afternoon preaching service witnessed new penitents at the altar, and was followed in the evening by multitudes of awakened sinners, crying for mercy. On one occasion I recollect I counted forty men and sixty women at the altar, filling the body seats and aisles, till at last it became impossible to count them, and the work suffered no abatement, for weeks. After the first baptismal scene described, which took place August eighteenth, daily baptisms occurred for twenty-six successive days, and sometimes twice a day. Then two days followed without visiting the water side ; and then for six other days in succession joyful converts were daily planted in the likeness of Christ's death, and emblematically raised in the likeness of his resurrection. The voice of prayer was heard in almost every house, and scarcely was there any person you could meet that was not accessible, indeed was oftener more anxious to converse about their souls, than any thing else. At any hour of the night, it was remarked, the groves and closets of the joyful converts or the sighing sinners, sounded with the voices of supplication or of praise.

“Without particularizing the intervening days, Sunday, the eleventh of September, was perhaps the most remarkable. A powerful discourse on church building and the terms of communion, in the morning, by Elder Swan, was followed by the baptism of nineteen converts, making in all three hundred and twenty-four up to that date. At two o'clock all the newly baptized present, two hundred and fifteen in number, assembled in the form of a hollow square, the lines being two deep, around the Conference House lot, with a multitude of

spectators in the middle of the square or at any and all accessible points of observation, when Elder Swan, standing upon the Conference House steps, in sight of the assembled multitude of spectators and converts, addressed the latter as a father would his children. He exhorted them to stand fast, and gave them an infallible receipt against backsliding; to be instant in prayer, and not to take the first step backward. 'Take the word of God,' said he, 'for your guide in all doctrines and ordinances, and in your daily practice and walk. Carry a copy of the New Testament, which is Christ's Will; and on all occasions consult it for directions. Thus armed as with the drawn sword of the Spirit in your right hand, ready to meet the enemy at all points, and with the shield of faith in the other hand, to quench the fiery darts of the adversary, march boldly on to certain victory. Study the word of God upon your knees, mingling your earnest prayers with its divine teachings. Hold communion with God. Be conscious you are heard, and have faith in God's gracious answers of peace. It is the first departure that is followed by backsliding, and that departure will be seen at the time if we watch as well as pray, at our secret devotions, which should never be so hurried as to deprive the soul of the conscious presence of Christ, and an answer of peace that stirs the soul so that you shall feel his presence, quickening us to activity, to vigilance and trust, making us active for duty and passive and implicit in our trust. If any one sins, go to Christ and confess, and never rest till you receive pardon. Go to Jesus for everything. His storehouse is full. He keeps the armory and can arm you for every conflict, and will go with you as a sure protector. Let him be

your friend and companion, and you shall not fall out by the way, whether you are among enemies or so-called friends. But in asking God's favor and help, be submissive and dictate not to God how he shall answer, for we are but suppliants and lack wisdom to know what is best for us; but he knows perfectly, and our wants, if not our wishes, shall be all supplied; but for all that, he will be inquired of. Difficulties must be expected. They are inevitable. And while we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," lest strong temptations overcome us, yet with humble trust and faith we must be ready to bear hardness as good soldiers. This warfare is not a mere dress parade. It is sometimes sore conflict; but that is what makes the soldier. The mariner would be useless in times of great storm and peril if he had always seen fair weather, and never had to reef a sail. While you do not covet danger or difficulties, remember when they come it is an evidence we are his children; but we should be unworthy of the name we bear if we did not endure. You will find difficulties which it will puzzle you to reconcile. It is no evidence of wisdom to reject all you do not understand, for otherwise much of nature's works and God's natural and eternal laws must be rejected. "Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth." These and many other precious words were there uttered, never to be forgotten. And when he stepped down from his temporary pulpit, accompanied by Pastors Denison and Steward, in behalf of their churches, he and they, beginning with an aged brother who had entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour, gave the

newly baptized believers the right hand of fellowship, welcoming them into the visible church.

“After this imposing ceremony was over, the Evangelist and pastors, followed by all the ministers, deacons, converts, brethren and sisters, led the way into the meeting house, filling both the lower floor and the galleries with communicants, when the sacrament was administered by all the ministers of Christ present, and the elements were distributed by the several deacons. Surely it was such a communion of saints as had never before, and has never since, been witnessed in Mystic. Such grace sat upon God’s ministering servants, such love united all hearts, such joy filled the souls of his saints, as made it truly ‘a heavenly place in Christ.’ In recalling to mind this scene I cannot forbear quoting a few lines from Elder Erastus Denison’s private journal, in my possession, and now before me, written in his study at the close of this ‘day of heaven.’ It reads:

“‘As Elder Swan addressed the converts in the open square of our spacious Conference House lot with a voice that reached every ear and thrilled all present, every heart accompanied his words in responsive acclamation, and in the half-subdued “Glory to God,” “Amen,” which arose from hundreds of happy spectators who never before saw it on this wise! O, this, if we are not mistaken, has been one of the most prominent heavenly places in Christ Jesus that has been witnessed in the present age of the church, in this or any other country, especially when we contrast the size of our village with others. As we passed slowly along the lines, giving the hand of fellowship, Brother Swan, leading the way, commenced with an aged friend then just baptized, presenting his hand and giving excellent

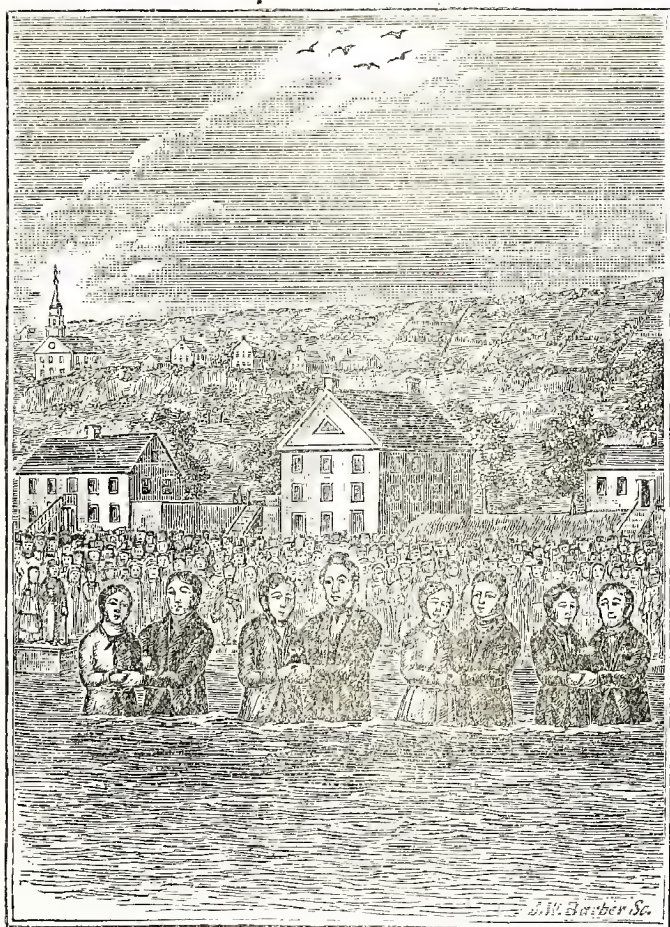
counsel as he passed the joyful converts, whose tears fell silently on cheeks lighted up by the bright hopes of immortality, flushing the countenance of the redeemed sinner with the noon-tide of glory, radiating the brow and indicating a near relation to that part of the family already in heaven. In the evening Elder Swan preached again, "The hand of the Lord being with him," and multitudes of mourners thronging the anxious seats, which sometimes extended over all the lower part of the audience room. And so the meetings went on during the week that followed the great communion.'

"On the Thursday evening after a new feature developed itself. Four lost their strength, and among them Elder Steward, a man of great self-possession and equanimity. One had to be carried home in a chair. On Friday evening three more were similarly exercised, somewhat resembling the features described by President Edwards in the great New Light Stir. Brother Steward and others related of themselves, that they were ineffably happy, having ecstatic views of their heavenly home, and a willingness and a longing to go home, or to 'sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss.' Otherwise we could perceive no special difference between those affected, and those that were not.

"Brother Swan was similarly affected about this time, though not so much overcome as to entirely lose his consciousness of things without. It seemed to be permitted to come upon him to satisfy his evidently puzzled desire to account for this frame. It showed itself, I well remember in the midst of a sermon he was preaching, and, if I recollect aright, at the moment when his discourse led him to describe the glorified state. He was physically prostrated and so great

was this power upon him, that he thought his time had come to ascend from his pulpit to glory ! From the top of Pisgah, he saw the indescribable beauty and attractions of the promised land, and began to take his leave of earthly scenes and waiting friends. His friends standing around and the congregation seemed to linger, almost looking for the chariot of Elijah; but he rallied to life and assured his friends that he had yet more work to do, that Satan would be too well pleased to get rid of him now, before God's time. It however filled him with rapture and a sympathy which he would not otherwise have felt for those that fell into this condition; for as an Evangelist, he was not given to visions, though he was not particularly disturbed by the noise of simultaneous prayer, where deep conviction of sin impelled awakened sinners, or corresponding anxiety compelled the saints.

“Sunday, September eighteenth, five weeks from the time our series of meetings began, it being the last Sunday Elder Swan was to be present, he was indeed ‘in the Spirit upon the Lord’s day,’ preaching with more than his wonted power. At the close of the morning services the baptismal waters on Gravel Street were visited as usual, and on this as well as upon other occasions four administrators went down into the water at once, one of whom was the M. E., minister, Mr. Phelps, all pronouncing the formula of baptism in the name of the Trinity, in concert, together baptizing the candidates, and simultaneously raising them from the water as Christ rose from the tomb, and pronouncing the loud ‘amen,’ as with one voice, when followed a verse of some appropriate hymn by the brethren upon the shore, and then other candidates stepped forward



THE UNION BAPTISM,

IN MYSTIC RIVER, CONN.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1842.

and followed the Savior's example in the sight often of a multitude; for the people never seemed to tire of these daily scenes. And such scenes, especially the simultaneous administration of the ordinance, I had never seen before, nor have I witnessed the like since. They were unsurpassed in beauty, solemnity, and impressiveness. And being in the warmest season they reminded one of the multitudes that gathered at the scene of the first Baptist's immersions, or that of the day of Pentecost when the administrators were doubtless many."

(By the by, many readers may thank us for stating that, in the Union Baptism scene, the crest of highland, in the extreme background of the picture, is a portion of the famous Pequot Hill, in Groton, where on the twenty-sixth of May, 1637, as Doctor Benjamin Trumbull expresses it, "by seventy-seven brave men, Connecticut was saved, and the most warlike and terrible Indian nation in New England defeated and ruined." F. D.)

"In the afternoon such converts present as had not already been welcomed into the churches, assembled in the conference lot, as before, seventy-eight in number, and received the hand of fellowship. An incident occurred on this day which, made a powerful impression upon the minds of many believers. It was the presentation of three prominent Congregational brethren from an adjoining town for scriptural baptism. 'He suffered them,' and 'they went on their way rejoicing.'

"Elder Swan left Mystic, on Tuesday, September twentieth, after he had been with us five weeks and two days. Memorable weeks for Mystic! More than four hundred persons had been baptized, and so thinned

were the ranks of unbelievers, and so completely had they withdrawn from their opposition, that it was easy to believe that the whole community had become or was in a way to become experimentally acquainted with pure and undefiled religion. Almost every house was a house of prayer, and in many, the whole household, from the child eight and ten years to the penitent octogenarian, had openly professed Christ, in baptism, and thus become members of his visible church, believing with all the house. All rum shops and rum drinking ceased. Swearing and evil-speaking were no more heard. Religion was the theme, and sinners were so accessible as to give great encouragement to hopeful believers. In short, the morals and character of this community were so improved as to give to those without a most favorable impression of the effects of living christianity. The imperfections of christians, though existing were no longer alledged as an excuse for rejecting christianity. Its claims were admitted. Millennial ideas, under such a condition of things, were fast gaining ground, and, among all, a better day for the church of God, and a more general recognition of the ordinances of God's house, obtained.

“It was at this time a rare thing to meet an open defender of infant baptism, among even the pedo-Baptists of this vicinity, for the point seemed to be conceded in favor of immersion. Indeed, so strong a Baptist was Brother Swan that he could not seem to find any excuse for a well-read Bible christian professor who should defend infant sprinkling, nor had he charity for a pedoBaptist minister, who, in the face of the recorded practice of the primitive christians, could administer it. He asserted they were committing con-

structive blasphemy in pronouncing the formula of the Trinity over so perverted an ordinance. He was equally decided on the folly of open communion with unbaptized believers. Baptism, he constantly repeated, was the only door to the visible church, and every baptized believer, walking uprightly, was entitled to the supper, while persons that pretend to have a hope must either obey the command "to arise and be baptized," or must stay on what he called the "Devil's common," and become a stumbling block to sinners. Either obey the command or abandon all claim to christianity, was the substance of his address to this class. And it drove most of them from their neutral ground to an open profession of their faith in Christ; for the evil had got to be very great and the practice quite common in Elder Greene's revivals, so called, to simply baptize converts, without reference to church membership. He denounced moralists as old Pharisees, and Universalists as willing servants of Satan. He held up clearly the doctrine of the final perseverance of real saints. He believed and taught that every sheep would come back to the fold, while only the goats preferred wandering, and isolation; and then to prevent any consolation to the wanderer, from this doctrine, while in disobedience, he assumed that all hopes that did not at once lead to obedience were spurious, and exhorted all to abandon such hope and get hold of one that had a motive in it to lead to complete consecration and instant obedience. Hence the belief of the doctrine of election was stripped of all possibilities of affording a refuge or excuse from immediate repentance, active faith and positive obedience. Hence many disbelievers in the doctrine were drawn towards his preaching, while the strongest predestina-

rians, who understood he was only guarding against the abuses of that doctrine, were among his best friends and followers. I cannot say I always thought his doctrinal sermons were consistent with each other. But he managed to retain the admiration of all except the absurdest antinomians, if such there were. I am speaking now only of his preaching during the great revival. He developed a transcendent talent for promoting revivals, and reaching the consciences of both saint and sinner. So much so, as to make the impression that he was better adapted to that phase of labor in God's kingdom, and by way of contrast, was not so well adapted to a regular pastorate. I shall not discuss it, but simply say that those who take that view have thought his willingness to multiply churches where schisms existed, confirmed their views and estimate of this man of God, while on the other hand, his actual success as a pastor has disproved his alleged weakness as a pastor, his critics themselves being judges. But without endorsing every act of our Evangelist as correct, or ascribing infallibility to any living minister, whether evangelist or pastor, let me give you my opinion of the secret of Brother Swan's success here, and of his power generally as an evangelist, particularly during the first thirty years of his ministry, but more especially as impressed upon my mind upon a pretty close analysis of his agency in the revival of 1842 in Mystic. My estimate may be incorrect but is the result of both my first impressions, and long subsequent acquaintance and observation.

"I believe God raised him up, qualified and sent him forth on the much needed mission of stirring up the churches to the necessity of special efforts to save souls

and to awaken the careless and impenitent to the danger of delaying to seek salvation. But God is not apt to choose passive instruments, although of course he can do it. But he chooses active instruments. Brother Swan was not disobedient to the heavenly calling; and God wrought wonderfully with him.

“He was a special defender of protracted meetings, and he exemplified and demonstrated their importance and practicability to the church. They have been to us as a denomination what camp meetings were to the Methodists who adopted them from the Cumberland Presbyterians and other christians of the West in the days of the pioneers.

“But aside from the question of the best means of promoting revivals and spirituality in Zion, upon which good men even may dare to differ, there yet arises before us this question, which is prompted not by mere curiosity, viz. ‘What was the secret of his power, and cause of his great success?’”

“If he or we can give the correct answer to that question, we shall greatly aid other laborers; for among his many earnest imitators and followers, few, if any, have been able to reach and wield that power over the masses, which is a potent element of success, or to inspire the confidence which he received and which assured his own success.

“Some have asserted that Brother Swan’s power lay in the uniqueness of his style, his startling paradoxes which sometimes move the propriety of the pillars and the pious sleepers in Zion, exciting as they say first curiosity, which draws out the people; and then giving them the gospel which becomes the power of God unto their salvation.

"Others place his strength mainly in his faith and confidence in the effect of persistently using the means which he believes God has ordained and approved; and therefore he constantly expected and realized results.

"Others held that his discernment of human nature enabled him to bring the proper motive to bear upon the consciences of men. Others pointed to the simplicity of his doctrinal truths, as he found them set forth in the Holy Scriptures. And all agreed that his power in prayer was great, sometimes marvellous. Doubtless all these combined to give him success.

"But I thought I discovered the immediate cause, the hidden spring, without which all these other causes were powerless. In conversation with him on one occasion, he spoke with much feeling of George Whitefield's success as an evangelist, and related this anecdote of him. 'A certain admirer of Whitefield, resolved to find out the secret of his great power over the masses, and not discovering it in any thing he saw publicly, the inquirer followed him and sought acquaintance with his habits in the secret chamber. He found that this servant of God prayed always fervently before retiring, and at once fell asleep, and ever as he awoke through the night he dropped upon his knees, and conversed with God; and when he came from his room in the morning, his countenance was illuminated with the light and love of Christ. Here was an inner life which the world knew not, but the inquirer followed him no longer to discover his secret; it was plain to him that it lay in the closet.' With this clew, I made due inquiry into Brother Swan's habits during the night, so far as I could obtain information, and learned that what he had told me of Whitefield was true of himself. He

prayed before retiring till God revealed himself, and ever during the night when he awoke he touched the wires that reached the throne, and always came forth in the morning with a simple undoubting trust that God had heard, and would answer and bless. With all his apparent reliance on means, they were all insignificant and held as naught without the power communicated in secret, and never for one moment lost sight of. He appeared like other ministers before the people, but he literally walked and conversed with God in his closet, in a larger sense, at this period of his ministry and his success, than any other servant of God I ever knew. It was not so much with the people, as with his God he had power. His influence over the masses was but the counterpart of, and subordinate to, his prevalence in prayer. His rough dealing with the masses, and his denunciations of false doctrines, perverted ordinances and impenitence, arose not from the want of the mild spirit of the gospel, but resulted from his conception of the pattern shown him in the mount, and like the meekest man described in the Bible, the sight of evil, and obstructions to the work of God, at times caused him in holy indignation to 'cast the tables out of his hands,' and break them beneath the mount, much to the concern of the staid elders and conservative brethren; or to burn their idols in the fires of his denunciation, or condemn sin however popular or dear, which he, as it were, ground to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made God's sinning people, drink of it; so that pious souls would sometimes turn up their eyes in holy horror, at the quaint and forcible language and startling figures of speech which he used

in making bare God's neglected truths to men who had been gospel hardened.

"At such times there was no escaping his fiery logic. The sin was uncovered and spread out in all its hideousness, just as the prophet said to the tall sinner of old, 'Thou art the man.' And when he brought out his terrible 'threshing instrument having teeth,' his sermon did not breathe the smooth words or the peaceable things which suited them that were 'at ease in Zion;' but I believe he felt the promise which was given to the prophet: 'Fear not, I will help thee.' And this confirms our belief that there was a power which he received in the mount of God in answer to prayer, that gave him such power over the hearts of men, and made him perfectly fearless in the denunciation of all sin, while, at the same time, he had within the sweetness of a pure gospel full of real compassion, gentleness and love, which those most intimate with him saw and felt. He knew the power of God.

"How gentle and encouraging were his words to the trembling sinners, and how ready was he to lead in prayer for them after he appeared exhausted by the labors of the day or evening, and how often did his Master witness his faith by sending immediate deliverance to many a captive soul. Or if any one was cast down with grief or discouraged, no man could more kindly, by sympathy and affectionate counsel, lift the desponding soul into daylight and direct their feet into the shining way.

"If I have not revealed the secret of his power, in what I have said of his remarkable intercourse with God in prayer, I have no doubt you will see my mistake; but I am persuaded of the correctness of this

view; and I am quite sure he luxuriated in the rich pasture enclosed from the sight of the worldling, and yet invitingly opened by the beloved disciple, viz. 'If you ask any thing in my name I will do it.' Brother Swan asked for great things, he expected great things, and he labored for them, and his prayers and expectations were answered.

"And here it seems to me lies a solution of the fact that all his imitators have signally failed, for they failed of that inner walk with God, that holy communion with and communication from God, to which alone, with all his labors, he ascribed his success. He glorified God only, forgetting himself and his labors. They had all the outward appliances, the quaintness, the startling phrases, the denunciations, the bold modulations and high strains, and sometimes his length of discourse and forms of prayer, and received the responses, touching every apparent key and having certain results, but the hidden key they never touched, for it is wholly inaccessible to any but the purest motive, the deepest humility and absolute self abasement, and the nearest and most confidential intercourse with Christ. And it was Christ and his cross alone which he preached, for had he varied or hesitated, he would it seems to me have instantly lost his power with God and his power over the hearts and consciences of men."

WM. H. POTTER.

MYSTIC RIVER, CONN. AUGUST 1, 1873.

To Deacon Potter's valuable paper we add a few incidents belonging to the same season of revival. Mr. P. alludes to the baptism of certain Congregationalists. It was somewhat on this wise: As Elder Swan came up from the tide with his last regular candidate, he paused at

the river's margin, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, it has been done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." Then looking on the multitude he asked, "Is there any other person here who is ready to obey Jesus Christ in baptism?" To the surprise of all, Deacon E. G——, an honored officer of the Congregational church in an adjoining town, who had previously built the Mariners' Free Church and some of the best residences in the place, and was everywhere known as an active christian, stepped forward and said, "Elder Swan, I want to be baptized." Nothing disconcerted, the Evangelist turned to the vast assembly, and said, "Brethren and sisters, of all the churches here represented; as many of you as know Deacon E. G——, and you all know him well, and think him worthy of baptism according to his own request, please manifest it by a show of hands." A multitude of hands went up. Said the preacher, "Come on, Deacon." And they went down both into the water, both the Elder and the Deacon, and he baptized him. And as they came up out of the water the Deacon, with great emphasis and feeling, said, "Now I am satisfied." The Elder raised an appropriate hymn that, caught by a thousand lips, made the valley ring with joy. Then followed the baptism of Mr. S. G——, a member of the same church. Both of these worthy men, as was afterwards learned, had come from their homes for the express purpose of obtaining "the answer of a good conscience toward God." And they went home rejoicing.

During the same revival a Mr. B., a backslidden Methodist, was bitterly opposed to Elder Swan, and seized every means and opportunity to defame and annoy him. On one Sabbath the meeting house was

crowded, and the Evangelist was "in the Spirit." Laying down the doctrine of his text, and drawing out his propositions, and bringing in his proofs and illustrations he swept on to his weighty conclusion. Preparatory to his final appeal however, he paused and did the uncommon thing of calling upon all in the house to testify their assent to his argument and conclusion by rising up. All in the house rose up save Mr. B., who was sitting in the end of a body slip next to the south aisle. He, instead of rising, slammed back the slip door, slid out into the aisle and sat down on his feet. Elder Swan, observing him, invited the congregation to be seated. Then calmly, while his eye glowed with animation, he spoke briefly of the children of God as sheep, and the Savior as the Shepherd. Then, lifting up his stentorian voice, he exclaimed, "Whoever in God's world saw a sheep sit back on his haunches?" and at the same time imitated the posture of Mr. B. Rising again, with double strength of voice, he added, "Beware of dogs." The blow was effective. The scoffer was dumb. He is now a preacher of the gospel among the Baptists, and a friend and admirer of the Evangelist.

Again, while standing near the meeting house, before service, conversing with some of the converts, he was rudely approached by a Mr. P. from Flanders, whose breath indicated what spirit he was of, and who said, "Elder Swan, I heard you was having powerful meetings here, and I have come over to get some of your good religion." The Elder, fixing his eagle glance upon him, instantly and emphatically replied, "Well, sir, you called at the wrong shop before you got here."

Before leaving this field we must add some extracts from

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

"As the interest increased, I inquired of the pastors whether family prayer was generally observed, and was informed that it was too much neglected. I preached upon the subject what I called my serpent sermon, and Elder Denison told me the next day that he should think a hundred family altars were reared the night after the discourse. My text was Ex. iv.: 2, 3, 4, 'And the Lord said unto him (Moses) what is that in thine hand? And he said a rod. And He said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thy hand and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand.'

"My drift of thought was on this theme; the dreadful results following the prostration of holy things.

"Moses' rod was an emblem of God's power. When cast down it turned to a serpent. So with the prostration of holy things. Among holy things are :

I. Fallen vows; vows made when redeemed to God; and vows made all along the line of religious life.

II. The prostration of altars erected to offer sacrifices to God. Secret altars, family altars, public altars. All these are sacred things. The prostration of all, or either of these, turns the whole into a brood of serpents which pursue him who casts them down.

"Flight is vain. A serpent will outrun a man. The rod to Moses and Israel was a banner when properly erected and firmly held. In the battle between Israel

and the Amalekites, while Moses held up the rod, Israel prevailed; when it fell down, Amalek prevailed.

“So in the christian life, the things which honor God when elevated and kept high and strong above opposing forces, constitute a banner of salvation; but when thrown down are turned to terrible annoyances. Where a man’s family altar is prostrated troubles multiply like stinging serpents. If in visiting a friend he is invited to lead in family prayer, the serpent begins his stinging reproach, ‘You don’t pray at home! you don’t pray at home!’

III. The only way to get out of this sorrowful dilemma is to take hold of the serpent. A hard duty. But as soon as the hand is firmly on it, it turns back into the rod of God. Altars must be reared up. Vows must be paid. Then God will appear. All will be turned to instruments of power again, and victories will be won for God.

“Our Brother Calvin Morgan rendered the meetings essential aid. His fasting and prayer of forty days had prepared him to attempt great things for God, and to expect great things from God. For some ten hours of the day he prayed each hour. Often his season of prayer would come into my sermon. He would ask, ‘Brother Swan, will you stop a minute while I pray?’ I always complied. He would lead off after this manner, ‘O Lord, Thou who makest thine angels spirits, and thy ministers a flame of fire, O bless Brother Swan; fill him with thy Spirit, and send down the power on the congregation. Amen.’

•“Adding an amen, I would resume my sermon. As much was said, I made inquiries about him, and found he was much esteemed before his conversion, and after

it had honored God by an irreproachable life. In respect to his fasting forty days, he told me that he put a little salt upon his tongue occasionally and drank water, but never took a particle of food. I inquired of Doctor B. F. Stoddard, a valued citizen and christian man, whose word was never at a discount. He said he saw him every day of the fast; and after sixteen days made up his mind he would live. I told Brother Morgan to go ahead in our meetings, and I would back him up with all the power and character I had. He gave his shout, 'Glory to God!' and said 'You are the first minister that ever endorsed for me.'

"A grove northwest of the meeting house was called 'Paradise.' Thither Brother Morgan, after meetings, would retire for prayer. Often others resorted there with him. My Brother C. Packer, with whom I made my home, would sometimes come in and say, 'Well, Elder, Paradise rings to-night; Brother Calvin and others are praying.'

"Rev. B. C. Phelps, the Methodist minister, and his people came in with us heartily, and the Lord came with them. I asked him if he believed in immersion. He replied, 'Yes, as strong as you do; I was baptized in the river.' Thereafter Brothers Steward, Denison, Phelps and myself, descended together into the river, each with two converts, one on each arm, and repeated together the baptismal formula, and together baptized four happy converts at a time.

"The Universalists attempted to do something, but were like unhappy Samson who, as Doctor Watts has it, 'made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.' Brother S. B. Bailey, who had been their leader, came over on the Lord's side during the refreshing, and has since done

valuable service for the Redeemer. A Mr. Bradford, formerly a Methodist class-leader, but who had somehow fallen from his elevation, and was opposed to me and my measures, was finally subdued by the truth.

“At our sunrise prayer meeting I found, before the time arrived, Doctor Stoddard and Captain C. C. Lewis seated on the rocks in front of the church. My heart was moved for my friend Lewis, whose family I knew and loved. I asked him to kneel with us in prayer on the rocks. He consented. Our meeting lasted till about nine o’clock. Friend Lewis was converted, as his after life proved, and before that year was out he commenced his life-work of preaching the gospel, in which he had signal success. His first happy labors were in Key West, Florida, where he assisted in organizing a Baptist church, and where he was ordained on the independent platform of Baptists, as the church had none to assist them.”

J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

REVIVAL IN NEW LONDON, CONN.

J. H. CROCKER'S LETTER.—MEETINGS.—DOUBTS.—CROWDS.—SUCCESS.—CASES.—PLAINNESS.—ASSISTANTS.—HUNDREDS CONVERTED.—MIDNIGHT BAPTISMS.—IN THE STREETS.—CITY BLESSED.—SAILORS.—OPPOSERS.—UNIVERSALISTS.—INCIDENTS.—HUNTINGTON STREET HOUSE.—DEDICATION.—MAIN LAW.—SECOND CHURCH.—CATHOLICITY.—FRUITS.—INFLUENCE.—DEA. J. NILES' LETTER.—MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—PRAYER ROOM.—G. R. DARROW.—CONVERSIONS.—UNIVERSALISTS.—EXPLANATION.—BAPTISM.—LIES.—LETTERS.—METHODISTS.—RESULTS.

WE are the more pleased with the paper now before us that the writer is a layman and a Congregationalist. Not alone the important facts found in it, but the spirit it breathes, and the proof it gives of a catholic christian fellowship, make it worthy of study.

“A religious interest began in New London early in the autumn of 1842, and measures were taken by some of our churches to promote a religious revival. The First Baptist church under the pastoral care of Rev. H. R. Knapp, secured the services of Rev. Jabez S. Swan who came to our city early in October. It was evident that a large and increasing attention to religious matters was pervading the community, and the inquiry of many was, what can we do to promote the cause of God in our midst. Such was the feeling when Elder Swan came to New London.

“Elder Swan's first appearance at the First Baptist church was the cause of gathering large audiences of people. His manner of presenting the truth was dif-

ferent from what the people had been in the habit of hearing, which caused at first not a little surprise and wonder. He attacked those professors of religion whom he considered as asleep and cold, in such a way as often to draw down upon himself the condemnation and denunciations of that class of people. The community at large suspended their judgment whether to approve of his mode of operation or not; but when the people became acquainted with him, their prejudices gave way, and Mr. Swan was acknowledged to be not only an able christian minister, but his only desire was to win souls to Christ, and if he was used as the humble instrument of so doing his desire was to give God the entire glory.

“During the series of meetings, which lasted ten weeks, we think, large crowds of people attended. It was two or three weeks before any very decisive fruits were manifest. Large numbers began to be interested and became deeply concerned for their spiritual welfare, and many new born converts began to testify to the joys of pardon, and to ‘ring up,’ as the Elder would say, a risen and crucified Savior. The work spread over the city, until every Evangelical church, to a greater or less extent, felt the power of an intense religious interest. Backsliders in large numbers were reclaimed, and many of the hardest and most hopeless cases in the city were heard to ask what they must do to be saved.

“Being a man of very positive views, as a matter of course he was positive in what he said. Truth, as he understood it, was earnestly and uncompromisingly presented; and scepticism, infidelity, and what he conceived to be dangerous error, often staggered under his

sledge hammer blows. Universalism and a christless religion found no sympathy with him.

"Prominent among those who assisted him in his meetings were Deacons Isaac Harris, Richard Harris, Deacon Weaver, and Mr. Douglass Harris all of whom have gone to their reward ; their record is on high; the love and affection and efficiency of those excellent men were of great service to the evangelist; and the christian community remember with sincere and lively thankfulness, the godly example and self-sacrificing and zealous activity of those Fathers in Israel. They have passed away and are safe on the Shining Shore.

"From 280 to 300 were taken into the church during the revival (so we are informed). Among the many interesting scenes connected with its history were the midnight baptisms. On several occasions converts went from the church to the water side and were baptized at midnight. This was a new and to some a curious feature in that great religious interest. We happen to know some of those who were baptized under those circumstances, and they at this time are among the most steadfast and exemplary christians to be found in the church. One gentleman whose name we might give is extensively known in New London as an upright citizen of influence, and the weight of whose name carries with it respect and confidence. Others might be mentioned in connection with this. These instances alone are sufficient to vindicate the practice resorted to, although at what, some might think, an unreasonable hour. It was a peculiarity of that time, and perhaps under the circumstances was all right. At any rate, if the seal of the Head of the Church was set upon it, we should be content. Other incidents connected with

this revival were, marching the street of our city late at night after the services at the church had closed. This happened on one or more occasions. This may seem fanatical, and not in place, at first; but still it had good effect. The singing did much to arouse the slumbering to a sense of their condition and to impress on the minds of the people the fact that other interests than ordinary ones could claim their attention. Those processions would form at the church, march through a given number of streets in an orderly manner, close with prayer, and the people retire to their homes. On one occasion the procession passed up Main street; through Church street, Union street, returned to the First Baptist church, descended to the foot of the hill near the residence of Deacon Isaac Harris, where all joined in prayer, and then the people retired to their homes.

“This was not the first midnight march in New London. More than a hundred years previous to this a similar state of things occurred in our town. Rev. Mr. Davenport, who was at that time holding meetings in the town, placed himself at the head of a large number and marched about the place, singing and shouting at midnight, ‘Come to Christ! Come to Christ!’ This is narrated in Miss Caulkins’ History of New London. A great religious revival was in progress at that time. Much good doubtless resulted in both instances, although seemingly odd and out of place in the opinion of many.

“One remarkable feature of the revival alluded to, was the ingathering of an unusual number of adults into the different churches. This was the great character of the interest; and for a number of weeks in passing

the streets of the city at night from almost numberless dwellings, the voice of prayer might be heard, often mingled with praise from those who were rejoicing in new-born hopes. It seemed sometimes as if the whole city was moved by the power of the eternal world.

“It is estimated that the number of those who became subjects of grace in New London and vicinity, was not less than one thousand. -Instances might be mentioned where those on board of vessels in the river, and strangers in the place, would suddenly become interested and converted under the most remarkable circumstances, so much so as almost to confound even those who had the fullest confidence in the work. Sometimes the appeals of Elder Swan from the pulpit were such as to draw especially the attention of those who were sceptical in their opinions. We remember on one occasion a person occupying a position in the gallery of the church, taking notes of the sermon. This being noticed by the preacher, he directed some characteristic remarks to the person in question, which quickly turned the attention of the audience in that direction. The person was one well known to be an opposer of religion, and was not the gainer by this uncalled-for exhibition of his hate to Elder Swan and the cause he advocated.

“On another occasion several persons attended one of the Elder’s evening meetings, and as soon as there was an opportunity one of their number arose and began to talk on subjects not in accordance with the object of the meeting. He was requested to desist; but he continued in spite of all that could be said. He was removed from the house, and much condemnation was showered upon the heads of the Baptist church in consequence. But that those persons went to the meeting

on purpose to bring themselves into notoriety, and to court what they would call persecution, is certain.

“On another occasion during the meetings, a large crowd of young men and boys came into the middle aisle of the church and showed some contempt for the services, and a disposition to make disturbance, wearing their hats. At the time they were severely reproved, and deservedly so, by the preacher, and they were glad to beat a hasty retreat to save themselves from the clutches of the law, which should have been meted out to them for their infamous conduct.

“The opposition to Mr. Swan and the cause he advocated was very decided and bitter about this time. The Universalist society purchased a lot of land on Huntington street and erected a house of worship; and it was said by many that Elder Swan’s denunciations of Universalism did much toward its erection; and it was also claimed that the Elder said, in reply to those assertions, that the time would come when an orthodox gospel would be preached from the pulpit of the house in question. Be that as it may, in due time the orthodox faith was proclaimed from the pulpit by Elder Swan himself, and the house is at present the property of the Huntington Street Baptist church.

“We have thus far given a hasty sketch of the revival which followed the coming of Elder Swan to New London, with a few of the many incidents that took place; but it is only a small part of what happened at that time. Should any one undertake to give a minute history of the revival in question, such an one would have a chance to fill a volume. Should the self-sacrificing labors of such men as the Deacons Harris, Weaver, Latham, and a host of others, be given to the world

as they were, it would appear that a much greater work was performed than we have any real idea of. This was thirty years ago; but many of the most faithful and exemplary christian men and women to be found in the evangelical churches in our city to-day, look back to that time as the crisis of their lives when they chose the good part.

"After his pastorate of the First Baptist church, Mr. Swan was for a while in Albany, New York, where his labors were crowned with success. Subsequently he returned to New London and became pastor of the Huntington Street Baptist church, where his ministry was highly successful, and large numbers were added to that church.

"We remember being present at the dedication service at that church; and among other clergymen present was the Rev. Mr. Cook, of Jewett City, an able and zealous laborer in the cause, remarkable for his boldness in preaching. There was a sort of novelty attending this dedication, as it had recently been purchased from the Universalists, under circumstances which gave rise to much speculation respecting the train of circumstances which brought about the change. This was not at all to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the feeling which existed between the two denominations in New London.

"An incident in connection with the Elder's ministry with this church must not be forgotten. Just previously to the April election, the great issue was the Maine Law question. On the morning of Election day, quite early, there was a prayer meeting at this church for the success of the Maine Law ticket. Among those present were Deacon Isaac Harris, and a Brother

W——. This Brother W——, a democrat, was about to engage in prayer, and was observed by Deacon Harris, who said aloud, in a style peculiar to himself, ‘Lord help the democrat to pray.’ The meeting was of course a good one, and was well attended by a host of Temperance men and women.

“The last settlement of Mr. Swan as a pastor in New London was with the Second Baptist church, which was his third pastorate in the city; he having served all three of Baptist churches; a very unusual circumstance, which shows conclusively how much he was loved and esteemed by the people of the city. His ministry with this church was of shorter duration than with the other two, though it was crowned with his usual success. Elder Swan was often found in other pulpits than his own. His catholicity of spirit toward other christian bodies, has always made him a favorite and popular preacher. The Congregationalists and Methodists frequently sought his council and advice, and occasionally secured his services in their pulpits. Beside that, his services were called for frequently out of his own town, as an evangelist. Norwich, Mystic, Jewett City, and other places in their vicinity, and at a distance, found in him one who was untiring in his exertions to preach the gospel to all classes and conditions of men.

“The last place of his pastoral care was in the town of Waterford, in New London county, over the church where the good Elder Darrow labored for many years. Here his labors have been greatly successful, and large numbers have been baptized and added to the church. This church is a prominent one in the denomination, in eastern Connecticut; and from this sprung the Baptist

church in New London. Those churches in and about this part of New London county, have always been considered as firm in the faith and order of the denomination, exerting a large influence in the religious welfare of the communities where they are situated; and the name of Mr. Swan has become fitly associated with that of Darrow, and Burrows, and West, and others who have passed away, and left a rich legacy behind, by their lives of devotion and fidelity to the christian ministry.

“Although Elder Swan belongs to the Baptist denomination, and is a Baptist in every sense of the word, yet he is a liberal man, and to a large extent belongs to the people. Every christian denomination can claim him as a staunch advocate of the doctrines and principles held in common by evangelical christians. All have shared in and been benefited by his labors. It has been estimated that he has baptized nearly or quite 8,000 persons, and full 10,000 have been converted during his ministry. Of these, many hundreds, of course, connected themselves with other denominations, carrying with them zeal and activity which lighted the fires of devotion on hundreds of altars which otherwise never would have burned so brightly; and in this way his spirit, zeal and power have been felt very generally. His eccentric way of expression, and his peculiar style of preaching, have contributed largely to his usefulness, and served in an eminent degree to forward the work for which he is justly celebrated.

“We have said that Mr. Swan was a friend to every one, and was sometimes placed prominently where this was appreciated by all; and the people without distinction of sect or party, showed their respect for him.

He was often called to preside at conventions, associations and ordinations. In his own denomination, deference was shown him from all. He was one of the bearers at the funeral of Rev. Doctor McEwen the former beloved pastor of the First Congregational church in New London, a man of great ability and profoundly respected by all who knew him; and it has been said by some that Doctor McEwen's mantle had fallen upon the shoulders of Elder Swan in his being the next oldest and most venerated minister in New London.

"To show how true it is that the love and affection of the christian citizens of New London are with him, we need only say that on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, or golden wedding as some call it, hundreds were present, including the pastors of two Congregational churches, Doctor Daggett and Doctor Fields with many of their people, and left a large and generous contribution as a token of friendship and esteem. Other christian bodies were freely represented, and left substantial evidence of their love and appreciation for him. These things go to show how this good man is venerated in the community where for thirty years he has devoted much of his time in preaching the gospel, and pointing men to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

"But the people will not forget Elder Swan, long after he shall have gone to the grave; his sayings, his doings, and his examples, will live, and his name will long be associated with every christian movement calculated to elevate and bless mankind. His ministry from the time he began to preach to the present time, has been crowned by a success rarely granted to any

man. In season and out of season, he has preached the gospel to all classes and conditions of men. Through storms and sunshine he always labored seeking the glory of the Master rather than his own; and we think that few ministers of Christ will at last have more stars in their crown of rejoicing than Elder Swan.

"Mr. Swan is one of nature's noblemen. In him is combined, to an unusual extent, the graces which make the man and the christian. These secure for himself the confidence, esteem and affection of all who know him. In conversation he is at home on almost any subject. In his public intercourse he is the personification of the true gentleman. No one, however humble will go from his presence without receiving that attention and deference which his generous nature accords to every one. No subject worthy of notice will be passed over lightly by him without receiving that regard of which it is deserving. And no person ever went to him in distress, either in body or mind, but they had their full share of kindness and sympathy from him. In short he shows in an eminent degree the real greatness of a christian gentleman, blended with a childlike simplicity, which must command the admiration of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"Elder Swan is now, August twenty-fourth, 1873, supplying a pulpit in New London for a short time in the absence of the pastor, and preaches with all the energy of twenty years ago; and although more than three score years and ten have passed over him, he is yet smart and active, ready to labor as ever. He has during the last few years in New London, preached more or less in revivals to great acceptance, and we hope the time is far in the future when he will be obliged to retire

from the field. May the great head of the church, who has watched over him and crowned his labors with so much success, still be his support, and be with him through the changing scenes of life, that at its close he may be like one of old, and say, 'Lord now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"In April, 1867, Rev. J. D. Potter held meetings for several days with the Second Congregational church in our city, during a powerful revival. Elder Swan attended several of the meetings, and assisted in the services, to great acceptance, and was in full fellowship with the movement."

JOHN H. CROCKER.

NEW LONDON, CONN., AUGUST, 1873.

We here add the testimony of Deacon John Niles, a worthy officer of the Congregational church in Salem, Connecticut:

"I owe my conversion to Elder Swan. In 1842, at the time of the great revival in New London, I drove some stock to Uncle Isaac Harris, the butcher, deacon of the Baptist church. Having driven some distance, arriving about noon, I was asked to dine with him, and consented. At his house he introduced me to Elder Swan, saying, 'All this man lacks is the grace of God; for he deals uprightly between man and man.' Elder Swan asked me if I did not think it was time I began to think of the salvation of my soul. I told him that I always intended to get religion at some time, but had not found time yet. After dinner Elder Swan said, 'We never allow unconverted persons to come here and go away without having a season of prayer with them.'

He then asked me to go up into his room, where was Rev. B. Cook, Deacon Harris and wife and daughter. These all prayed for me. Before Elder Swan prayed he wanted me to do all I could for myself, and I promised him I would. He urged me to promise that I would set out in earnest to seek my salvation, and I gave him such promise. He then prayed, and asked the Lord, among other things, that I might obtain fire from God's altar, and go home and set the standing corn of the Philistines on fire.'

"I went home with a heavy load on my heart; that prayer was sounding in my ears. I told my wife my determination was to seek Christ. A few evenings after, the Methodists had a watch meeting, and I reached the meeting near its close. The question was asked if there was any one present who wanted to be prayed for? I arose. They asked me what I wanted. I replied, I meant to seek salvation, and wanted a meeting appointed at my house the next Tuesday evening. "The meeting was held; and then I was converted. And it resulted as Elder Swan had prayed. The fire was carried into the standing corn. Many of the stout hearted were converted, and we had a blessed time in that neighborhood that winter. I give God the glory, but there was a human agency, and that was Elder Swan."

JOHN NILES.

AUGUST, 1873.

As supplementary to the foregoing papers we select a few pertinent paragraphs from

MR. SWAN'S RECORD.

"I commenced with the First Baptist church in New London on Sabbath, in the old house on the rocks.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,

NEW LONDON, CONN.

OCTOBER, 1842.

My first text was 'Before honor is humility.' Rev. Henry R. Knapp was the pastor, a most devoted servant of Christ. The church, during the two preceding

years, had enjoyed two precious revivals, and the converts were full of active life. To set apart time in the third year for special efforts, looked a little like the 'plowman overtaking the reapers.' Yet the church seemed intent on launching out into the deep and letting down the net for another draught.

"All sorts of reports were soon raised about our meetings and myself. All Satan's old tactics were brought into requisition, and some of a new variety. At the close of the first month, however, we had baptized, I think, one hundred.

"At the time of the meeting we had no Baptist church on the opposite side of the river—Groton Bank. Conversions there multiplied to such an extent that shortly a church was organized, now the Groton Bank Baptist church, having a happy and flourishing life.

"My home at this time, in New London, was with Deacon Isaac Harris, from whom, as also from his most amiable wife and family, I received the utmost kindness. Into this house the salvation of God frequently came. Rev. George R. Darrow, then a young man, was a member of the family, an interesting young man, but unconverted. Great anxiety was felt for him. We had one room in the house called the prayer room, to which inquirers also were often invited. George at length gave evidence that God had really apprehended him. Increasing prayer from the family went up to God; late into the hours of the night, and at the break of day, the cry was heard for George; once it continued till two o'clock in the morning. Finally George yielded his heart to Christ, arose in joy and followed Christ into the baptismal grave.

"A brother of Deacon P. C. Turner was invited to

our prayer room, and there found salvation. Deacon Richard Harris invited a gentleman of his acquaintance to the same Bethel room, after the services had closed in the church, the man promising to give himself to Christ. For him we held on in prayer till about one o'clock in the night, when God brought him into liberty. After the ancient example, though a little later in the night, we resorted to the river, sang praises, offered prayer, and baptized him who had believed.

“A man, on board a United States gun-boat in the harbor, standing watch on deck, heard the singing and praying, and was led to seek his God. He came on shore and followed his Lord's example in baptism on the sacred spot where the high praises of God were rung out under the stars, on the serene stillness of night, like the song of the shepherds in concert with a portion of the choir of heaven.

“The Universalists were offended with our work, and especially with me for alluding to their creed. They did their utmost in opposing us and the measures we took to save souls. I could never see, if all men are to be saved, why any should oppose their salvation. But while we were at work day and night to turn men away from their sins, these Universalists became more and more opposed to us. At length they purchased a lot and commenced to build a meeting house. The timid now exclaimed, ‘Elder Swan has done more to build up Universalism than all that was ever done before.’ I replied, ‘Wait till I have done with it.’ I did my utmost, in my way, to have them go ahead, as they themselves will testify. I said when it was done I would preach and hold a protracted meeting in it, as I finally did.

“In my work in seeking to save men, I have followed, as I still intend to follow, the truth of God as it is revealed. I have often said, if Universalism is true, the clause of the sermon on the mount which reads, ‘Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leads to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; while strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it,’ ought to be translated, Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leads to heaven, and all will go there; while strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and no one can find it. Abner Kneeland, in his translation of the New Testament, failed of giving the passage this rendering.

“It never gave me pleasure to oppose any class of my fellow men for religious views. But on the other hand, I am honest in my views as a preacher of the gospel. I should be a traitor to God and men, and even unfaithful to Universalists, if I did not oppose their whole scheme as fallacious and destructive. In this I stand like all my evangelical brethren. The only question is, as to the best way to sap the foundation of errorists, and give to them a better hope than one built upon sand.

“I think those who remember the revival of 1842, will testify that all was done to oppose us which human ingenuity could invent, led by the Prince of the power of the air. The end of the second month of the meeting witnessed about one hundred more added to the church. Some of the churches around us engaged in the good work, and the interest became general. A marked feature of the work was in the conversion of men of the sea, and among them some of the noblest

men that ever sailed the ocean. Many too came from the region round about, some even from Norwich, and found the salvation of God.

"I remember the case of one gentleman of good standing in the community, who came into the meeting and said, 'I have been trying to attend to my business, but am compelled to leave it and come to the house of God. If hell is any hotter than my bed, I pity those who are there.' He was converted and baptized. His wife immediately followed him, and her baptism was remarkable. She insisted on going right forward, though I thought the sea, on account of the heavy southeast storm, was quite too rough. She would not be put off. We resorted to the harbor amid falling rain and raging winds. As we descended, she walked ahead of me, nothing intimidated by the breaking waves. And as I buried her with Christ, by baptism, into death, an incoming wave submerged us both, and we were 'baptized in the cloud and in the sea.' All passed off in order, and we all praised the Lord in fullness of heart. Then husband and wife were happy, being joined to the Lord, and of one spirit.

"Religion became the topic of conversation everywhere. Everybody was for or against it. I was the chief target for marksmen. Some of the lies put in circulation were amusing. One was that I left my family in Norwich, New York, suffering for the comforts of life. Another was, that my friends were boxing up dry goods and sending them to my family. I wheeled the two falsehoods face to face, like two of the kine which swam the river in the time of Pharaoh and fed on the meadow—one extremely lean and the other fat. Another of the lies set afloat was, that I had made

a contract with the church to receive, for every five converts, one barrel of sword fish. I remember the man who put this in motion and sent it abroad; and I cannot forget the way in which he closed up with earth.

"Letters were written to Norwich, New York, about my character and standing there. General DeForest, an Episcopalian, a most worthy christian gentleman, responded, endorsing me and my work. Another gentleman responded who had been a Universalist, and who, they supposed, still belonged to that order. His reply gave an account of his conversion to God, and contained a recommendation such as a christian heart would dictate.

"So the walls of God's spiritual building went steadily up. Great multitudes resorted to the water to witness the ordinance of baptism. Husbands and wives, parents and children, put on Christ.

"The interest was much increased by the union of our Methodist brethren with us in our baptismal scenes. Their pastor, church, and converts, mingled freely at the water side, whither they had come to bury the obedient with Christ in baptism.

"I believe the meetings continued about eleven weeks, and the additions to the church were nearly three hundred. Our meetings closed on a full tide. The last communion season, before the meetings closed, was very impressive. Some three hundred newly added members were seated with the church. All hearts seemed filled with the fullness of God."

CHAPTER XIV.

REVIVAL IN ALBANY, NEW YORK.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—THE WAY PREPARED.—THE MEETING HOUSE.—MILLERISM.—OLD TRUTHS.—GENERAL INTEREST.—DEEP WORK.—LATE MEETINGS.—CLOUD OF WITNESSES.—AGED WORKERS.—BAPTISTERY.—NUMBER OF CONVERTS.—S. M. FISH.—DEACON WASSON.—AN ATHEIST.—OTHER CHURCHES.—REPORTERS.—DAILY PAPERS.—DOCTOR WELCH.—REV. L. RAYMOND.—RESULTS.—RALLYING TEXT.—THREE HUNDRED.—FAREWELL SERVICE.—PARTING.—YEAR'S WORK.

“SHORTLY after closing my labors in New London, Connecticut, I commenced a protracted meeting with the Green Street Baptist church in Albany, New York. I never had my way so effectively prepared for a successful effort in my life. Those who were interested to blight my hopes and annihilate my influence for good, had collected all they could find which had been published in the Universalist paper, at Utica, called the ‘Gospel Advocate and Evangelical Magazine’—more properly the Gospel Libeler and Diabolical Machine—which with all sorts, gathered from all quarters, was bound up in pamphlet form and distributed through all the rum shops and dens of iniquity, and spread broadcast in the city. I presume had I expended a thousand dollars in advertising, I could not have aroused such an anxiety to hear him who was reported as coming to turn things upside down.

“The Green Street meeting house was very large, having been built for a theatre. While it was in pro-

gress, as I was told, an elderly lady, a member of the First Baptist Church in Albany, was passing through Green street, and when she reached the mass of building materials, the thought came over her that her church had no sanctuary, and here the Devil was at work building for the purpose of destroying souls. She stopped where she was and sent up a cry to God to give that building to the Baptists. True to his word, God answered prayer. Of course Satan, by some means, found out how that engine for the damnation of souls was wrested from his grasp by the power of prayer, and strove mightily to oppose building up Christ's cause on that spot which he had foreordained as a highway to hell. The church was now well united and prepared for welcoming refreshings from the presence of the Lord.

"The year 1843 had now commenced, and the Millerite excitement was upon the country with all its force. Notwithstanding all the unhappy results which followed it, a general awakening was produced which favored an effort to rally the people to go up to hear the gospel. An excitement was in Albany when we commenced. Instead of attempting to work with the Millerite excitement I began with the church on the first principles laid down by Christ. For some two weeks I held to such truths as this, 'Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, uphold me by thy Spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee;'—preparation—teaching—converting results.

"A tide of life began to flow through the church. But every thing outside was acting with a hurricane power. The Millerite meetings were thronged by multitudes of the devout from the different denominations,

praying for the conversion of men, and exulting in view of the immediate appearing of Christ. With these forces all at work, and the powers of the pit bent in to oppose, a remarkable state of things was produced. Notwithstanding all this, in our sanctuary deep solemnity prevailed. The work advanced with steadiness. The power of the Holy Spirit was upon the church binding them to the cross of Christ and to his work, as gravitation binds together the parts of the material universe.

“One of the hardest things to control was to induce our congregation to retire from the sanctuary when our meetings were dismissed. Many tarried till ten and eleven o’clock at night. In the church at this time were many aged pilgrims, such as Deacons Woodruff, Wasson, and Salden, men full of the Holy Spirit and of faith, men of great steadiness, firmness, and confidence in God. The coming up of the anxious for prayers was like the rising of a cloud of witnesses to the power of God; and the testimony of converts to the goodness of the Lord was mingled with our devotions; and larger numbers were soon asking for admittance to the church.

“The church was furnished with a very commodious baptistery, having room for two administrators and two candidates at the same time. In a short time one hundred happy souls were baptized into the church on profession of their faith. The converts were mostly youth, with here and there one in middle life, some husbands, some wives. The old Green Street church was wonderfully steadfast, immoveable and abounding in the work of the Lord; nothing terrified by their adversaries. The surface waters were exceedingly troubled,

but beneath all there were depths heaving in a ground swell that set at defiance the very gates of hell.

“Finally men of might began to bow and break before God’s mighty forces. I was called on, with a friend, to visit Mr. Sands M. Fish, a man of great positiveness of character, a man formerly of my own state (Groton, Conn). We called on his family in the afternoon, before he came in from his business, and freely conversed with them. His wife had long professed religion, but never prayed in the hearing of any mortal. I could not get a pledge from her to pray with her husband, but a kind of silence warranted the hope that she finally would. When Mr. Fish came in I informed him of our conversation and our desire to engage in prayer especially for him that he might be converted to God. Consent was soon given. After we had prayed, his wife led on in a most fervent supplication for her husband. When her prayer closed, Mr. Fish commenced, and a more penitential petition I never heard. When he closed, he called on the sister of his wife, a young lady, who hesitated for a moment, then broke out and entreated the Lord for mercy. I believed then, and was afterwards assured by their lives, that God redeemed them on the spot. Soon the voice of Mr. Fish was heard in our meetings. And his efforts with his fellow merchants were followed with wonderful success. Of that class of men many were obedient to the faith.

“Conversions multiplied daily. When those desiring prayers became very numerous Deacon Wasson asked me to go with him to see a friend, a gentleman who had attended the Green Street meetings for forty years, contributing to sustain the church and permitting the

church to tax him for its support. He seemed like Joseph of Arimathea. His heart gave way, and he bowed to Christ and found redemption.

“One bold atheist was converted. He avowed to me that he utterly disbelieved in the existence of a God, I pressed him to go up for prayers, and he finally consented. Finally his wife came with him. He would rise up occasionally and say that he felt no differently, but came forward on the invitation of Elder Swan. His wife soon found Christ and manifested much joy. One evening on returning from meeting she induced him to join her in prayer. As his wife was praying for his salvation, it was more than he could endure. Conviction seized him like an armed man. He called on the Lord and his cry was heard, and salvation came down. When fairly in the light he was the happiest of men. I have found it of great benefit to very many to take a step in the right direction while they expressed a disbelief of the whole thing. The blind man saw his account in being in the highway when Jesus passed by. Others have been similarly blessed.

“While the work of the Lord moved on triumphantly with us, other churches opened their sanctuaries, until it was reported that fourteen protracted meetings were in progress at the same time; and in all three thousand were reported as converted to God. The papers of the city often noticed the progress of the work. A couple of dailies kept reporters in our meetings, and their reports were distributed broadcast over the whole region. And the reports were of just the character calculated to create an anxiety among the people to come and hear for themselves. I presumed the editors owed neither me nor the meetings

any ill will, but they saw reasons for giving the meetings a setting out which could not easily be surpassed by poet or painter.

"On one occasion we baptized sixty-two converts. Rev. B. T. Welch D. D., came in to see us, and, as this large display of grace was in the church of his first pastoral charge in Albany, he seemed deeply interested. Finally he opened his sanctuary and obtained an evangelist, Rev. Lewis Raymond of revival fame, and God poured salvation upon the people. The current of life swept on in all directions and great were the triumphs of Him who is mighty to save.

"One evening I preached from the text, 'Lay hold on eternal life.' While preaching, one poor broken hearted sinner did lay hold of Christ by faith, and, at the close of the sermon, published his faith and joy. The pastor of the church, Rev. J. M. Coley, was so moved by the subject that he went into the gallery and cried in the ears of all, 'Lay hold on eternal life !' The power of God followed the appeal, and strong men were bowed to the scepter of Christ. Before the meeting closed, we baptized the three hundredth convert into the Green Street church.

"The time at length came for me to turn from all that fruitful interest to elsewhere seek a bride for my Master. The morning I was to leave it was thought best to meet at the church for prayer and a kind of farewell service. When I arrived there the lower part of the house was well nigh full. When the service was over, the company took to the side walk, and I think more than a thousand fell into the procession to accompany me to the cars. Reaching the depot before car-time, I obtained leave of the station keeper to occupy

the depot for religious services. Among the multitude were many ministers, and eminent men, and chief women not a few. Friend Humphrey of honorable memory was present. Here in the depot God also revealed his presence. Our parting was like the ancient parting of converts with Paul when he knelt upon the shore of the sea and committed them to Christ, though the apostolic scene was in advance of ours.

“I found, on looking over my year’s work, that between twelve and fourteen hundred had hopefully found Christ under my labors. The most of these I assisted in baptizing. Besides these very many were converted who united with other evangelical churches of different denominations.”

CHAPTER XV.

PASTORATE IN NEW LONDON, CONN.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—WORK.—S. U. ASSOCIATION.—FATHER PECK.—REVIVAL IN VOLUNTOWN.—FACTORIES.—UNCLE S. AND FAMILY.—REVIVAL IN NORWICH, CONN.—WORKERS.—REVIVAL IN GREENPORT, L. I.—VIEWS.—B. COOK.—WINDS.—THE SPIRIT.—DEA. HARRIS.—LETTING GO.—SEA CAPTAIN.—HOME.—SECRET SOCIETIES.—LESSONS.—MORGAN'S MURDER.—DIVISIONS.—COUNCIL.—N. L. ASSOCIATION.—SATAN'S FOOT.—BENEVOLENCES.

“BEFORE I left Albany, a committee from the First Baptist church in New London, Connecticut, came and invited me to accept a call to become pastor of that church. Taking time to consider the matter, I finally wrote to the church that I would consent and enter upon my labors in the following spring. I made them a visit however before my settlement. Finally in the early part of May, 1843, I commenced my pastoral duties under the heaviest responsibilities I had ever assumed. The church received me with great kindness and christian affection. We soon districted the church and had conferences in different localities, as all could not meet in the vestry for want of room. Our meetings were full and all were ready to engage in the work of the Lord.

“In June following I attended the Stonington Union Association which met at Voluntown. For the degree of interest, no such meeting had ever been held in the seventy years of the Association's history.” (The

aggregate additions were eleven hundred and forty-eight, of which nine hundred and forty-three were by baptism. Four new churches were present, knocking for admittance.' W. H. Potter.) "Our active and devoted revival ministers were on hand, Ira R. Steward, Nathan Wildman, Levi Meech, Benajah Cook, Erastus Denison, Henry R. Knapp, C. S. Weaver, C. C. Lewis, A. G. Palmer, Peleg Peckham, Alfred Gates, Bradley Miner, John H. Baker, William Palmer, Charles Randall. Among the visiting ministers were Rev. Archibald Maclay, D. D., Father John Peck, and John M. Peck, D. D., all of whom have received their welcome to the heavenly home. And if ever the messengers of the churches were the glory of Christ, they were this year. The meeting and greeting of so many devoted friends of Christ reminded us of the meeting at Antioch in the days of the apostles, where, seeing the grace of God, they were glad. The interest of the meeting was great in the beginning, and whatever order was pursued, all contributed to render the cloud of the divine presence more manifest, and to cause it to settle within and around the sanctuary.

"Father John Peck, it will be remembered, was very feeble during the last years of his life. With a pale countenance and difficult respiration he now looked like a dying man. I suggested that we suspend business and pray for him. Brethren Steward, Cook, Wildman, Gates, Weaver and myself with others offered prayer for his healing. This season of prayer seemed like a baptism from heaven, as though the scene of the transfiguration was re-enacted. When supplication ceased, Father Peck looked like another man; his whole appearance was changed; and the smile that lit

up his countenance seemed like the ointment poured on the head of Aaron. He declared that while prayer was being offered, he felt healing come into his body, and we know that for years following he did noble service for the Missionary Society he had so long served and loved."

REVIVAL IN VOLUNTOWN, CONNECTICUT.

"Awhile after the Association meeting, in an interview with Rev. C. S. Weaver, the pastor of the Baptist church in Voluntown, he said to me, 'I was in the woods the other day and saw fifteen men on their faces upon the ground praying God to send you to Voluntown.' This place in the woods was a bower of prayer where brethren resorted. The Association had left blessings like fragments that needed to be gathered up. The thought of these fifteen men praying in this way had made an impression on my mind that followed me day and night, till finally I laid the matter before the church, stating my conviction of duty to go to Voluntown, and asked them to send one of the deacons of the church with me. The church consented and gave me Deacon Gilbert Rogers as a fellow laborer. On the Monday following we left, and arrived in Voluntown near night, in a rain storm. Yet information was circulated in the two villages that I would preach in the evening. We concluded to appoint meetings for afternoons and evenings during the week and trust God and set up our banners. A profound solemnity was apparent; a hearing ear had been given. .

"In a short time Elder Weaver and myself were sent for to come up to Captain Treat's factory, being told that God had appeared in the mill. We found a large company of young people grouped together near the water

wheel crying to God for mercy. The noise of the water, as the wheel was still, was so great that all were invited to the upper room of the mill, which was convenient for a meeting. There all hands in the mill assembled, and prayer was offered hour after hour with suitable conversation, for about five hours. At the close, Elder Weaver baptized in the mill pond about five, who were converted. We then dismissed to meet in the afternoon at the church. On my way to dinner I called at a christian home, where two young ladies were deeply anxious. I spoke and prayed with them, and both prayed for themselves, and God appeared for their deliverance on the spot. The meeting in the afternoon, like that of the morning, was crowned with the power of God; and again we repaired to the water, where other joyful converts followed their Savior into the emblematic grave. From this time a sea of divine influence seemed stirred to its depths, and wave after wave rolled over us in the sanctuary and into all the homes around us. We sometimes hear of the 'old-fashioned revival spirit.' I claim that God here favored his people with that spirit in all its genuineness and power.

"An elderly lady, named Lillibridge, from Rhode Island, of the Roger Williams type, improved her gift in prayer and exhortation, and her voice and tears rendered the scene like the valley of Baca. Captain Treat had the gates of his mill shut down to afford his help an opportunity to secure the salvation of their souls. A different course was pursued at another mill where a host of youth were employed. On a beautiful day a part of the machinery broke down, which precluded the running of the mill till it was repaired. (An account of this will be found in another place. F. D.) In the

interim I was sent for to visit the mill, and the help belonging to the premises were called together for prayer. Here followed a scene no pen can describe. Young men, young ladies, boys, girls, and some older persons, all under a visitation from God, similar to what Elijah witnessed when in the mouth of the cave. Terrors had taken hold on men. There were exhortations, prayers, and shouts of the redeemed. Many from that mill were soon in the fold of Christ.

“The work spread in all directions. Business was quite generally left like the water pots at the well of Samaria, that others might be invited to Christ. I judge some one hundred were converted to God, most of whom were added to the church. To gather this harvest was work indeed. The heat of summer was upon us; our house was crowded to its utmost capacity; and our meetings were early and late.

• “A man known as ‘Uncle S——’ was among the converts. He should not be forgotten. He had some good sense when you come down to it, though he lived back of the utmost edge of civilization, and recognized neither God, nor Sabbath, nor commandment. If he had ever been in the house of God before I presume he had forgotten it. The team with which he dragged wood to market, a steer yoked with a heifer, and himself, were, like the Dutchman’s plow, ‘ugly handsome.’ He and his surroundings would have outdone Barnum’s happy family. Yet he had a heart to be reached, and a family—wife and children—to become jewels for Christ. In looking for the anxious, I found him on the gallery stairs, with his hat mucked up under his arm, and asked him where he was going. He said, ‘I am going down to be prayed for.’ I encouraged him

to go on. I think he was barefooted; and precious little water had lost its transparency by contact with his face or hands or feet. Yet on he went, having found out that he was ruined by sin, and that Christ came to save such sinners as himself. The pastor and church took a deep interest in him, and fervent cries were sent up to God for his conversion. He followed up his honest resolutions till he found reconciliation with God. When he came out the change was very perceptible, as from darkness to light, from death to life, from the power of Satan unto God. The inward change changed him outwardly. When he came up to the house of God again he had a change of raiment for soul and body both. All who loved Christ welcomed him on the highway to heaven. Very soon his wife and some grown-up children accompanied him to the house of God. Equal interest was felt for these, who were shortly in the fold of Christ. I welcomed no family in that land to my heart and the blessings of the sanctuary with a greater warmth. To see this group seated together, neatly attired, in the house of the Lord, interested in the great salvation, called out the exclamation, 'What hath God wrought?'

"Religion improves homes as well as hearts. The improved condition of the soul works outward. Mr. Beecher says the house-dog will find out if his master has been converted. A man once told me that before his conversion he could not get his cattle into the stables, and had to call upon his neighbors to assist him, but after the lion was changed to the lamb, the cattle became so well aware of it that they readily took their places at night without fear. Such is the power of Christ to transform human character; the lily takes the

place of the thorn, and the rose of Sharon the place of the infesting briars.

REVIVAL IN NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

"In the fall of 1843, I was called to assist the First Baptist church in Norwich, Connecticut, to whom Rev. William Palmer, was then preaching. The church had so far run down that it was a question whether they would continue. I was assisted by Revs. B. Cook, and D. D. Lyon. Father Palmer was deeply anxious for the church to live and be built up. We continued the meetings about four weeks, and some fifty expressed hope in Christ, a large number of whom were baptized into the church; and others united with the Central Baptist church in the city. The meeting was well attended and resulted in wonderful revivings. The church and those who were added gave evidence of first giving themselves to the Lord, and then by the will of God to each other. The work wrought was evidently of God, but it went slow. The members of the church were few, but christian friends outside of our denomination contributed of their substance, which we turned wholly into the hands of Father Palmer. A Congregational friend when a collection was being taken, put in (supposing it was for me) a check for twenty dollars, which I cheerfully handed over to Elder Palmer. I think I never worked harder a month in my life, and my brothers Cook and Lyon, both hearty workers, did their best. For a financial reward, one of the ministers received fifty cents for the month's work; another nothing; and I received from two sources one dollar and twenty-five cents, just about enough to pay repairs on my carriage which I broke while in the service. I regarded our efforts as a preparatory work like 'casting

bread upon the waters ' which might be received ' after many days.' In this I was not mistaken as I will at length show. While the meetings were in progress two of the Rev. Alvin Ackley's children attended; viz. his only daughter who was a member of her father's church, and a son, a lad some sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was converted and returned to his father at Greenport, Long Island, to report what God had done for him. Soon the daughter returned home so much revived in mind that she became deeply anxious for the salvation of the multitude around.

REVIVAL IN GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

"After our meeting closed at Norwich some of the members of my church at New London having attended and drank so deeply into the spirit of the work, were led to feel deeply for the cause of Christ in Greenport, Long Island. Elder Ackley had been pastor of the First church in New London in former years, and still stood firm in the confidence of his brethren. His son's conversion, and the interest of his daughter for her home acquaintances, called out deep sympathies for Greenport. Brother Ackley stood high as a preacher of the gospel, but his doctrinal views were so highly seasoned with Calvinism that he was led to doubt and fear lest evangelical efforts for the revival of God's work would somehow infringe on the doctrine of grace, of which he was an able advocate. In this view he was not alone; all men when converted to God are not converted into the genuine plan of God in revival work. Some men are right from the very beginning of their religious experience on the plan of God in saving sinners. But in the case of some others the mind of Christ in ' saving others with fear pulling them out of

the fire,' never entered their head or heart. On this point if they are never converted into it, whatever else may be true of their ministry, they will never be successful in saving souls. Paul did not hesitate to tell Timothy that in a full compliance with his charge 'he would both save himself and those who heard him.' I think whoever read the epistle to the Romans, or the first chapter of Ephesians, would never doubt Paul's respect for the doctrine of grace as the very Gibraltar of the sea of salvation. I heard of a minister who worked on one spot fourteen years and never saw a soul converted. He was at length invited to join a union noon-day prayer meeting, but gravely replied, 'What if there should be an excitement, and a spurious convert; how should I stand?' To me his position was like a man who was a fisherman and dared not put his line overboard for fear of taking a dog fish. It would take more thunder, lightning and earthquakes to arouse such a man than it did to arouse Elijah when he fled from the wrath of Mrs. Jezebel.

"In my early revival efforts I used to be accused of getting ahead of God; and was often told that I should wait for God to begin the work; then take hold. My reply to such sayings was, that my Master, Jesus always sent men ahead of him. He sent the disciples, two and two, into all the cities whither he himself would come. This was not merely incidental, but settled law. A man may be an idol shepherd, with his right eye utterly darkened, and his right arm utterly dried up. Paul taught Timothy, who was a bishop, that instead of ranging the gospel field confirming those who had nothing to be confirmed in but their sins and a frozen theory, he ought to do the work of an evangelist.

“On a beautiful Sabbath morning in our prayer in the sanctuary, the church and pastor seemed wonderfully led out in prayer for the Greenport church, their pastor, and that section of country. In a few days a dispatch came from the Island to me to come to Greenport without delay for God was there, and I was wanted. Just before the messenger arrived, I had promised to spend a week at Colchester. Brother J. R. Steward was at work there, and somehow the work of God had come to a stand. I informed the messenger that I must spend the week as above, and then I would come. I requested the messenger to go after Brother Cook and assure him I would join him at the end of a week. Elder Cook returned with the messenger, and Deacon Richard Harris joined him, and they entered upon the work. When Sabbath came I preached three times; left Monday for Colchester and preached in the evening, and every successive afternoon and evening till Saturday, and left the work of the Lord triumphing; returned home and preached three times on the Sabbath. I was on hand and took my place in Greenport the Monday following to battle for God. I arrived in the afternoon; a meeting was in progress which left an impression never to be effaced. Deacon Randall, very highly esteemed in the church, while engaged in prayer said to God, in substance, if it was necessary, in order for the work to prosper, for his life to be taken ‘O Lord take it.’ The hand of God was evidently upon him at once and he spoke but once afterwards. He was carried home and, I was told, as he entered the house he said this was for his family, and spoke not again. His funeral was attended in the midst of our meetings; and a more solemn scene I never witnessed. Time will never erase

from my memory the solemnity at the grave as we buried the good man. How to interpret the event was the question. Universalists there said, 'Swan killed him,' But the fact was he was carried from the house before I entered it. Sometimes we thought he ventured upon ground where he ought not to, somewhat like Uzzah who put out his hand to steady the ark of God. At other times we deemed the event as a full expression of God to further on his work; and indeed salvation came to his house; a beloved daughter was converted. I saw her baptized on a beautiful moonlight evening; and in a few months she joined her father in the beautiful land.

"We saw the work of the Lord advanced mightily from the day we buried the man of God. I attempted to return to New London to spend the Sabbath and went on board a sailing vessel. The mariners hoisted sail, but the wind was under orders not to blow. All was a dead calm; so Brother Cook and myself stayed over till the next Sabbath, though we attempted to return on the next Saturday, but the wind blew so high our Captain dared not venture. We bowed submissively to the will of Providence and went on with our work. The Lord has charge of the winds.

"I ought not to pass by a few things very marked in the beginning of this work. On the Lord's Day while we were praying in New London for Greenport, Elder Ackley was praying in his pulpit on Long Island. The power of God fell on him in a most wonderful manner, and at the close of his prayer he began to confess to his church and said, 'Swan is right, and I am wrong.' Very soon the house seemed filled with the divine presence. His daughter, now in heaven, when her father

ceased to speak, arose among the singers in the gallery and confessed her coldness and affectingly appealed to the unconverted. Deacon Latham followed, and so did others, on the same line, till all in the house were moved. Deacon Richard Harris was present and gave me the facts which I now write. The day was one of power never to be forgotten.

“Deacon Richard Harris crossed from New London to Greenport in a little boat called ‘The Baptist,’ which he willed to the Huntington Street Sabbath school when he was nearing the shores of eternity. No other man would have ventured in so small a craft that distance; but he had a mission, and was persuaded that God would be a life preserver to him while he embarked to fulfill a mission, especially in the family of Deacon Latham. His was the first house Brother Harris entered, and in the end all in the house who were unconverted were brought to Christ. Among them was the daughter of Deacon Latham, afterwards the wife of Rev. D. D. Lyon; a woman of precious memory, who after having served her generation by the will of God has fallen asleep.

“In the progress of the work of the Lord in Greenport, a wide and deep divine influence went out over a large field. Individuals came from considerable distances to hear the word of God, and were savingly benefited. One man and his wife came on foot some four miles, who had not heard of the meeting, but, being without hope, were impressed to come to Greenport. The man had been case-hardened in sin, and God so uncovered his life to him that he got a knife and attempted to dispatch himself, but was prevented, and

finally with his wife came to the meeting, and they were both converted.

“While Brother Benajah Cook was preaching upon submission to Christ, he illustrated his theme by a child that slipped from the ridge of the house and slid down till he caught hold on the eaves-trough and hung suspended over destruction while the father was below with his arms extended calling to his child to let go, assuring him he would catch him. The child held on till his hold broke and he fell into his father’s arms. The child then said, ‘If I had known you would have caught me, I would have let go before.’ The speaker then drew the comparison between the above case and an immortal being suspended over perdition, with Christ standing to embrace and save if he will loose his hold from that to which he is clinging and fall upon his arms. At that moment a youth among the singers in the gallery jumped upon his feet, clapped his hands, and cried out, ‘O! God, I let go.’ And sure enough he did let go, and Christ caught and saved him. His life did good execution for God; he became a deacon in the church, and purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith. Now he rests with him into whose embrace he fell.

“I learned after reaching home that while the work of the Lord went forward in Greenport, a whaling captain who had been a most determined Universalist was converted. He arose in a meeting and stated what he had done to further Universalism, and then confessed that God had appeared to him in early life, and what the Lord then did for him; proceeded to acknowledge his sinfulness and to solicit prayer for himself. While thus engaged, God poured salvation upon him. He

then ranged the house and induced some seventeen to go up for prayers; then fell down upon his knees and prayed for them; and if I am correct in memory fifteen out of the seventeen hoped in Christ when they arose from prayer. The converts then sang, 'There is a better land, The other side of Jordan.' The Captain, now subject to Christ, said in ecstasies, 'I see it.' So the word of the Lord triumphed. I believe some one hundred were converted during the revival, most of whom united with the church.

"On returning home I found the church so much in the revival spirit that they had done their own preaching in my absence, that God had converted two, and the church had received them preparatory to baptism. At the close of the evening meeting we repaired to the water and baptized them. Of that meeting I should make more than a mere reference. I called on some one to open it, and before I could get a chance to pray, I think twenty-two led the way to the mercy-seat; and when we resorted to the water to baptize we were all conscious of being baptized into one spirit, as we were one body. Happy is it for a pastor who is sustained by a church where communions with God are such that they can often send off their pastor to preach the gospel in the regions beyond, while they abide at home to follow him in prayer for his success. We remember in the old law that such as staid by the stuff shared a part of the spoils. The church was this year blessed with frequent ingatherings to Christ.

"My leading members in consultation with their pastor determined in view of the encroachments of secret societies upon the kingdom of God, that the pulpit should be outspoken against all secret, oath-bound soci-

eties, as they considered them opposed to republican institutions and hostile to the interests of religion. With this view my best earthly counsellors said, 'Now come out decidedly against them, and the church will back you up.' I had early entertained exalted opinions of Free Masonry as an institution, knowing its utility under various circumstances, and sharing largely favor from individual members of the order. I supposed it would add largely to my facilities for doing good, which was my principal object in life. With this view, I determined when my course of study was done, I would offer myself to the lodge. Before I was ready, the famous Morgan murder came off, which is now a historic fact. He, for violating his oath-seasoned vows in disclosing the secrets of the order, was abducted and murdered. I tried for a time to disbelieve the report, but was compelled to admit the fact from the results of our highest legal tribunals. I often asked Free Masons, 'Has your order murdered Morgan for disclosing Masonic secrets?' and got an affirmative reply with the remark, 'they served him right.' I have been told the same thing in New London by an adhering Mason, and a great admirer of the institution. I hoped that men of that order would tell me that those who did the deed were a set of madcaps who had perverted the laws which governed the institution, and put a construction upon by-laws which was not legitimate. Instead of this I obtained evidence of a sanction of the order of one of the most outrageous murders which can be found on the records of crime. I made up my mind then that my sentiment ever after should be, as has been expressed in better language than I could frame, 'O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly,

mine honor, be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall.'

"Residing in New York state at the time of the Morgan murder, where excitement ran high, I saw churches wrecked, and a general rally; and Masonic and anti-Masonic were the rallying signals for the battle. Seven churches in one locality had sundered, and all excluded their ministers, who were adhering Masons. I was selected with N. Kendrick, of Hamilton, New York, and Doctor Lewis Leonard, of Cazenovia, New York, as referees to settle the matter. Free Masons were being visited with a perfect tornado of bitterness and persecution. My own church contained persistent Masons and anti-Masons that came up to white heat, backed as by the fires of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. My church was large and had been remarkable for their union. Pastor and church stood shoulder to shoulder in campaigning against the forces of evil. I saw the storm in other localities and knew the direful results in its power to quench the spirit of religion. My former friendship for the order led me to strive for the good of its members, while in my inmost soul was an eternal hatred for its principles. In my friendship for them, of which they knew, I gave my advice to them to cease their walk with lodges for the time being, thinking that lesser good should always be sacrificed for the greater where the interests of religion demanded it. On the other hand anti-Masons demanded that Masons not only renounce it, but also to denounce it. In this I opposed them, urging that it was enough for sinners to forsake their evil way. I held firmly to my position, and men on both sides of the question had confidence in me. By

the blessing of God I was able to keep my church in harmony, while waters like a boiling caldron were rolling in angry fury all around me. I record it to the honor of God that he so blessed me with his favor that I was able to retain the confidence of the churches around me so that they sought and followed my advice in a day of awful trial; and our own Association was saved from the dreadful schism which in other localities was like a fatal sirocco.

“With these facts and experiences fully before me I should have proved a traitor to God and man to have closed my mouth when my brethren requested me to bring out a Bible view of the whole matter of secret, oath-bound societies. Odd Fellowship, I claim, as a secret order is rightly named. The apostle asks what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness.

“After I had preached upon the subject the church took action, not immediately, but in due time, and decided by a majority of votes not to receive any person into the church who was a member of a secret society, without their receding from it. I was instructed to put the question to every man who presented himself for membership, ‘Are you a member of any secret society? If so, you must recede from it, or you cannot become a member here.’ My sermon, and the subsequent action of the church, stirred up elements outside and inside for a time, but the church held firmly to the ground they had taken.

“At length the matter came up in the New London Association. A committee of three were appointed, consisting of Elder F. Darrow, Rev. Mr. Leonard and myself, to report on the subject. When together we were all of one mind. The only question was one of

expediency upon the subject. I pressed upon the committee to act and with outspokenness. I told them they might draft anything, no matter how strong, and I would sign it. Or they might draft anything, no matter how weak, if it only went against secret orders, and I would sign it. We finally agreed to condemn the course of christian men for alliance with such orders, as being contrary to the gospel, and also to recommend the members of our churches to abstain from such organizations. I have given the substance of our report. When the report was read all was as silent as death. Very many were there who would vote for the adoption of the report, but none would venture to open the ball. The lot fell on me, and I led the way with a short speech, after which we had no lack of music from more than one side of the question. The ground the advocates of the orders took was that the secrets of the numerous orders were proof that we could not act against them, for we knew nothing about them, forgetting the maxim of Christ, that 'a tree is known by its fruit.' I considered Morgan's murder as more than mere blossoms; and a tree that bears such fruit must be bad inside. I remarked that Satan had one good straight foot, but the other was reported cloven. That he was always willing to exhibit the first, but when called upon to show the other, he would put it behind him and say, 'It is a secret.' Finally the report was adopted by an overwhelming majority, and ordered to be printed in the minutes.

"It is known that for some forty years I have been outspoken on slavery, intemperance, and oath-bound societies, whatever name they assume. What I have suffered from different quarters for my anti-slavery

views, and my utter hatred of all oath-bound organizations, eternity alone can reveal. I have never receded the first iota, from the moment my eyes were opened upon their evils, which my vows to God bound me to oppose. No storms of hail, or vivid lightnings' glare, or manufactured human thunder, has had any effect upon me, only to cause me to nail my colors, believing that God and human rights demanded a bold and unflinching front. I never have made a hobby of either of the above, or allowed them to eat out my heart religiously, but gave them 'Hail Columbia,' as I came to them, and pressed to meet my wide obligations to God and the human race. I have had a conscious ability to vindicate the Bible from aspersions cast upon it, and to meet the ground of the South and Northern-Southerners who have referred to the Bible as upholding the most damnable, God-provoking, soul-destroying evil the world ever saw.

"In my pastorate with the First Baptist church I had the satisfaction of knowing that the cause of benevolence grew in their esteem. When our Foreign Mission treasury was embarrassed with the forty thousand dollar debt, I appealed to my brethren, and on one occasion they raised some eight hundred dollars to meet the emergency. The revival of the previous year had so affected the churches of our order in New London county that in a short time after we raised as much money in our county for benevolent purposes in one year as all the Baptist churches raised for years before. A revival that will lead men to feel in their pockets and hand over to God's cause liberally, needs no endorsers. The fruit tells the story."

CHAPTER XVI.

REVIVALS CONTINUED.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—REVIVAL IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—OPPOSITION.—FRIENDS.—REVIVAL IN JEWETT CITY, CONN.—THE MILLS.—RESULT.—REVIVAL IN CHESTERFIELD.—REVIVAL IN EAST LYME.—REVIVAL IN WATERFORD.—DEACONS.—F. DARROW.—RESULTS.—REVIVAL IN NORWICH, CONN.—L. D. BENTLEY.—UNIVERSALISTS.—BAPTISMS.—STREET PREACHING.—FRUITS.—DEATHS OF P. B. AND L. M. PECK.—FUNERALS.—REVIVAL IN OWEGO, NEW YORK.—RETURN.—ADDITIONS.

REVIVAL IN CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

"I WAS invited early in my pastorate here to visit Charlestown, Mass., to hold a protracted meeting with the First Baptist church of that place. Rev. H. K. Green, the pastor, wrote me that the church was unanimous in the request. On arriving there I was shown letters written by Baptist ministers to the church warning them against me, and giving advice to not let me come into their meeting house. One of those men is now dead; some are alive yet, and so is Swan. I commenced my meetings with honest purpose, and soon found I was on the hardest spot I ever found. Several men were in the church who had once left it and, as I was informed, ran an open-communication establishment for some twenty years till they ran it into the ground, and then returned to the church and were taken back, much to the grief of some. These men were down on the pastor, and of course any who should be converted would be likely to add strength to the pastor's hands

which they wished weakened. These leaders had their backers and in the midst of our work did what they could to defeat all efforts that could be put forth. I found at every step deadly opposition to everything I could do. I found also that I had struck counter currents which were a sort of counterpart of the revival under the labors of Elder Knapp. Doctor S—— had preached his great sermon against evangelism. Doctor C—— had done his best to saddle upon Brother Knapp all the claimed unhappy results which followed the revival. Some of the ministers had left their flocks and been to Europe to recruit their exhausted energies, and in their absence the enemy came in like a flood and devastation followed among the lambs. To strike for salvation with all those surroundings required marvelous faith. Doctor Nathaniel Colver, just like himself, came to my help. Deacon Wilbur and others of precious memory rallied around me. But the 'Princes' did not favor me. I had no more than commenced my work, when a paper printed in the 'Hub of God's creation' appeared, having at its head a literal swan with the head of a man, and Brother Colver mounted on one of Balaam's mules sitting upon his haunches, with 'Go ahead' in capitals high over his head. To me a man who could put forth such an exhibition was worthy of a diploma. I received a letter dated 'Hell's Corners' and signed by 'Otis Clapp, prime agent of the bottomless pit.' This I read from the pulpit which called out another dated in 'Hell' and signed by the Devil, with a request to read it, which I did not find time to do.

"The work of God in conversions soon began and moved on with wonderful power. All the power of the

'Hub' united could not control the arm of God. Boston papers advertized me as having left and gone to Lowell every now and then, so as to keep members back from meeting. Finally the church with whom I was laboring called a meeting in the vestry, while I was preaching above, and dismissed the pastor; and threats were made to close the house against me. The Universalists I was informed said if they shut the house against me I should have their house.

"They had trouble about receiving converts into the church. No convert could be received without first going before a committee, and if they approved them, by waiting some three weeks they could be baptized. The committee were principally our worst opposers, and if any one of them objected to a convert, that was a complete bar against the applicant. Having never learned that way of doing business, either from Christ or the Apostles, I objected and the church called a meeting and abolished the by-laws. We then commenced baptizing according to New Testament usages, and at length some one hundred and twenty-five were baptized into the church. Our opposers had very much business in Boston to consult about, and always returned with fresh vigor to oppose the work of God that was advancing with a power that the most formidable opposition could not overthrow. Universalists and Unitarians treated me with marked kindness, which could not have sprung from any sympathy which they judged I had for the creed of either of the orders. But as lovers of equal rights, as citizens, their sympathies were turned towards one who was enduring bitter persecution from his own denomination, not as a whole, but from that portion which had been educated

up to hatred of all who cast out devils but did not follow them. A portion of their ministers who had recuperated their exhausted energies returned from Europe to apply those energies in scathing evangelists. Our meeting house was crowded with anxious listeners of intelligent middle aged people and youth, from all the surrounding regions. But the opposition waxed hotter and hotter. The conversion of men to God had no more effect upon our opponents in the church, than a delightful piece of music well played upon a harp would have upon a coop of owls. Boston D. Ds lent their influence to work the Devil's trip hammer so that when prodigals returned to God we had music and some dancing. It finally became my duty (as I apprehended) to 'answer a fool according to his folly,' and I said I knew what ailed the Boston Ministerial Gentry; they had been the tour of Europe, leaving wolves to come in and devour their flocks, and had undergone a drenching of German neology till they finally had returned as much bigger than the twelve apostles, as God's creation was bigger than my psalm book. On their course I now claim that I freed my mind, according to an old law among Baptists.

"I found a large class in our denomination who entered into the work with me with all their hearts but the 'Nobles put not their neck under the yoke.' An editor of a secular journal in Boston came over and heard me, and on returning to his post most ably vindicated me from the aspersions cast upon me. I know a church sprang up from this revival formed principally from the converts and such other members of the surrounding churches as chose to cast in their lot with them. I returned to the old church in New London

alive, and have never heard of being overhauled for obtaining goods under false pretenses for a financial reward. My reward is with God.

“In the church at home a spirit of supplication to God for the outpouring of his Spirit upon the church and world kept up a delightful union of souls among ourselves and created a willingness on the part of the church to let their pastor go abroad to assist churches who were desirous of building up the waste places of Zion. Almost continual accessions were made to the church which seemed like a return of bread which they had cast upon the waters.

REVIVAL IN JEWETT CITY, CONNECTICUT.

“In the second year of my settlement here I attended a meeting in Jewett City with Rev. Benajah Cook of immortal memory. It was in the midst of summer. The streams which carried the mills were so low that the help had abundant opportunity to attend the meetings. Our beginning was with no uncommon promise, but we acted on an old principle, that it was ‘time to seek the Lord till he come and rain down righteousness.’ Early in the commencement of our meetings my eldest sister, who lived in the place, informed me of a youth who was her neighbor, who had told her if she could hear me preach one sermon (though she had never seen me) she should be converted; and she had talked of coming to New London to hear me. Her mother was a christian and was very anxious to have her family converted. I induced my sister to go to their house and introduce me to the family. I saw the young lady and asked if she had told my sister as reported; and she said she did. I asked her if she would pray; she replied she did not know how. I told her I would tell her, and

she consented to kneel down and say the prayer of the Publican, while I should pray for her. Young lady boarders were all around at the time, and disposed to treat the subject with levity. When I had offered prayer, she said, 'O God be merciful to me a sinner,' the quickest I ever heard it repeated, and immediately rose up. I left, urging her as she had commenced, to go forward till she found salvation. When I had gone, the mother told her she had offered that prayer hypocritically, which produced a terrible effect upon her, and threw her well nigh into despair, though she declared her sincerity in praying. In a short time she came to relinquish all for Christ and found him precious. Her conversion sent an influence abroad among the youth which was sweeping, and conversions from their ranks were frequent.

"After this a young married lady experienced a change from 'death to life,' and on returning home prayed with her husband. She arose five times in the course of the night and offered prayer for her companion. This was more than he could endure; and he too became obedient to the faith. A gentleman by the name of Brown came to me and said there was an understanding between him and the pastor that he was to assist the pastor financially but nothing was to be said to him about joining the church. The part he had committed himself to do had been well done, and without which the pastor could not have stayed upon the field. I assured him I should be bound by no such agreement, but that he must come out and be baptized. He secretly had been a disciple. He at length most nobly gave himself to the church, and his influence told wonderfully upon the interests of the meeting.

“A middle-aged man came six miles to attend the meeting, who had also been a hopper; and we spent well nigh the whole of one afternoon on his case in prayer, and counseling and telling him our experiences, till before the sun went down he arose and was baptized, and in six weeks went down to his grave, in the full triumphs of faith.

“The work of the Lord was wonderful in one of the large mills. On one occasion the superintendent of the mill shut the gate, called all together to hear instruction as to what they should do to be saved, and also to hear prayer. All came, and among them a class of young ladies and a host of little girls, with their heads all covered with cotton. They, with men and boys and the overseer, all bowed before God to seek salvation. No pen can describe the interest of that scene. Angels must have viewed it with interest. Half stifled sighs from the multitude well nigh drowned the voices of those who led in prayer. Deacon Harris said those little girls shed the largest tears he ever saw fall from human eyes. Indeed their tears seemed like crystals, through which rays from the sun of righteousness were reflected and refracted till a kind of rainbow encircled the whole scene, baptizing the penitent group as in a cloud of glory. Christian effort was followed with the influence of the Holy Spirit. In a few weeks some one hundred had professedly found the ‘pearl of great price.’ In the meeting the church seemed to be renewed in the spirit of their minds. Our closing up of the meetings was like life from the dead.

“In the course of two years from my settlement in New London I baptized into Baptist churches outside of our city, aided by Brother Cook and other men in

the ministry, some five hundred joyful converts. Looking over the field in a review, I see how exceedingly timely our meetings were in reference to many who were converted, who in a very short time were in eternity, and in human view would have met God without preparation but for the special labors which were put forth for their redemption.

REVIVAL IN CHESTERFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

"I attended a meeting in Chesterfield of great interest. Rev. J. J. Gardner was pastor of the church. The meeting was greatly blessed in quickening the church and in numerous additions. The meetings continued about one month; some eighty were baptized. Among them quite a number who had been buried up and hid among the stuff till refreshing came from the presence of the Lord, arose and followed Christ.

REVIVAL IN EAST LYME, CONNECTICUT.

"The cloud which overhung Chesterfield at length extended to East Lyme, where the Rev. P. G. Wightman was pastor. I found the church there much fettered with internal trouble. The church were feeling the effects of an unsuccessful former ministry, and the wheels were badly blocked.

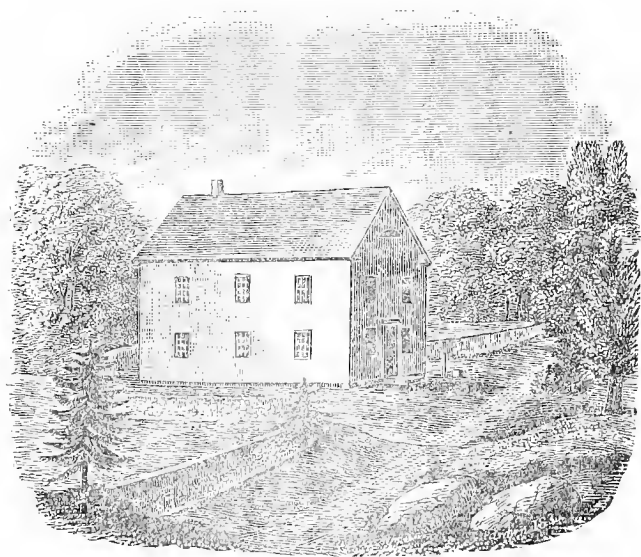
"Some amusing things occurred in the progress of the work. A lady was converted whose husband was violently opposed to religion; and to get up a sort of demonstration, he took his tea kettle and smashed it; and stamped his crockery to make to himself a sort of music for his disconsolate little heart. His wife moved on, was baptized, united with the church, and left him to drink his tea without steeping, and gather up the fragments of his mighty display among the crockery,

and console himself with the thought that the Devil had made a fool of him. The Lord appeared in the factory near the church, and a goodly number employed there were converted. I was invited into the mill to see the help by the owner, Mr. Loomis, who took a deep interest for the salvation of those he employed. All were called together and listened to instruction regarding the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; then we bowed in prayer and committed owner and superintendent and operatives to Christ. I trust that many who bowed there in supplication to Christ will be found in the great day at the right hand of God.

“Before our meeting closed Elder Francis Darrow with a number of his brethren came up to join me in the work of the Lord, and rendered us essential aid. In return God remembered him and his people. When he and his brethren returned home the revival spirit attended them. Ere long the sound of rain was heard in his field of labor. Our meeting in East Lyme lasted some four or five weeks, and I believe near one hundred expressed hope in their Savior. The church were now moving on in harmony, and converts were rejoicing in God; and Satan’s forces were defeated.

REVIVAL IN WATERFORD, CONNECTICUT.

“God had paved the way by the meeting in East Lyme for a work with Elder Darrow’s people. I was invited to come and help them, and very gladly complied with their request. The church were then in their old house where God had long delighted to come. The church possessed the old-fashioned revival elements; and when they moved in God’s work they were a host. At that time their older deacons were alive and active.

*BAPTIST CHURCH.*

WATERFORD, CONN., JUNE, 1835.

Deacons Elisha Beckwith, Gilbert Rogers and John Smith; all men of strength who knew the method of God in working, and were familiar with the leadings of God's Spirit, both ordinary and extraordinary. It never took Father Darrow long to strike the current or life; he lived so near the stream. He, with the deacons young and old, with the church as a body, came to the help of the Lord. Soon anxious souls came forward to seek eternal life, and their rejoicings at length heightened the anxieties of others to come to Christ. A par-

particular feature of the meeting was the conversion of young men, some of whom are still alive, while others have fallen asleep.

“One remarkable conversion I will mention. A lady was wonderfully anxious about her mother. The daughter’s anxieties became so deep, and her soul so absorbed in her mother’s salvation, that she went to see her. On coming up to the door of her father’s house she found her mother standing in it. She addressed her in the following manner: ‘Mother, if it would be the means of your salvation, I would lay my head down upon that block, and have it chopped off.’ This address proved effectual. Said the mother to me, ‘I thought if I had a child that was so anxious about me as that it was time I had some anxiety for myself.’ From that time overwhelming anxiety possessed the mother’s soul, till she laid all at the Savior’s feet, and found salvation’s joys. Of that daughter, be it remembered, she not only had anxieties, but expressed them. Had they remained shut up in her own soul, the mother might have perished. In how many instances christian anxieties remain shut up; no vent given them; like smouldering fires they must go out and only leave the soul they possessed like a burned out volcano, their affections reduced to cinders and emit only smoke instead of that vivid fire which purifies the heart. We cannot doubt but that God in the equality of his ways creates a sufficient amount of anxieties in christian hearts, if they were worked out, to keep alive the flame of heavenly devotion perpetually, and make devoted souls as the ancient altar whose fires never went out. The hiding or concealing of divine impulses given for religious upbuilding, wars with the councils of God,

and secures a palsy on at least one side of the heart. It was anciently said, 'I have not hid thy righteousness within thy heart; I have declared thy faithfulness, and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.'

"I might here speak of Elder Francis Darrow, pastor of the First Baptist church in Waterford. In the very beginning of our meetings he was very broken-hearted, and confessed, and wept over his unfaithfulness, in such a way as to break down all around him. He being of blameless life, and walking with God, as Enoch did, forced home the conclusion upon those who heard, that it took a very near approach to God, indicated by Job when he said, 'now my eyes seeth,' to show a righteous man fully to himself; hence the abhorrence of one's self and repentance as in dust and ashes. Living otherwise than near to God, will never admit of such views of ourselves. If they are assumed, it amounts to only a mask to cloak hypocrisy.

"Elder Darrow was the pastor of the church some forty years, during which their revival record, taking the whole time, exceeds any among the Baptist churches in the state. I think few such men have been known in the nineteenth century. He was educated not at the feet of Gamaliel, but at the feet of Jesus. He was wise in council, tender of heart, upright in life, possessed of a mental and moral power rarely equaled in our pulpits, and clad, like his Master, with zeal as a cloak. God's love in his soul was such that it kindled to a flame when the breath of heaven blew upon him. In prayer few equaled him in wrestling power. In times of distressing drought he called his church together to pray for rain, and God sent it down at once. In one instance

one of his strongest men in the church informed me, the church met for prayer, when 'almost every green thing was withered. The aged pastor led the way to the mercy-seat for rain, and was followed by others; and in less than twenty-four hours God commanded the clouds and they gave rain.

"In prayer and preaching he had one aim, which was to take his hearers to the wells of salvation, and he never seemed willing to stop till the buckets returned with abundant supplies. A uniform peace prevailed in the church, and to a great extent his own hands ministered to his necessities. He was a man of wonderful physical frame, well adapted to a soul so large. Faith, hope and charity put up with him; never mere visitors and never homesick. Cheerfulness was chiseled into all the lines of his face. To be interested in his friendship was to possess an incorruptible inheritance, as near as we find it this side the great river. He had his trials, but they were to him what the furnace is to the gold. He loved his church with surpassing tenderness and strength. His heart was capacious, and all filled with divine life.

"As he drew near to death, he said to his watchers, 'Get me up, that I may get down on my knees and have one more breakdown before God before I die.' They wished him to pray upon his bed, but that would not do. The good men helped their aged pastor to kneel before God. Of his prayer, one of the watchers said, it exceeded anything he ever heard in his life. His principal errand to the throne of God was for the church he had so long watched over. His heart struggled upward with his church, as the eagle beareth her young upon her wings, till he well nigh sank in death. In a few brief

days he was gone. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'

"God rolled on his work till it spread beyond the Niantic river; and its results were felt even in New London. Many of my own members joined us and brought home the spirit of the work in their hearts. As Father Darrow was unable to baptize all of the converts, I assisted him in the delightful work. I believe those who expressed hope in this meeting, and the former two, were about three hundred.

"I was in the evangelistic harness some three months in succession. My friends being sick at home I was often (though in dead of winter) compelled to return after evening meeting. Leaving a heated house and coming out late at night in the severe cold, greatly endangered my life; 'yet as dying, behold I lived.' The clock on Dr. McEwen's church often struck twelve while I was putting out my horse.

"When the work of those meetings was over, and I again resumed my duties as pastor, I was so lame that, one morning, I attempted to rise from my bed, but was unable. It occurred to me that water had been a great repairer for me (indeed my name, for what I know, came from a waterfowl; at all events it is synonymous with the bird that loves that element); so I determined to rise up and hasten to the dock, and try to repair up. It was now the month of March, and the winds were high and chilly; but I found the dock and plunged overboard; and followed this up, in the early mornings, till I was in complete running order, and was soon in harness again, good as new, physically.

"My work accumulated upon my hands. And in but one instance, in some six years pastorate with the first

church, had I any pulpit assistant. With my nearly forty years revival experience, it has fallen to my lot to do the preaching in protracted meetings at home; not from choice, but from necessity. Men have been hard to find who could preach from sixty to ninety evenings in succession, together with the Sabbath work, and baptizing, and attending meetings of inquiry.

“When I look back upon my life it seems a miracle that I am alive and I ascribe all to the Lord who once said, ‘As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.’ In making this record, it is not to magnify Jabez S. Swan, but the grace of God that he put within me.

SECOND REVIVAL IN NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

“In process of time God opened the way for me to make another effort with the First church in Norwich. A young man, Perry Potter, who led the choir, had taken a deep interest for the church, and it was nearly sustained through his influence, and he not a professor of religion, but doubtless, as the sequel proved, he in heart was in communion with God. Rev. M. H. Rising, then a young man, was pastor of the church, and a most effective worker. The meeting house had been sold for fifteen hundred dollars. Father Kellyhan, a godly and devoted Methodist, bid the house off and held it for the purpose of letting the Baptists have it if they could raise the money. He said he wanted Baptists to live to keep the precious ordinance of immersion in the world, because other denominations cared nothing about it. His was a noble heart.

“I went to Norwich and preached twice to crowded houses made up mostly of young people. As I apprehended God was about to do a great work, I invited all christians to unite with us who could work under the

motto of 'God and salvation,' and assured them that the meetings should be free for all the lovers of Christ and the gospel. If any wished to shout they had the privilege, or to pray loud or low. Congregationalists, Methodists and some Episcopalians, and numerous Baptists of different churches cheerfully responded: and for some three months, we had harmony in christian action without a jarring note. I also stated when any were converted who wished to unite with the Baptist church we should baptize them, as we all believed baptism a gospel ordinance. With these preliminaries fixed we entered upon the work of saving souls, recognizing Christ as the 'Alpha and Omega.' Two young men first moved to seek Christ, found mercy and took a noble stand for God. Soon inquirers increased and the word preached profited, being mixed with faith in them that heard it. I think God combined in the work all expressed by Paul when he said, 'I know that this (the preaching of Christ) will turn to my salvation through your prayer and supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ.' Prayer, preaching, and the needed supply of the spirit of the Son of God, can never fail of success. As the meeting progressed God wrought great wonders in prominent conversions.

"While the tide of life rolled on and God's arm was stretched out to save, Mr. L. D. Bentley was converted, of whom I have somewhat to say. He had hosts of friends who became exceedingly anxious for his salvation; and prayer was made to God for him without ceasing. At length God appeared to him and convinced him of sin. His prominent sin seemed to be using the name of God profanely. He told me he had sought retirement, and bowed and asked God to help him to

stop swearing and he felt that God heard an answered. Then he asked God to convert him. But God seemed to say, 'No; you have sinned openly, and you must repent openly; go up to the sanctuary and seek the Lord.' He came, and for hours plead for mercy. With us were Elder Curtis Keeney, one of the most remarkable men in prayer I ever knew, and Deacon Richard Harris, a man mighty in struggles for the redemption of the lost, besides other strong men and women. They sought by prayer and supplications with tears the salvation of our friend Bentley, but for the time without avail. We sent for his father who had long preached the gospel; who came up and offered prayer for his son. Still the fetters of unbelief were on him. He wept and prayed for himself, and made pledges of fidelity to God if redeemed. He would say to God, 'I deserve to be cut down where I am and sent immediately to hell, but, O God, save me. I will work for thee; I will make all my interests subserve religion; I will accept the smallest hope a live man ever had if a good one; O Lord, save me.' In the course of the meeting he became calm, but expressed no joys. I think, in the course of the following night, God appeared to him in full redemption of his soul and brought him into his marvelous light. When we heard from him again in the house of God, it was to publish to a crowded house what Christ had done for him. His conversion was so marked that it shook the masses with surprise.

"About this time a gentleman of this city came to me with a volume of sermons written by a Universalist minister, picked out one on the final judgment, and said, 'If you will answer that, and prove from the Bible that there is a day of judgment after death, I

will seek the salvation of my soul.' He added, 'Our family is large, and all are christians but me; but I have got more religion than all of them. I believe in the salvation of the whole human family.' I told him I would answer the sermon if I lived and would take the underpinning out from the doctrine which it advocated. I gave notice that I would preach on his subject on a given evening, and would examine Universalism and prove that the Devil was at the bottom of the whole creed. When the evening came the gathering might properly be termed a mass meeting. It seemed as though the house was literally packed. A great many good people were there; and I think besides them we had all sorts that were represented in the sheet Peter saw, and especially the creeping things. A prayer meeting was held at Deacon Breed's in reference to the meeting and especially for me, that as I had roused the old lions, God might chain them; and the horned cattle of Bashan would be out, whose horns, with God's hammer, I intended to jar, if they were not knocked off. I went to the house of God with perfect confidence that He would help me, as the effort of the evening would be a hinge on which momentous things would turn. Christian hearts seemed welling up with the waters of life. I think my sermon was one hour and three-quarters in length, and was listened to in silence that was impressive. At the close of the sermon we opened the door for the anxious, and a multitude came up, and among them a gentleman who said he had paid one hundred dollars a year for sixteen years to support Universalism, and alluded to the dismal effects he had experienced from the doctrine. He came out openly, renounced the whole creed, confessed

to men whom he employed, and before the meeting closed invited me to come down to his foundry the next day at noon and have religious services there for the benefit of his workmen. I went down and was introduced by him to his men and found very many citizens in to witness and enjoy the services. The owner's wife and other ladies took part in the devotions. One of the workmen was converted in the closing of the meeting.

"After my sermon on Universalism an elderly man came to see me where I put up, who had been terribly shrouded in infidelity, and I think, as a last resort, had hoped Universalism could save him. When he saw their platform shivered and blown away like chaff, he came so far to himself as to be interested in the little, struggling Baptist church in Norwich. He said he remembered the church when it was flourishing, and the time when numbers left there to work elsewhere to keep up with the spirit of the age. Now said he, 'What have Baptists to do with the spirit of the age? They have always professed to go on humility and spirituality. Now if the Baptists will buy the house back so that the church may have it, I will pay for a seat in it as long as I live.' I assured him I would do my best to free the house and secure it to the church for all time. By the assistance of numerous friends the object was accomplished. Brother Joseph Tyler took a very great interest in the affair, and finally the little church rejoiced in a permanent dwelling place.

"On a beautiful moonlight evening I baptized my friend Bentley into the church with the understanding that if he should desire it he would be dismissed with a certificate of his standing to unite where he pleased. He was at length dismissed and joined the Methodist

church, where he has done and is still doing work for the Master in preaching the gospel of Christ.

“Our baptizing often brought us to the water in the evening, and sometimes after the ordinary services at the sanctuary had closed. It was not very long before one hundred happy souls had put on Christ by visible profession. All who set out with us proved steadfast in working under our motto, ‘God and salvation.’ Many from other denominations were converted, and returned home to their own congregations to put on Christ, while some with the consent of their friends united with the church on the hill.

“I spent several nights in the course of our meetings with Brother Joseph Tyler, who lived about a mile from the meetinghouse, whose doors were always open, and who, with all his family, always welcomed God’s friends to their home. On a given night, when a room full of friends were at his house, we bowed around the altar for our evening devotions before retiring, and one after another followed on till morning came, before our meeting broke up. We drank of a spring, before morning, pretty high up on the hill of God. One special object prayed for was that God would block the river near by, so that water wheels might stop and allow the help to come out and seek salvation. God, in this respect, answered prayer, and many who were liberated from their work came up to seek the Lord. Brother Tyler and family went from their home to the other side to meeting ninety nights in succession.

“During our meetings I preached on the east side of the city, in the streets in different localities. I was one day on Water street, (more properly, rum street,) conversing with a friend, and such a multitude gathered

around to listen to our conversation, that Brother Tyler suggested the idea of preaching in that locality. I asked the gentleman with whom I conversed if he would let me have room to stand on to preach. He pointed to the scales and said, 'I own them, and you may have them to preach on.' I made an appointment to preach there the next morning, and had a large congregation. At the close of the sermon I invited all anxious persons to come forward on to the scales and we would offer prayer for them, assuring them they all would finally be weighed, and now was the time to make preparation. A young man came up and God converted him on the scales. I found afterwards that he was the only one of his father's house who had not believed, and said if there was a hell he wanted to go there. He informed me that prior to his coming out for prayer, for three days and nights, God kept hell before his mind continually, till he got hell enough. He indeed 'fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before him.' While I write he still holds on his way in pilgrim life.

"On one Lord's Day I baptized at three different times. It was communion day with the church. A lady was received whose husband had been opposed to the work of the Lord, but when he saw his wife received into the church, it was a death blow to him. He left the house and hurried home, and in weeping and lamentations for his sins, cried to God for mercy, and also sent for me to pray for him. I went with several of my brethren and pointed the man to Christ, and we continued in prayer for him till God redeemed him. He arose at length, and with two others was baptized.

"In harvesting, sometimes the sheaves are housed the day they are reaped. Frozen professors were led

to find fault, and the friends of Satan were awfully fearful that the converts would not hold out. As we worked on the authority of Christ, and were backed by the examples of the Apostles, we went on while satyrs danced to the music of the pit. Some of the seasons of prayer in the sanctuary were very much like the Episcopal service; all prayed at once. It came upon us like a baptism from heaven, as the cloud and sea of salvation. Pentecost exhibited mighty excitement and almighty power; much crying out and much noise; yet out of it came some three thousand converts. After some three months of labor with the church, I left them with their arrangements perfected for securing their house of worship. Other denominations beside our own were built up and additions were made to them of such as had been added to the Lord.

“I found on again taking my pulpit at home a most excellent state of things in the church. Quite a number of the members had been with me in the work and a new proof was given that those who water others shall be watered themselves. The years which followed were very much like their predecessors; prosperity as a general thing was true of the church till well nigh six years terminated my relation as a pastor.

“In the autumn of 1847, learning that my friend Rev. P. B. Peck, was sick unto death, I hastened to see him, if possible, before he died. On reaching Hamilton, N. Y., I found that his funeral and the funeral of his brother, Rev. Linus M. Peck, were to occur the next day. These were the sons of the Rev. John Peck. Linus had stood over his dying brother till he took the same disease and died before him. The deaths of these two effective and promising ministers, in the

full vigor of their manhood, called out a host from the region round about, to pay their last respects to the loved and departed. Some twenty ministers were present, and ministers were the bearers of the bodies to the house of God, and then to their final resting places. Philetus B. had very successfully served the church in Owego twelve years. Linus M. had just entered upon the pastorate in Hamilton.

REVIVAL IN OWEGO, NEW YORK.

“Father Peck requested me to go to Owego and preach a funeral sermon to the church in view of the loss of their pastor. I obeyed the request. On reaching the place, as all were not ready, we made a future appointment; but I told the brethren we must have meetings during the week or I could not content myself to remain. The meetings increased in interest till the Sabbath. Then came the multitude to hear the funeral sermon. After preaching we repaired to the river and baptized three happy converts. In the evening, at the close of the service, about thirty came out for prayers. The anxious entreated me to stay with them. But my sense of duty led me to return home the next morning, not however without giving some encouragement that I would visit them again and assist in reaping the ripe harvest. After reaching home I received a letter requesting me to return, and mentioning the prospect of a great ingathering of souls. I laid the matter before my church, and begged to be allowed to go back to Owego; but all in vain. As only one person voted for it, I gave it up. God only knows the sorrow of my heart when I mailed the letter saying I could not come. After this I had not my usual access to God. A dampening effect upon the church was also

visible. After a while Deacon Weaver came to me and said, he feared they had sinned against God in their decision. I now feel that I made a very great mistake in not going back to Owego; for during the winter there was a great work there. About two hundred and seventy-five were baptized into the church by two different administrators; while my church at home was like the dry fleece of Gideon. In the mean time Brother Trueman, of Owego, died from overwork.

“During my pastorate with the First Baptist church in New London, four hundred or more were added to the body.”

J. S. SWAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

POWER OF PRAYER.

THE HIGHEST POWER.—POSSIBILITIES.—QUERIES.—DANGERS.—FAITH.—MR. SWAN'S MANNER AND STYLE.—HOW CRITICISED.—MR. VINTON'S DEATH.—PRAYER AT HAMILTON.—PRAYER AND PROPHECY.—BROKEN WHEEL.—MR. D. SPEECHLESS.—UNIVERSALIST MEETING HOUSE.—PRAYER FOR REV. O. T. WALKER.—EXPERIENCE OF REV. W. C. WALKER.—CASE OF MRS. RICHARDS.—INCIDENTS BY REV. P. G. WIGHTMAN.—INCIDENTS BY L. CLARK.

IT WILL be conceded that the highest exercise of human power is to prevail with God. Just this is involved in true prayer. Thus Jacob became a prince, and obtained the name of Israel—a name of imperishable renown. At least, exaltation of heart and greater purity of life belong to all who know and use the heavenly privilege of prayer; the world within, if not always the world without, is subdued and brought into harmony with the throne of God. Genius, knowledge, riches, office, worldly glory, are nothing compared with this relation and privilege and power of prayer; with it the poor are made rich, and the weak are made mighty. This honor have the children of God.

The possibilities of prayer seem to be little understood. What are they among holy beings in other worlds? What were they to our first parents before their fall? What are they now to us through the mediation of Christ? Here is a depth of theology that has not been fully sounded. To what extent may trust in God be exercised? What is it to fully believe his promises?

How much is He pleased to have us understand in his commands, and invitations, and promises ?

Many in these last days wonder, if they do not also doubt, in regard to what is recorded of some of the prayers of the ancients. What with German neology, compounded with materialistic and pantheistic theories, suited to the blind and worldly side of human nature, has started a popular notion that prayer is of no particular avail beyond the mind of the petitioner, and that the Biblical accounts of prayer as a power between earth and heaven, often moving the arm of God, together with all the miracles, including those of Christ, are the records of an old superstition, and should properly be catalogued as myths. Here lies one of the perils of our day. It is not to be disguised that the queries—doubts rather—of Professor Tyndall, find many sympathizers among those who profess the christian faith.

But true men of God know that prayer takes hold of the divine throne, and is an experience that cannot be expressed in words. It is man's highest privilege ; and in it lies man's highest source of power. In the life of Mr. Swan this subject has some striking and instructive illustrations to which we invite attention.

By the way, here as elsewhere, Mr. Swan's individuality and originality of manner, were conspicuous. Respecting the order and phraseology of his prayers, we hazard nothing, as all who ever heard him will testify, in saying that no one ever did or ever will pray like him. His prayer is usually as natural, as direct, as simple, as impassioned, as the petition of a needy child to a parent, or of a friend to a friend. He adores ; he praises ; he thanks ; he pleads ; he argues ; he trusts ; he in-

sists ; he quotes the promises ; he holds fast ; he promises submission ; he pledges obedience ; he confesses ; he importunes. In all he uses the common vocabulary of life, and the speech of the common people. At times, however, when strongly moved and lifted up by the Divine Spirit, he reaches the majesty of the old prophets and the lofty beauty of the Psalmist ; his lips become clothed with the noblest forms of speech. Listeners were sometimes moved to astonishment, sometimes to smiles, sometimes to tears. The devout would feel that the man was conversing with God, and an awe would fill the place. Formalists and such as depended upon a prayer book, have accused him of irreverence, and presumptive familiarity with the Most High. Some have been shocked and offended with his expressions. The preacher, however, does not believe that Daniel in the lion's den, or Jonah in the whale's belly, or Peter sinking in the sea, or Paul and Silas in the jail at Philippi, had or wished to have prayer books. Nor does he understand that the Lord criticises the rhetoric of any man's petition. He admires such prayers as those of Job, and Nehemiah ; and the thief on the cross. When occasion demands, he can repeat or imitate even the imprecatory petitions of David. He believes in naturalness, sincerity, earnestness, faith, importunity. He calls persons, things and causes by their common names, thus setting the needed example to all the people to pray in their own words and their own idioms. Nor does he despise the homely but expressive metaphors and allusions best felt by his audience. Oratorical and metaphysical prayers he studiously avoids, yet sometimes in the pathetic and touching he is unequalled. The throbs of his heart, both earthward and heaven-

ward, are sometimes revealed in language that no other man might think of employing.

To illustrate: Rev. A. C. Bronson, of Wallingford, furnishes the following: "When, in 1858, the State Convention held its sessions at Southington, the deeply affecting fact that Rev. J. H. Vinton had recently died in India, was brought prominently before the meeting, and Elder Swan, who had been his life-long friend, was deeply affected by the intelligence. In offering prayer at the close of the first day's session, he told God what a superior man and missionary Mr. Vinton had been— 'one of the best that had ever been on the field; and heaven's gates never swung on their golden hinges to let in a better saint.' Then, referring to the difficulties which had existed between the Missionary Board and Messrs. Vinton, Kincaid, and others, in which much had been said about the constitutionality of the course pursued by the missionaries, Elder Swan, in his characteristic style added, 'O Lord God, we thank thee that Justus H. Vinton had a constitutional right to go to heaven.'"

In one of his prayers at Hamilton, during the agonies of the civil war, he as usual remembered his country, and said, "O Lord God, have mercy upon our suffering land. Grant us deliverance from the great crime of oppression, and teach us thy fear, and show us thy salvation. Pour out the Holy Spirit upon all the churches in all the loyal states; as to the rest, we don't know anything about them."

May it not be said of the prayers recorded in the Scriptures as examples for our own, whether they relate to individuals or to the great household of faith, that they may be looked upon as prophecies whose ful-

fulfillment we may claim? Is it not God's purpose to bestow what he directs us to ask? And this may apply not alone to what he directed of old, but equally to what we may be led by the Holy Spirit to ask for in these last days. When we are impressed by the Spirit to pray, ought we not to feel that our prayer is a prophecy and will surely be answered; this would be praying in the Spirit, and having faith. Marvel not then if we sometimes meet with petitions of a remarkable character that have often been followed by the most remarkable answers.

The following account was received from persons who were present on the occasion. A series of meetings, under direction of Elder Swan, were in progress at Voluntown, Connecticut, in 1843. So deep was the interest, that day and evening were occupied by the church and by the most of the people. In the village was a factory controlled by Mr. D. Great anxiety was felt for the operatives in this mill, who, from the press of work, were unable to attend the meetings. Urgent but unavailing application was made to the proprietor of the factory for liberty for his help to attend some of the religious services. Ordinary means thus failing, Mr. Swan, deeply burdened with the case of these operatives, introduced the matter into a morning prayer meeting. Explaining the circumstances and unfolding his feelings, he proposed that special prayer be offered that the Lord would interpose for the salvation of these unprivileged souls. He quoted the Scripture, "All things are possible with God." Leading in prayer himself in the course of the meeting, he told the Lord what had been said and done, and how much was felt for these unsaved toilers. Rising in faith as he drew

nearer the throne, he cried "O Lord God, thou knowest best; and what shall we do? Let these souls have liberty to hear the gospel that they may be saved. If we can do anything more, lead us to the effort. But if no others means may avail, O Lord, of thine own almighty strength break down that big water wheel that turns all the machinery, and that will let them out to meeting." In that very hour, the huge iron bar running through the great shaft of the wheel broke squarely off, though it was without a flaw. The factory was still, and weeks transpired before it was again in operation. Meanwhile the operatives attended the evangelist's meetings and a large number of them were converted and baptized.

Another remarkable instance of the power of prayer occurred during the revival of 1842, in New London. Mr. N. D——, once a Baptist minister, became a pervert from the faith, and joined the Universalists, among whom he was accepted as a leader and champion. Accompanied by his new confreres, all "breathing out threatenings" against Elder Swan and the church. Mr. D—— attended the meetings and seized occasions, when liberty for exhortation was given, to dispute, and condemn the statements of the evangelist. At one meeting he appeared with his usual body guard, evidently intent upon a grand attack. The Elder, deeply moved for the honor of the truth, and for the welfare of the people, made the opposer the subject of a special prayer. Persons who were present recall this prayer with a thrill. Awful was the solemnity. The man of God had his hands on the horns of the altar, and would not let go. Finally he prayed, if other means were insufficient, that the Lord would lay his hand directly on

the persecutor, "and seal his lips, and take him out of the way." Instantly Mr. D—— was smitten with paralysis, rendered speechless, and had to be assisted to his home by his friends, where he lingered in life but a short time. By all the people the dumbness and death were interpreted as an interposition of God.

Upon the evangelist, at times, there seemed to rest something of the power of prophecy. While Universalists of New London were engaged on the plans for their house of worship, he, in a public meeting, seeing some of them present, addressed them to the following effect; "Now plan and build a good house. Do your best. Build no small and mean thing for the Lord. Show your religion and your taste, if you have got any. Spare not in the cost or the style. It shall be for the Lord. I have prayed the Lord to overrule your design as he did Saul's journey to Damascus. The Baptists shall yet possess the house, and I expect to stand in it's pulpit and preach that he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

A fine house was erected, but it was encumbered with a heavy debt. In due time it fell into the hands of the Baptists. A new Baptist church entered it, and Elder Swan preached the dedication sermon, and long occupied the pulpit, and repeatedly the glory of the Lord filled the house. This is now the Huntington Street Baptist church.

Rev. O. T. Walker relates that while he was pastor in North Stonington, he was dangerously ill and thought to be nigh unto death, his father, Rev. Levi Walker and Doctor Stephens watching with him day and night. Providentially Elder Swan, passing that

way, stopped to see him, and felt moved to pray for him. He began his prayer thus, "O Lord God, there are three thousand destitute Baptist churches in our land. Now, Lord, don't let this young man die, if he can be of any service." The form of the petition caused it to be remembered. Mr. Walker adds, "I began to mend from that hour."

We add an incident from the pen of Rev. William C. Walker, another of Mr. Swan's fellow laborers.

"While connected with the army, I was home, in New London, on a sick furlough, extremely sick with southern fever and so low that my life was despaired of. Indeed the report upon the street at one time was that I was dead. No person was permitted to see me lest the shock would be too much for me. Brother Swan called to see me. The question was asked, 'Will it do to let him into the room?' I had my reason then, and said, 'Yes; I will risk it.' At my request he read the twenty-third Psalm and prayed with me. So far from my being overcome, the effort had the happiest effect. I have felt ever since that I was raised up in answer to prayer. Brother Swan told me afterwards that my recovery seemed like a miracle. In a few days after his visit I was able to walk out upon the verandah, and in twenty days from that time I went back to my regiment. As a man of prayer Elder Swan has been wonderful."

We add one more testimony, as the subject is one of so much importance. It is from the pen of Mr. D. S. Richards, of Preston, Connecticut :

"In the spring of 1869 my mother, Mrs. Mary Richards, was taken very sick; and so severe was her illness that her life was despaired of; and her children were

telegraphed for, and came, in hope to see her before her death. A council of physicians was held, the decision of which was, that she could not live more than two days at the farthest. Elder Swan, hearing of her sickness, and her house being one of his stopping places in his evangelistic labors, came to see her and prayed with her. The power of God was present to heal. She said she knew from that hour she should recover. She began from that time to amend. She is still living, and enjoying comfortable health, at the age of seventy-nine years. Other incidents, of like character, of answers to prayer, might be mentioned, if needful."

Rev. P. G. Wightman writes: "While Rev. Mr. Boice, pastor of the Second Congregational church in New London, was very ill, a member of his society, passing the residence of Brother Swan, overheard him in family prayer pleading very earnestly for the life and restoration of his sick brother minister. This being reported to the sick man, he sent a request to Brother Swan to come to his chamber and pray with him. He went, but, by mistake of the servant, did not gain admittance. The mistake was not discovered till the loved minister breathed his last."

He adds another incident. "While I was pastor in East Lyme, Connecticut, in the winter of 1846-7, we had a series of meetings, and after our meetings had commenced, Brother Swan came to assist us. A young lady seemed very indifferent and gay, and declared, when invited forward, that she had no interest or feeling, yet she consented to go with others for prayers. While others were deeply anxious and weeping, she refused to kneel, and sat proudly looking around. Brother Swan bowed to pray, and this careless one was the burden of

his petition. For more than half an hour he lifted up his petition for her in awful strains of earnest pleading. The careless smile gave place to deep solemnity of countenance. Then the head was bowed down; and right before our eyes the answer to prayer came; and the scornful young lady became an earnest seeker, and soon found peace in believing."

Deacon Lyman Clark, of West Meriden writes, "During the revival season in the church up town (First Baptist church) under the charge of the lamented Harvey Miller, the Spirit of the Lord was sent as a mighty rushing wind. For some time the services were held in the large basement room which had a bare floor. Elder Swan complained at length that he wore his knees very much on the hard floor, and said that his life and strength were worth more to God and his cause than the carpet in the audience room above. Shortly into the upper room he went. One man in time of prayer was so absorbed that he seemed lost, till the Elder spoke to him; and he afterwards said he did not know as he should ever paused if he had not been spoken to. Elder Swan preached as if he possessed the strength of a giant. At times his enjoyment seemed very great. One night, on leaving the house, he said to me, 'I have had a benefit to-night. It is not often that a preacher gets a benefit; but the Lord has given me one to-night.' Almost at any time during the night watches, the Elder might be heard up and on his knees in earnest prayer to God."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OTHER PASTORATES AND REVIVALS.

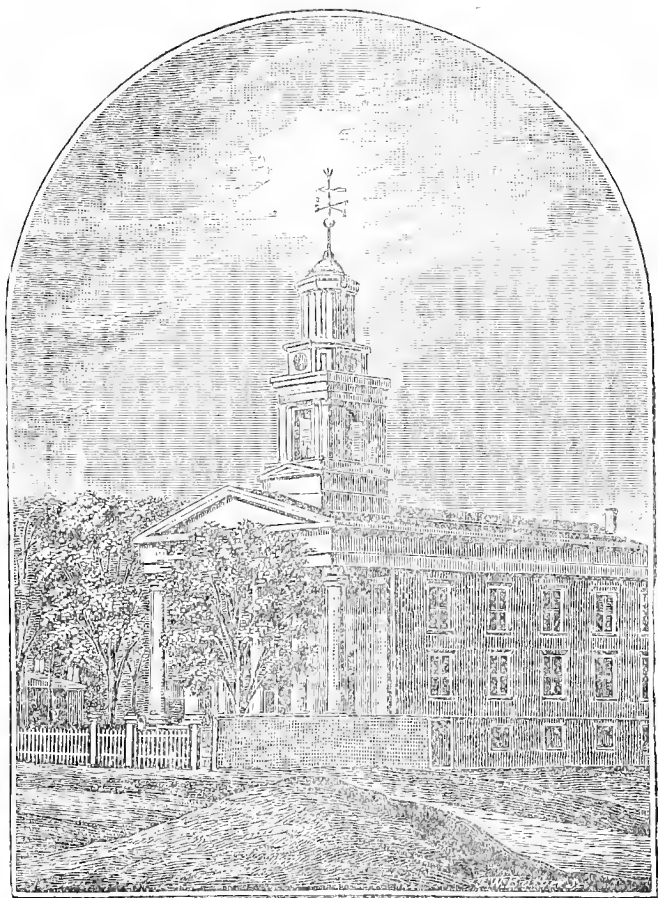
MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—PASTORATE IN ALBANY, N. Y.—PASTORATE OF THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW LONDON.—DEDICATION.—REVIVAL.—BENEVOLENCES.—REVIVAL IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—P. DAVIS.—HOME.—REVIVAL IN NORWICH, N. Y.—DEATHS OF R. AND T. HARRIS.—REVIVAL.—REVIVAL IN OWEGO, N. Y.—REVIVAL IN MERIDEN, CONN.—INCIDENTS.—REVIVAL IN WILLIMANTIC.—SPIRIT RAPPERS.—PASTORATE OF SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW LONDON.—REVIVAL IN CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, NORWICH, CONN.—REVIVAL IN TROY, N. Y.—REVIVAL IN WHITESBOROUGH, N. Y.—MR. SHELDEN.

“In 1848, having received a call from the High Street church in Albany, I accepted it and entered upon my labors in November. I had a large and commodious meeting house, and a strong and working church who were ready to follow and sustain me in active measures to build up the cause of God. In the winter following we commenced a protracted meeting, which continued for the most part till spring. Rev. B. Cook, of Jewett City, came and preached for me one month, and the Lord was with him. The church was much quickened and numbers were added to us. The work extended into the Normal School in Albany, and quite a number of young ladies were added to our church.

“In the course of the winter a delegation from New London visited me to inquire if I would return to that city and become pastor, if a new Baptist church was

formed and the Universalist meeting house (which was now offered for sale) was purchased. My obligation was such in Albany that I could see no way by which I could be released from my present charge till my year was out. So I could say little by way of encouragement to the delegation from New London. Though with a revival in progress where I was, and surrounded by a most interesting field for work, and for the first time in my life a bright prospect for my finances, from the time I heard that the house referred to was for sale I became restless and unhappy to a great extent. My brethren detected in me a change, and one of my strongest and best men came to me and asked what the trouble was; whether I wanted more salary, and added, 'We voted to support you, beginning with one thousand dollars. If you want more money, say so, for we have it.' I said, 'No; my salary is ample for my support.' When I left New London I was fearful that my whole duty was not done, though when I resigned my pastoral charge I had a sort of consciousness that I was moving in the right direction.

"For one made up as I am and have been from the time of my conversion to God, a permanent pastorate is impossible. My object was never to fit up a nest to live and die in. Yet on general principles I believe God intended the pastorate as a permanent and life relation. Our forefathers considered it like the relation of marriage. True adaptation of a minister to a people, and of a people to a minister, should be sought, and if the case be a fit, my convictions are the relation should be permanent. Our Congregational churches have set the example; and happy are they in my judgment who follow it. How many of their most effective men have



HUNTINGTON ST. BAPTIST CHURCH.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

AUGUST, 1873.

held their pulpits from forty to fifty and even sixty years; as in the cases of the venerable Doctors McEwen of New London, Hawes of Hartford, and Todd of Pittsfield. In our own denomination we have the Wightmans, Silas Burrows, Simeon Brown, Nathaniel Cole, and Francis Darrow of Waterford. Here are samples of names which stand high on the roll of religious fame.

PASTORATE OF THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH IN NEW LONDON.

“The Universalist house was finally purchased by a church formed to occupy it, and my church in Albany released me to take my position as pastor in New London in the spring of 1849. I left Albany in the month of March to preach the dedication sermon.

DEDICATION AND REVIVAL IN NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

“My Brother Cook was with me, and after the dedication services were over he preached one of his most powerful sermons. After his sermon I asked who was willing and desirous to be the first person converted in that house; stating that there had never been a soul converted there, and never would have been under the creed that had been preached there; but now the house was dedicated to God, and I thought he had recorded his name there; and he would come and bless. A little girl rose up at my invitation. She was nearly twelve years old, the youngest child of Brother Richard Rogers, and was the first who received the seal of salvation under that roof. Others came up with her who soon rejoiced in the salvation of God. At the close of the week, on Saturday, we had our covenant meeting, and I think some one hundred and eighty were heard in renewing the covenant they had recently adopted. Men, women and children, wept and bowed to God and rejoiced in Him for the exhibition of His grace so early

bestowed upon the infant church. The following Sabbath was a day of days to the church. The ordinances seemed to be attended with fresh manifestations of divine favor. The tide of salvation rolled in with such power that a multitude began to inquire the way to Zion. Instead of being able to return to my field in Albany I was detained almost a month, during which some one hundred were hopefully converted, most of whom were added to the church.

“Rev. D. H. Miller united with me in the labor of gathering the harvest and was of great service to us in preaching the gospel with great power and in leading inquiring souls to Christ.

“The surrounding evangelical churches sympathized with the little church in their new enterprise. From our Congregational brethren we received material aid in paying for our house. We had bound ourselves to pay twelve thousand dollars for the house, and our mind to work exceeded our financial resources. At the end of about one month from the dedication of our house, I was compelled to return to Albany to finish up my work there, and make provision to return to New London.

“On my return I was received with open hearts and arms and had a very welcome reception by my fellow citizens. The following summer was one of the happiest of my life. Our house was crowded with anxious hearers. The church was made up of those who acted on the voluntary principle in casting in their lot with us, and the newly converted seemed filled with the love of God. On embarking in the new enterprise we were compelled to shoulder a heavy debt, which we hoped God would assist us to wipe out.

“From this time onward we were able to contribute some four or five hundred dollars a year for missions, Home, Foreign and Domestic, as well as to meet lesser demands for the providential calls, for building meeting houses, and the like. Our regular annual expenses were from fifteen to sixteen hundred dollars a year. Simply to meet the claims upon us for our house of worship we had a direct tax from year to year upon the church of from five to eleven hundred dollars. All was met with cheerfulness.

REVIVAL IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

“Being anxious to meet our obligations promptly in paying for the house, I determined to make a special effort outside of our own society. I saw my old friend Perry Davis, a man of good report and uncommon large heart, and solicited aid of him for my object. He replied, if I would come to Providence and preach where he belonged, he would give me a lift for my meeting house. I complied with his wishes, and entered upon my work in a protracted meeting which was very successful. Large numbers attended and many were brought to Christ. I put up with Brother Davis who was a man of extensive acquaintance and very many were drawn to his house; and those who came there unconverted went away rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Among others who came was a young lady related to the family of Mr. Davis, who, not knowing the religious interest that was providentially in and around her uncle’s family, to avoid the influence of her Sabbath School teacher who was urging her to submit to Christ, had left her home hoping to elude the influence which annoyed her. She was converted the day of her arrival.

“The Pain Killer factory was in the basement of the house where Brother Davis lived and he had a number of men in his employ who were unconverted. In a very short time God came in among the workmen with a power that terrified them and swept through all the departments so as not to leave a single soul unconverted. Among the converted was his son-in-law. Joy and gladness were fully realized now in the home of Brother Davis. His faith was not in vain.

The place where we held our meetings became so crowded that the inhabitants complained they could not have the privilege of the meetings for the want of room. Brother Davis went and hired Howard Hall, which was said to seat four thousand persons, but had never been filled. The first evening it was crowded, and the interest was very great. Numbers came forward for prayers. The second evening the hall was filled. About preaching time the cry of ‘fire’ was rung in upon us, and company that we could well spare rushed out, and the doors were closed so that they could not get back. While the cry of fire and the rattling of engines were heard, a temporary agitation was produced ; but we continued singing and praying till the rowdies were wearied putting out fire where there was none, and left and returned to the dens where they had fired up to disturb our meetings. I suggested at the close of the service, that we take up a collection to aid in paying for the hall, which was thirty dollars an evening, only about half the usual charge. The collection was taken, and beyond what our own congregation gave there was but a mere trifle contributed, and quite a portion of that was in tin sixpences and metal buttons.

“This contribution of tin and buttons so affected Brother Davis that he desired no more collections should be taken. He would pay the whole rather than any man should damn his soul by paying God off in tin money. I concluded we would return to our little sanctuary. If those who came up would insult God and his friends by offering to him worse than the halt and blind, we would seek a better kind of timber for the house of God.

“As the report went abroad of what God was doing a class of aged friends of Christ came in who seemed to possess the old fashioned spirit of revivals. In their prayers and exhortations the genuine spirit of former days could be discovered. Our baptismal scenes were attended with great interest. Middle aged men, youth and some of tender years, were buried with Christ in baptism into death, in Providence River where Roger Williams immersed converts before us.

“In the course of the meetings I became impressed from the multitude of visitors which thronged the house of Brother Davis, and the horses he had to maintain which belonged to the visitors, that too much burden was being laid upon one man, and sought an opportunity to open my heart to him. I finally told him I thought I had better quit; that the burden was too great upon him. He heard me for a while, and then said, ‘Are you through?’ I said ‘yes.’ He then said, ‘That is none of your business. I want you to stay as long as you can; and when you go home, you will have five hundred dollars to pay in for your meeting house, and be blessed in the name of the Lord and sent home.’ All of this I realized. His son gave me one hundred and fifty dollars, and he paid the balance. He also said, ‘When

I was poor, the Devil abused me the worst kind. I was burned out twice, and the last time saved nothing but two beds. Now,' said he, 'I have got the Devil where I can pay him. I was once so poor I had not clothes to go to meeting for six months. My life is insured for some ten thousand dollars, and my wife has promised, if she outlives me, to carry out my plan. This meeting shall be continued till every man in Providence who wants to be converted shall have the opportunity.'

"While I put up with him, solicitations were constantly made of him for aid; and the cheerfulness with which he responded to all such, indicated the fullness of his heart. After some two months and a half of labor in Providence, I returned to New London with my five hundred dollars, and paid them into the treasury of the society. And having picked up in personal presents enough to pay the supply of my pulpit in my absence, I closed up that account with my Brother Morgan, then a Methodist minister of this city, who very reluctantly took this reward for his work.

"The church were in perfect harmony of views regarding God's general requirements, and evinced a readiness to take hold of the work of the Lord in what ever direction called by providence. Additions were made to the church very frequently, and christian love pervaded every heart. Our Heavenly Father crowned the year with his goodness. We were favored with wonderful answers to prayer in our vestry meetings as well as elsewhere.

I received a letter from a gentleman in Salem, Connecticut, asking me to pray for his sick son who was unprepared to die, that his life might be spared, and his soul saved, adding 'I am not a professor of religion,

but have heard of your faith in prayer.' I took the letter to our conference meeting, and reading it, urged the matter upon the brethren. If the person had been present the interest would not have been greater. In a short time after I had a letter from the father saying his son was well, and was converted to God. The letter abounded in gratitude to me, and I think in gratitude to God.

REVIVAL,

"I think in the second year after we came into possession of our house of worship, being impressed with the importance of more efforts to secure the salvation of souls, we set apart a day of fasting and prayer. We came together at ten o'clock in the morning and commenced prayer and held on steadily for seven hours in earnest cries to God for his coming to bless and save souls. We then opened our house and commenced a protracted meeting which held over a month. More I believe than seventy were converted. It was a most blessed meeting. All our hearts were revived and converts came into the liberty of the gospel.

REVIVAL IN NORWICH, NEW YORK.

"I was at length invited to come back to my old field in Norwich, New York, to hold a meeting, and complied with the invitation. The first meeting was in the afternoon, and one anxious soul came forward to seek Christ. My mother was with me and joined in prayer for the lady who came up, who soon found rest to her soul. I think we commenced on Wednesday, and on the next Sabbath I baptized eleven rejoicing converts. Having been pastor in Norwich so long, when I came to the place of baptism where I had buried hundreds in years gone by in the name of the Triune

God, it most deeply affected my heart as well as other hearts. Near this spot is the literal burying ground, where very many whom I had watched over as pastor were now sleeping, waiting for morning to come. Fully believing that their sleep was in Jesus, it kindled a warmth in my soul which burned like a fire. The work rolled on with power. Conversions occurred daily. Multitudes came in from all quarters to hear the word of God.

“In the midst of all the interest that surrounded me I was called home. Deacon Richard Harris was sick unto death. I was now in a great strait. On the one hand, a life was fast wasting away, and friends wished me to return to mingle my sympathies with the old soldier who was in his last battle. On the other hand, God was riding in his chariot of salvation, conquering hosts and sealing them for the day of redemption. In early morning I left the place with most conflicting emotions. After riding a few miles I met Deacon Newton of the Congregational church of Sherborn, and he asked me where I was going. I told him. Said he, ‘Did not your Master say let the dead bury their dead;’ and added, ‘There is not a man in the world that can take the work where you leave it; it will suffer.’ I told him that was the hardest commandment I ever tried to keep; that once under similar circumstances I tarried, though called home to a funeral, and it gave such offence in the family where death had come, that they were never reconciled to me. Yet with the light I now have, if it was my own father that desired me under such circumstances to leave my work and come to him, I could not do it.

“On arriving home I hastened to the house of my

friend and found him on the verge of death. Very soon he passed away. While he was able to work he exhorted all who came near him who loved Christ to be obedient to him; and all without hope to flee for refuge and lay hold on the hope set before them. It was dying work for me to part with one with whom I had toiled in the kingdom so long, and in whose friendship I had had such an unbounded portion. To bury him was like parting with a right arm. At his burial, we as a church wept, and God revealed himself to us as we poured out our hearts to him at the grave's mouth. A strong man in Israel had fallen. The remembrance of the godly man serves yet to give new springs to christian activity to build the kingdom of God upon the earth.

"Upon the stone at the head of his grave is written 'I have loved the habitation of thy house, the place where thine honor dwelleth.' All who ever knew him will acknowledge the fitness of the inspired word applied to him. The wonderful Cecil said he thought, 'If when the dead were finally raised, men remained before they went up long enough to read the epitaphs upon their gravestones, some would think they had got into the wrong graves.' Not so with the Deacon, if he stays to read his. Unless his power to shout is lost, he will read and re-echo, 'That's a fact,' and then join the upward moving throng with delight. His departure seemed a forerunner of the departure of his brother, Deacon Isaac Harris, who with a long lingering disease was wasted away. As a man of prayer he had few equals.

"In the protracted meeting, I held with the First Baptist church my home was with Deacon Isaac. His

business required him to rise early. Every morning I was awakened by the sound of his voice in prayer. I often arose when awakened by his voice and went down and joined him, much to the edification of my own soul. He was a man of power as a christian, not perfect, but always reaching towards 'the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.' I called on him with his old friend Deacon Rogers. He was very low, and the Deacon pointed to me and asked if he knew me. He replied, 'I guess I do, and never followed a man by day and night, by sea and land, in prayer to God as I have him.' I knew that was true. When he really came to the crossing, he lifted his voice above the roar of the waters and shouted 'Victory ! Victory !' and so he passed over the river.

"All that Aaron and Hur were to Moses, those brothers were to me, and in parting with them, Heaven only knows my sorrowing and my loss. Very soon his jewel of a christian wife followed him to his new home above. Meekness, humility, patience and fidelity to Christ, with a broad sympathy for the suffering, and a life pervaded with the love of God, were the peculiar features of her life and character. The companion of Deacon Richard Harris died at a later period. The wives of these two godly men were sisters, and in most respects alike in christian virtues. Godliness was the vein which ran through the life of both.

REVIVAL.

"Years which followed the death of those eminent disciples differed but little from the ordinary experiences of the church of Christ, till we came to the ninth and last year of my pastoral relation. I appointed meetings for conference and prayer in all directions about

the church. God soon appeared and the houses where we gathered were crowded. After a few weeks of those conferences we removed the meetings to the sanctuary. I then preached nearly every evening and on the Lord's Day, for five consecutive months. I was out of meeting but two evenings for the whole time. My days were spent in visiting from house to house, conversing and praying with individuals and families. The church came into the work slowly, but as a body they at length put on, as near as mortals do, 'the whole armor of God.' When we commenced there was no appearance of a revival in the city, but before long other churches 'came to the help of the Lord,' and a gracious work generally prevailed.

"Among the converted were cases of peculiar interest. I was told of a young man who had been in the United States navy, who was now a constant attendant of our meetings. The account given me of him stated that he possessed fine talents, but was terribly profane. I was so much interested in the young man that I sought him and told him I had heard of him and thought that he was a kind of matter of fact man and would dare to do right if he knew what it was. He replied, I had a better opinion of him than he had of himself. On one occasion I invited him, and he went up with me for prayers. When I had prayed for him, he followed in a most broken hearted manner, beseeching the Lord to have mercy upon him, and closed by saying, 'O Lord, if there is a sin in me so deep that its eradication would take my life, O Lord, take it from me.' When he arose from his knees he looked up and said, 'My friends, if a platform was reared high in the air, and its supports were such that to remain there was

highly dangerous, would you hire out to work upon it? I have been there; but thank God I am off of it.' From this hour he was a new man. His saying was set home upon the heart of a young man standing in a remote part of the house, and God rendered it effectual in his salvation.

"Before the meeting closed most of the youth of our congregation were converted. When those who had been baptized were received into the church, husbands and wives stood in front of the pulpit from wall to wall across the house, while a line of young men extended down the aisle to the door. A row of young ladies extended down the other aisle nearly to the door. Ninety-nine were baptized before the meeting closed, and a large harvest of souls was gathered into the churches of the city. When five months continuous labors had closed, we had arrived near the month of March, 1858.

REVIVAL IN OWEGO, NEW YORK.

"I then left to fulfill an engagement in Owego. God had appeared, and near one hundred and fifty had expressed hope before I arrived. The church had dedicated a new house and the Lord had poured down the Spirit from on high, according to his promise. I commenced preaching, near the close of February 1858, and the interest took a new start, and salvation rolled in wave after wave from the great sea above.

"On one occasion a gentleman and his wife came up for prayers, exhibiting deep feeling. Of the husband I had heard that he had consulted his uncle who was in the church, as to what he should do to be saved, and was advised when invited, to go up for prayers, and kneel down and never get up till converted. He fol-

lowed the advice, and before the meeting closed, they were both translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. On the same occasion a young lady of the church came up the aisle leading her aged father, I think over seventy years old. Both wept as they came, the father aloud, with tears streaming down his face. He found Christ and I baptized him in the river. Such power attended the meetings that if men wished to avoid being converted they had to stay away. It was not uncommon for a hundred and twenty-five to come up for prayers at the close of the evening service. I worked with the church a month, and returned home, leaving at the close of my last meeting at twelve o'clock at night. Of one hundred and twenty-five who came up for prayers, almost all had expressed hope in Christ.

REVIVAL IN MERIDEN, CONN.

"While I was at work in Connecticut for the Maine Law, I delivered two addresses in Meriden, one in the First Baptist church and the other in the Congregational church on the west side of the railroad. I put up for the night with Deacon Lyman Clark. Deacon Richard Harris was with me. On returning from my second lecture in the evening, a young man went with us. When he arose to go home, Deacon Harris followed him to the door and appealed to him on the subject of the salvation of his soul, and impressed upon him the importance of seeking God without delay. The next morning when the family arose and came together, I commenced conversation with the oldest daughter of Brother Clark, with whom I was well acquainted, about the salvation of her soul, and confessed to her for not doing my duty by her when she was in New London.

She felt deeply, and asked for prayers. We all engaged in prayer for her, and while praying, the young man with whom the deacon conversed the night before, came in deeply anxious, and shared a remembrance in prayer. Both prayed for themselves, and before the interview closed, both gave themselves to Christ in a covenant of everlasting life.

“I expected to return home that day, but the pastor of the First Baptist church, Brother H. Miller, hearing of what God had done at the house of Brother Clark, came to see me and insisted that I must stay over the Sabbath and preach for him, and he would take my place in New London. I fell in with his proposal and stayed over, and in fact remained about four weeks, during which some one hundred and forty-six were added to the church. The work of God moved on with such power that it was difficult for the church to keep up with it. The tide of salvation often rolled broader and deeper outside of the church than in.

“With a view to bring up the church more fully to the work of the Lord, we had from week to week days of fasting and prayer. Such meetings were very fully attended by the church and society. The power of God was so displayed in the days of fasting, that the other meetings were greatly quickened. A great number of remarkably intelligent youth thronged our sanctuary, and among them the Lord wrought his wonderful works. It was not uncommon to see a hundred youth in the seats for prayer.

“A young lady sitting near the front seat, under the deepest distress, rose to her feet, and extending her arms towards heaven, cried as though her soul was dying, ‘O! God! have mercy on my soul!’ and sat down

again. She had no sooner reached her seat than she sprang again to her feet, with arms uplifted, and shouted like the ancient inhabitants of the rock, 'Glory ! Glory !' The pastor had not been familiar with this fashion of work, to see God melt off chains of prisoners and give them salvation at the same instant. He said, 'Elder Swan, that is a regular Methodist conversion,' and expressed a lack of confidence in the genuineness. But I replied, 'Thank God ! lightning has struck once straight ; but there were not lightning rods enough to carry it off.'

"Among the first that came forward for prayers were a great company of youth. Among them were three young ladies, two of whom were sisters. One evening while prayer was being offered for the multitude who came forward, I determined to make a last effort to bring these three to let go of all else and give themselves without reserve to Christ. The oldest knelt by the door of the seat. I moved along silently and kneeling by the seat where she was, said, 'Jane ! I have made up my mind that you will go to hell. You will hear to no advice ; you refuse to pray for yourself ; and nothing that is being done has the least effect upon you. I have come to bid you good by. I shall pray for you no more. You will be eternally lost.' That was plain talk ; but I knew, if God's word is a fire and hammer, there comes a time when the hammer should be applied. She raised her hand in an agony and cried, 'O ! God ! have mercy on my soul !' Under this cry, the heart yielded to Christ, and she arose and went where her sister had knelt, urged her to pray, and prayed for her ; and the sister was converted. Then they went after the third, and the same result followed. Thus the three found the shelter of the Great Rock in a weary land.

My justification for such a course I find in the examples of Jesus, and of Paul, who when all was done that could be done, and no favorable response realized, turned away from men, but not without awful warning of the ultimate consequences of rejecting God's proffered salvation.

"It is not at all uncommon in large revivals for a class of a peculiar type to linger through a whole revival. They always come forward for prayers, but cannot be induced to speak or pray. Some are deterred through diffidence ; others stumble at the cross ; others cling to idols of some sort ; and all stop at the straight gate. In one case an uncommon youth, the idol of her unconverted father came forward for prayers. The father had lavished upon his child all that wealth could bestow, which had fostered pride, and immersed her soul in worldly pleasures, till religion had come to be esteemed of lesser worth than jewelry, and costly apparel, and the pleasures of this life. Yet beneath all this, a desire lived in her heart to become a christian. Time after time, she came to the room with enquirers, but found no relief. I asked if there was anything to which her heart was clinging that she was unwilling to relinquish for Christ, and she replied, 'yes.' I asked 'What is it?' She answered, 'Dancing.' I then asked which she had rather do, dance and go to hell, or give it up and go to heaven. She replied, 'I had rather give it up and go to heaven.' Now said I, 'Tell God that.' And she exclaimed, 'O ! God ! I give it up !' and she found deliverance from sin, and peace with God.

"Another youth was stopped at the straight gate by general pride, which was indicated by costly array in which she appeared in the house of God ; and while

with the anxious, her whole appearance suggested to herself the opposite of humility. When she came again to church she came in a plain calico dress, and had changed the high bonnet and plumes for a plain hood. She found the hood better to pass the gate in than the tall bonnet. I am of the opinion that God delights to see the human body, which is a temple built by himself, properly adorned, from the fact that he has made a reference to it as illustrative of his clothing up the soul in habiliments of life. But the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit must be held infinitely above all external decorations, though the latter may illustrate the former. Yet whatever proves a snare to the soul should be destroyed, as Moses destroyed the golden calf, which came from melted jewelry profanely employed, instead of being changed for laudable purposes.

“ The work in Meriden reached the neighboring churches and a large ingathering of souls was realized. The daughter of Brother Clark, who was first to bow to Christ, in about three months found an early grave, but died in full anticipation of the heavenly rest. Her funeral sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. H. Miller. I was present and saw her laid away in her long home, to await the call of the resurrection morning. Her bearers were all young men who had been converted in the same revival in which she sought and found the riches which endure unto life everlasting. Ellen found her grave in life's early morning, but enjoyed the blessing of departing and being with Christ, which is far better. Not long after her burial, I, together with many of my brethren in the ministry, laid away the loved pastor, Rev. H. Miller, where multitudes of those whom he had led to the ‘ Rock of Ages ’ had been laid

before him. How 'unsearchable are God's judgments, and his ways past finding out.'

"In the spring of 1858 I relinquished my pastoral charge of the Huntington Street church, terminating a relation of nine consecutive years, the hardest thing I ever did in my life. It was at the close of a sweet and precious communion season, surrounded with a church of some five hundred members, the most of whom I had led to Christ and buried with him in baptism. My resignation fell upon the church like a millstone, and sobs and sighings were abundant. If all the solemnities of all the funerals I had ever attended had been condensed into one and thrown their mantle over me, I could hardly have been more crushed. The work of that day will never be forgotten. The people of my congregation were well nigh all converted. My son, Charles Y., now in the ministry, and his little sister, Helen P., then of tender age, now in heaven, were among the group, and with us at the parting scene. In the nine years, by the blessing of God, our house of worship had been paid for, and the church numbered five hundred, and the house filled with hearers. There had been added during our church existence, four hundred and thirty-one, mostly by baptism. I was called to the church in their infancy to be their pastor so long as I was able to preach. I entered upon the pastorate with them for a life-work, and expected to die with them, and by them to be buried. I had struggled with them in all the variety of events common to our churches, and my whole soul was absorbed in the deepest affection for them; and had it been possible they would have plucked out their eyes for my sake. To part with them was the trial of my life. Yet I considered my course as duty. I had hoped

for a clear sea and pleasant breezes to waft us homeward. My fears are now stronger than my confidence that I was right in resigning. If I was mistaken, I acted honestly. Resigning threw me out upon a broad sea, exposed to more trials and hardships, but possibly into greater usefulness.

REVIVAL IN WILLIMANTIC, CONNECTICUT.

“After my resignation in the spring of 1858, I went to Willimantic, Connecticut, to fulfill an engagement to supply them for a Sabbath. I had preached the dedication sermon of their meeting house, and God made use of it to awaken and save souls. I have preached dedication sermons all through my ministry, but never heard from one after preaching till now. I found a very interesting state of things in the church. Converts had been multiplied and many were inquiring. I entered into the protracted meeting at once. I had engaged for the six preceding months in meetings without interruption and felt fresh for the conflict. For months I baptized every Lord’s Day. My family were remaining in New London, so I was without cares on my field, except cares for the kingdom of Christ. I ranged over a wide field, visiting from house to house, and generally preaching in the evening. On the Sabbath I preached twice at the sanctuary, and then for a third service preached in an adjacent town. I also visited factories and conversed with all within my reach; and the Lord crowned the united efforts of the church with blessings of salvation.

“In the month of June I left my field to attend the Stonington Union Association, which met at Mystic River. The report from Jewett City church gave information of an unusual number of deaths. Accord-

ing to custom, when the deaths were announced, business was suspended and prayer offered for the church, and especial entreaty to God to pour his Spirit upon Jewett City and the region around it. While we bowed before the Lord in prayer, a gentleman living in the vicinity of Jewett City, was in his field, and the Spirit of God fell upon him. He at once became overwhelmed in trouble. He said to himself 'I have never wronged anybody;' but a reply came to him, 'That is not the difficulty. It is between you and your God.' He left his work, returned home, sought the Lord, and found him. I was permitted to meet him on my way home, and found him trusting in the Lord, together with his companion.

"When the Association was over, the interest had been such during the session, that the two Baptist churches determined on a union meeting, and invited me to remain with them and preach for a season, which I did, and the Lord wrought with us, and souls were led to Christ. Some who had long delayed being baptized, arose and followed their Lord's example.

"When I returned to Willimantic I found God had carried the work on in my absence. For seven months God's work moved forward. Our house of worship was literally jammed with anxious listeners. For the first time in my life I found myself surrounded with spirit-rappers. Taking them altogether, I think they would have taken the shine off the inmates of Peter's sheet. The sheet Peter saw was let down from above. The spiritualistic sheet seemed to have come up from the depths below. Their religious robes seemed formed of the winding sheet of the Witch of Endor and the sacerdotal robes of Judas Iscariot, and the coat of Simon

Magus, worked up into shoddy to lay fools out in for hell. I stirred up their nest so as to keep them active. They poured out their vials of wrath upon me, and drove multitudes to hear the gospel who might never have been inside of a sanctuary but for them.

PASTORATE OF SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW LONDON.

“At the end of seven months, I accepted a call from the Second Baptist church in New London, to become their pastor, and entered upon my work in the fall of 1858. The church had been in a low state for some time, and causes had been at work to cloud them in adversity. I worked for them two years. The first I considered as preliminary, and hoped, as we entered upon the second, to see the salvation of God. When the second year was about half out, we moved to fix up our house of worship. I proposed, if the church would raise fifteen hundred dollars, I would beg five hundred more. The work was commenced, supposing that in six weeks we should be able to occupy the house. Instead of six weeks, it took about six months; so we occupied the vestry during that time. I went over much ground to get my five hundred dollars, and, through the mercy of God and the kindness of christian friends, many of whom were in churches outside of the Baptist denomination, I obtained and paid over to the society's treasurer the sum pledged. I think when my two years were over, the church was in a better state than when I commenced with them. They treated me with great kindness.

REVIVAL IN CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, NORWICH, CONN.

“During the first year I attended a meeting of weeks at Norwich, Connecticut, with the Central Baptist church. Rev. F. Denison was their pastor. Our Con-

gregationalist brethren very kindly came in with us and were blest and were made a blessing. Indications were very clear that God was about to build up Zion; anxious souls were inquiring the way to Christ, and a number had been converted. The church seemed to readily enter upon the work, and the Lord's presence was gloriously manifested.

"Some cases transpired which I will relate. I put up with my old and life-long friend, Joseph Tyler. One Sabbath evening, when we were about to go to the sanctuary, we bowed down before the Lord and sought his presence to be with us, and made ready to go up; but I was stopped by an impression that we should pray again before we departed; and all bowed before the Lord again, and plead that he would go up with us. Our meeting was deeply solemn. At the close the anxious came up, and among them was a lady who had clung to Universalism. She had heard me preach while I was a resident of Albany and was unmoved, but now her heart became affected by the truth. She returned home in deep distress; and I learned the following morning she had found the Savior. I called on her and found her rejoicing in the Lord. The next evening she stayed with her little children, and her husband came up and God converted him. I found three I think in the course of the week who traced their apprehension by Christ to the sermon of Sabbath evening.

"A most peculiar feature of the work was the conversion of husbands whose wives had long been members of the church. One of them had taken much pains to aid his wife in coming to meeting; a most commendable course; for in seeking her religious good, he at length being in the way, the Lord met him and led

him to the house of his Master's brethren. When he came up for prayers he had a great struggle in starting, and we looked for him soon to be in the kingdom, yet he lingered. I at length said to his pastor, 'Brother Denison, let us go and help our friend out.' We went to his house and soon learned he was morally in chains. He informed us he could not pray, and said he went into his lodging room and knelt down on returning from the meeting the previous evening and remained on his knees for a half hour, but could not pray. I asked him if he opened his mouth and tried to speak to God. He said, 'No, but I cannot pray.' I said, 'You did not try. When you tell your story again, say I will not pray; that will be the truth.' I told him the Devil would lie a man out of his christian name if possible; that his only hope was in complying with God's terms: 'All they that call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' We urged him when we should have prayed, to open his mouth and attempt to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' When all had offered prayer for him, he broke out in the language of the Publican, and God appeared for his deliverance upon the spot. We then had joy and rejoicing in that home.

"I have found in all cases in my ministry that where anxious souls can be induced to pray, we are furnished with the best ground to hope that they will be saved; I mean not merely to pray when they are alone, but to pray with others. It is according to the Bible, and hence God's method of saving.

"In one of our afternoon meetings, three girls, whose ages would average some fourteen, came up together to the anxious seats. Two of them had found peace in believing, and came with their little friend to seek the

Lord in her behalf. The three bowed together in prayer. The hoping ones led the way, in substance, in the following child-like language : ‘ O ! Lord ! here is our little friend who wants a new heart, and she wants it now ; and she says she can’t wait, she wants it now. O ! Lord ! she says she can’t wait.’ The second followed in about the same strain. When they were through, the anxious one called on the name of Jesus in the same manner, and said to the Savior, ‘ I want a new heart now.’ When prayer was over, she arose and said, ‘ The Lord has given me a new heart ; he has answered my prayer. Girls, I thank you for praying for me.’ Many eyes were bedewed with tears around that little group who so early found the way to prevail with God.

“ While the work was advancing, I invited a man whom I met in the street, to come in to our meetings, assuring him that we were having good meetings. He was a man of considerable standing, though not perfect. He turned upon me in the most contemptuous manner and said, ‘ Do you think I would go in there among that set of Black Republicans ? No !’ I ventured once to try the wisdom of Solomon upon him, who has said, ‘ Answer a fool according to his folly.’ I replied, ‘ If you will find anything blacker this side the bottomless pit than a rum-pickled loco foco, I should like to see him.’ I think the meeting was a wonderful blessing to the city. I called one day to pray with an anxious seeker after Christ, and she informed me that our honored Governor, W. A. Buckingham, had called at their house and offered prayer for a weary soul who was struggling to find the way to the cross.

“ After I returned home, I was invited to return to

Norwich and baptize a young man into the Congregational church, of which Dr. J. P. Gulliver was pastor. I laid the request before the church at home, and they voted me their approbation. I consulted the church ; not but that I claimed the right from my commission so to do in such cases, but for the purpose of fellowship. The commission to preach and baptize is older than the churches, and neither church, nor ordination, nor any power beneath the heavens, has a right to interfere. I complied cheerfully with the request, and, in the presence of a multitude, with the pastor of the church and leading members, I buried the young man by baptism into death. It was a beautiful scene, and near the setting of the sun, which threw a kind of halo of glory around the host who had gathered to see a feature of the last requirement of Christ exemplified.

REVIVAL IN TROY, NEW YORK.

“ In the second year of my pastoral relation with the Second Baptist church in New London, I was invited by Dr. Shelden, of Troy, New York, to attend a meeting with him. I commenced my work there in the winter. His church never had been familiar with protracted meetings, and, being uninured to that kind of business, required breaking in before much else was accomplished. For a time, we had to rely upon a few to aid us, who had seen service before they became members in Troy. I pursued my usual course in first seeking a healthful state of things in the church; knowing God’s method of bringing salvation out of Zion. Persistent efforts in that direction gave offense to some, and for a time our attempts were something like ancient attempts to pass through the high lands on the Hudson with sailing vessels. We met baffling winds and secret

currents. Dr. Fields, of New London, who was formerly a resident of Troy, was written to, to inquire of my standing as a minister. Just like himself, he gave a good report of me, as I was informed, which acted like oil on troubled waters.

“ A motion was finally made that all scruples be laid aside, and that all take hold and go to work for God. This prevailed, and a deputation was sent to the pastor on the Sabbath to inform him of the fact. This action on the part of the doubting acted like the course of a Dutchman, who was found boring holes through the side of his barn, and offered as a reason for it, that he meant to let the dark out. This resolution was generally carried out, though some still doubted. Any man who is converted to the decrees of God, instead of to Christ, is wiser in his own conceit than ten men who can give a reason. He will esteem his calling and election sure without any effort on his part to make it so. God’s plan is to secure, first of all, an imperishable alliance to Christ by faith, and then bring on the decrees and purposes of heaven as the mightiest incentives to develop christian graces. Where a man goes into the kingdom of God, with a hold of the wrong link in the divinely wrought chain, it will require more power from God to put him right and make an effectual worker of him, than that which melted the heap of stones which Jacob had for a pillow on the night of his conversion.

“ A class of little girls and boys were brought into the fold of Christ, who developed a wonderful amount of talent for their early years. Among them were the children of the pastor, who gave decided evidence of conversion to God. Children, who have come to years, need conversion as much as others, though a gentle

breath from heaven fans up spiritual life in their souls ; while the sturdy sons of the forest require whirlwinds of the south to bring them down. For a time few came up for prayers except children. At length God took hold of an older class, and quite the principal man in the society, of amiable character and fine standing, but who possessed no heart-religion, came up with the children, to seek the Lord. I remarked to the pastor, the evening previous to his conversion, that he would be baptized next Sabbath evening, while as yet he had made no open move in the direction which would lead to it. Just as I said, the next Sabbath evening he was baptized. Dr. Baldwin, after seeing him baptized, remarked: 'There, Swan, that is the greatest victory God ever gave you in protracted meetings.' Men of the first rank and standing followed in the line of this man's example.

"A very remarkable experience of one of the principal men of the church, I will narrate. He stood deservedly high among his brethren, but had never come into those measures immediately adapted to bring men to Christ. He was a worker in a kind of arms-length labor, but had never learned how to save others with fear, pulling them out of the fire. One evening, after meeting had closed, I, in passing out of the vestry, fell in with him, and asked how he got along ; he replied by saying: 'I don't believe in sending every man to hell who don't believe just as you do.' I insisted he did not comprehend me; and he repeated his saying. I said to his pastor, 'That man is under conviction, and will be converted.' The following night he laid on his face, and prayed all night. The next day was a day of days to him; he had struck the current which acted

upon him like the trade-winds upon commerce. It took him some half an hour to tell his struggle and deliverance. Being now converted, he strengthened his brethren.

“Before the church came into the revival spirit fully, I was for a time as anxious to get away from Troy as some of the members were to have me. A few had been converted, and for a time we came to a sort of stand-still.

“After the church was fully enlisted, God’s work was like a resistless flood. Husbands and wives were brought in, and many precious youth. A husband and wife were among the converts, who had helped run the Devil’s spirit-rapping train, till the car the wife was in became uncoupled, and she showed a disposition to leave the vehicle. She appeared at our meetings, dressed in deep mourning for the loss of her children. Seeking communion with the dead, and what the New Testament calls seducing spirits, she was under temptation to commit suicide, and told me the sad story of her sorrows. She said she would awake in the night and find herself stroking her head with her hands, to drive away the spirits. It is so seldom that God converts one from among wizards that peep and mutter, that my faith is not the strongest kind for the conversion of such. Finding that she had not gone into the damnable folly willingly, and knowing a difference between selling one’s self to do evil and being kidnapped and sold, I ventured to lead her out of the dreadful state which she had found by adhering to the magi of hell. After a while she determined to press her way to Christ, and He who pities the lost saved her with an everlasting salvation. Her husband was out of the city

during the week teaching, but returned on Friday evening and spent the Sabbath at home. After his wife's conversion he accompanied her to meeting, and she introduced me to him.

“She had previously informed me that her husband was a spiritualist, and I think, a medium. I learned that his father and mother were of Connecticut and living members of the church of God. I said to him ‘You have done up a great work for your wife and have driven her upon the verge of suicide,’ and said further, ‘you are worse than the Devil; you have adopted for religion what has well nigh destroyed your companion; you are a medium of the Devil.’ I referred him to the Devil’s work when cast out of the men of the tombs. When he could not find human beings sufficiently low for mediums he chose the swine, and every devil who ever rode a pig mounted his steed and leaped the precipice for a cold bath. I poured upon his creed all the ridicule I could command, and left him. God set home the appeals and he soon joined his wife as a follower of the Lamb, and left the mystery of iniquity to be worked by those whose folly could not be beaten out by mortar and pestle. The meetings, on the whole, were a wonderful success. Some one hundred and fifty were baptized into the church, and the work extended into other churches of the city.

REVIVAL IN WHITESBOROUGH, NEW YORK.

“It will not be out of place here to refer to a meeting I attended with Dr. C. P. Shelden, when he was a young man settled in Whitesborough, New York. I asked him what the trouble was with his people. He replied, ‘They are asleep, and I can not wake them up.’ I assured him they would wake up if we went to work.

“ Our meetings were well attended from the beginning. Our brethren hired teams and ran to New York Mills to bring and carry the young people from the meetings. Our meetings were both day and evening, and we went steadily on with no marked external success for a time. I believe the first convert was a poor man, who was passing our house with his saw and buck upon his back ; on hearing the sound of prayer he came in and was awakened and converted. A neighboring clergyman acted towards him as eagles act towards fish hawks. Eagles never fish ; they ambush for the hawk, and when he is returning with a fish for his family they will contrive to secure it.

“ The revival went forward with great power. Some of the finest young people were converted, and the Lord gathered a glorious harvest of souls. On one occasion, a young man was among the candidates, whose father swore if I baptized his son he would shoot me on the spot. I sent him word to come on ; I would risk him ; I would as soon go to heaven from a baptismal scene as from any other spot. When the time came the gentleman of threats said he would be caught in no such company. He acted the better part of valor. We at one time baptized some thirty. It was dead of winter and severe weather, yet the converts were firm as well as happy. Brother Sheldon is one of the most effective ministers I ever knew. He was a thorough worker when a young man, and still possesses those quenchless ardors which, with the divine blessing, ensure success. I think more than one hundred converts were the fruit of the revival, and I left the church with their slumbers thoroughly broken up.

CHAPTER XIX.

STATE MISSIONS AND NINTH PASTORATE.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—LABORS WITH N. E. SHAILER.—FAITH.—DILAPIDATION.—DISTILLERIES.—BAPTISM.—RUM SELLERS.—CONGREGATIONALISTS.—REVIVAL IN CORNWALL HOLLOW.—SUCCESS.—REVIVAL IN BRISTOL.—BAPTISMS.—DESTITUTE FIELD.—REVIVAL IN WEST WOODSTOCK.—DANCING.—PRAYING.—REVIVAL IN WEST HARTFORD.—REVIVAL IN NEW HARTFORD.—REVIVAL IN CANTON.—FATHER PHIPPEN.—TRUE WORKERS.—SEVERITIES ENDURED.—PASTORATE IN WATERFORD.—REVIVALS.—DEATHS.—REVIVAL IN HAMILTON, NEW YORK.—WORKERS.—DANCING DEVIL.—THE INSTITUTION.—DR. BROOKS.—DR. EATON.—THE PROFESSORS.—SUCCESS.

“ON resigning my charge of the Second Baptist church of New London, I accepted an appointment from the Board of the Connecticut Baptist State Convention, to labor as a domestic missionary in connection with Rev. N. E. Shailer. I entered upon my labors in November, 1860, and worked on that line three years and seven months. According to a journal I kept, I baptized about four hundred into churches of our denomination. The baptizing fell to my lot, because my brother Shailer, from lameness, was unable to administer the ordinance. Our field was of course peculiar. We literally wrought on the waste places in Zion. The changes in the rural districts have been such, from the departure of our young men to business pursuits in cities and towns, that a vast amount of labor is necessary to keep up the churches. In one locality in Litchfield County, I think some nine families moved away in one year, and, as a consequence, the

church to which they belonged could not sustain preaching. Our convention came to take the right view of the importance of sustaining churches few in number and of small financial ability. Most of our ministers come from feeble churches. In one very small church in our state, within a few years, five or six young men were licensed to preach the gospel. The cities are dependent upon the country for their ministers. Comparatively few young men are raised up in the cities who finally come into the ministry. The reason why is not for me to dwell upon.

“ Our general course of labor was to hold protracted meetings wherever the state of things demanded such, and preach constantly in the evening, and often in the afternoon, and then visit from house to house over the whole region round about. In one locality the congregation had ranged all the way from fifteen to thirty, and the church had passed through trouble which had diminished their numbers till really their light was quite eclipsed. We commenced our meeting with them under circumstances which promised but little. Faith in God has little to do with circumstances, though to some they are often magnified into mountains which obscure the glory of Christ. I remember to have heard at the close of the war of 1812, that some soldiers returning from Canada called at a house for refreshments, and a very aged lady ministered to their wants, who finally asked if they had any news. They replied that the Indians were at work prying up one of the large lakes, and were about to upset it on the country and drown it out. The aged lady, being in her second childhood, was in trouble, and sent for the minister, who, on coming, found that reasoning with her was of

no avail, so he referred to the promise of God, that he would never drown the world again. 'O yes,' said the aged daughter of Abraham, 'I know the promises of God are all right; but those playey Indians.' With multitudes, forbidding circumstances occupy the place of those playey Indians, and nothing that God has promised will weigh against their forest forces.

"Very soon after we commenced, the people rallied and filled up the houses of worship. The church was made up in the beginning of seven members, as I understood, who came off from an old church which had formerly been one of the strongest country churches in eastern Connecticut. But in their section, cider-brandy distilleries had taken the place of prayer meetings; and the increase of wealth unemployed for Christ had ruined the church. Intemperance and a general neglect had spread a cloud over the cause of God as the darkness of Egypt. The meeting house, where once resounded the high praises of God, and from whence went forth 'light as brightness and the salvation of God as a burning lamp,' had become so dilapidated that a floor had been laid over the gallery and the upper part used as a town house. The roof of the horse-sheds had fallen through, and the most striking emblem of the whole was the old hearse on which they had borne the dead to their final resting place, and which was as nearly crumbled to dust as the departed dead. But the brandy distilleries were in full blast, and 'isms' had taken the place of correct views; under the circumstances, seven choice spirits, bound to the abstinence principle, banded together to set up a standard for God.

"In my first efforts to preach with them, I felt

called upon to clear up what is called close communion, and set that subject in the true light of the New Testament. After the close of the sermon an aged lady came to me and said, 'Why did you preach that sermon? If you had not preached it, I could have got along without being baptized; but now I shall have to come out and be baptized.' I told her she must settle the question with God. Though advanced in life, she came out and was baptized. Her obedience at her time of life, sent a thrill through the whole region. No one can tell the influence which a simple act of obedience, due to Christ, will have upon those around them. God is entitled to not only real submission to his requirements, but a submission professed.

"About this time, in conversing with a youth who had cherished some degree of hope, I asked her if she loved Christ, and obtained the reply, 'Yes, I could die for him.' Then said I, 'come out and be baptized.' She did come. Her father was a member of the church but her mother and only brother were unconverted; both of whom followed her example. In another instance, where a brother and sister made their way to Christ and were baptized, the father and mother followed them. When the youth expressed at home their desire to follow Christ, the father said to his son, 'I tell you there is nothing in religion.' Though he did not forbid, he poured out his displeasure in full. Yet the children pressed their way forward. The daughter was baptized with other young ladies in a snow storm; and after baptism God covered them all with fleecy snow as a lively emblem of what their hearts were, now cleansed by the blood of Jesus, and their bodies washed in pure water. The fleecy robe seemed becoming jewels

of Christ in a kind of bridal attire. Shortly after the baptism of the children, I called at their house and asked the father if he thought he had ever experienced religion. He replied, 'Yes, twenty years ago, and all the time since I have been impressed to pray in my family, but have never attempted it till this morning; and all the while have been advocating Paine's Age of Reason.' O, the deceitfulness of human hearts. His wife had all this time hoped in Christ, but it took the move made by the children to bring the parents thoroughly out. At a communion I saw the father and mother and their youthful son and daughter seated side by side at the table of the Lord. All their countenances were radiant with the smile of Christ, while the hope of eternal life anchored them by the side of the cross.

"When our meetings commenced the wives of two of the deacons had never professed religion, but both now came out and followed Christ, and the salvation of God came among their children. When the work began to move on with power, it seemed that nothing could successfully oppose it. Our house was crowded with anxious listeners to the word of God, and many bowed to the sceptre of Christ. In the congregation there were two who sold rum. In our preaching we gave the rum traffic no quarter. The brandy distilleries, on the hill, we had to reach at long shots; but the two men were within easy distance, and before the meeting was over, both, who sold the fiery liquid, shut down the gate upon the black traffic.

"The influence of our meetings spread into three Congregational societies, and all three of the pastors went down into the water and buried converts in the likeness of Christ's death, according to the divine

method. I met with one of the pastors, and saw him baptize seven in a mill-pond. At his request I assisted him, opening the service with prayer. God smiled upon the scene. I had a very cordial meeting with another of the pastors. As we parted he said, 'Elder, put them under water.' I assured him that was my intention. I often referred to the advice which he kindly gave me.

"Our meeting lasted near six weeks, and I baptized between eighty and one hundred persons. The revival tide rose high and flowed out over the hills in many directions, but never entered the immediate section of the distilleries. From the burnt district of the Devil's dye-house, where characters were colored black and warranted fast colors, some came to the meeting, but not a single one was converted. Some interesting youth from those sections came to hear the word of life, but all arguments were counteracted by home influences. Anciently children were sacrificed to devils; and the crime has not altogether ceased. Though the altars are somewhat changed, the sacrificial offerings are not.

REVIVAL IN CORNWALL HOLLOW.

"One of our most successful meetings was held in Litchfield County, at Cornwall Hollow. We found the church in a very low state. One thing contributing to block our way was the prevalence of the spirit of secession. By this, for a time, our efforts were baffled. I determined at length to fray away the lions. The effort was attended with considerable music, not very harmonious, but with some success. The church had no pastor. By request of the church, one man came there as a candidate for settlement. On the Sabbath, he prayed for his country, asking God to succeed the right, for which he was vetoed by the society's commit-

tee. An aged man in this region contended that liberty belonged to the whites, and slavery to the blacks. Elder Shailer asked him what he would do with a man half white. He answered: 'He would be entitled to his freedom half the time, or in proportion to the degree of his white blood.'

"I was told of a family in 'the place, the head of which had been removed by death, but who, while living, was a principal means of building the meeting house where we worshipped. I sought out his children, who were without hope, feeling that if he had labored so faithfully to have a sanctuary where souls might come and seek the Lord, his family ought to share our attention, that they too might have an inheritance above. I saw a daughter of his, a youth of much promise, and appealed to her, for her father's sake, to seek the Lord. She was much affected, and gave me the pledge that she would seek the Lord. In a few evenings she arose and informed me that she had found the Savior, and invited others to come to Christ and live. Shortly a brother came; and so great blessings came to that house. Our meeting was held while the severity of winter was upon the country; and a winter upon the heights of Litchfield means something. Yet people came many miles from all directions, and the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. One evening I saw a lady passing out of the house, leading a little girl, and I said to her, I hoped she would not lose her reward for coming to meeting. She said, 'We have come eight miles, and we have to turn out of the traveled roads on account of the snowbanks, and shall not get home till midnight.'

"We at length commenced baptizing, and in the

course of about six weeks, I think, near sixty converts put on Christ. In the course of the meeting, a man who had formerly belonged to the church, but for years had not walked with it, arose and asked me if I would pray for him. I told him I would, and asked him to come forward. He declined, saying, he thought God would kill him, and we could get him out rather handier where he was than if he went up. I told him God would have mercy on him; and so he came up and found peace to his soul. An old matter lay back between him and the church about pew-rent. After he was fairly in the light, he came up and brought the specie, (not easily obtained at that time, during the war,) and thus wiped out the old account, and took his place in the ranks again.

“ Our work as missionaries, in the winter season, was hard. We traveled with our teams; each had his own. Crossing the country in the dead of winter, our sufferings were extreme. Yet nothing hindered us. No weather arrested our progress, unless the roads were blocked with snow. We met with generous receptions wherever we went, receiving both hospitality and *horse-pitality*, for we had our teams with us.

REVIVAL IN BRISTOL.

“ During my work for the Convention, they consented that I should comply with an invitation to labor for a time with the church in Bristol, then without a pastor. I ceased journeying with my brother Shailer for a season, and spent about six or seven months exclusively in Bristol. Our meetings for a time were thinly attended, especially our conferences. For months, our cry was, ‘ O Lord, revive thy work.’ The Lord appeared according to promise, and, as he always does, took his own

way to do it. We had long looked to the hills from whence cometh life, desirous that we might see the salvation of God.

“A youth, whose parents belonged to the church, arose one evening and requested prayers, saying that she, while on a visit to the West, had experienced religion, and thought she would return home before she made a profession. On coming home, she found religion so low around her, that she delayed, and had at length been thrown in the dark. This was indeed a signal of day-break to us. She very soon found her salvation's joys restored, and we heard from her frequently in our meetings. When about to be baptized, her brother, a very interesting lad of perhaps fifteen years of age, became very anxious about his soul, and much wished to accompany his sister in putting on Christ, if he could be properly qualified for the ordinance. The Saturday night arrived previous to the Sabbath on which his sister had determined to be baptized. At the close of the meeting, George was in deep distress; he had not found Christ, as he had hoped. The time drew near when a dividing line would be drawn between himself and his sister, unless he was prepared to go with her. I assured him, if he pressed his way to Jesus, he would find him ere the morning came. That night will never be forgotten by him. Ere the day dawned, he knocked at the door of his father's room, and was welcomed in to tell how he had found the Savior. The next day was bright in many respects, but especially so to him, for he and his sister both followed their Savior in baptism unto death. The scene of the baptism of these two dear children can never be effaced from the memory of those who stood by. The spirit of their angel mother,

who was called away when her children were young, must have beheld that obedience of those who once clung to her heart with rapturous delight.

“The work of the Lord now began to increase, and the youth of the congregation were moved by the Spirit of the Lord like the forest when fanned by the winds of heaven. In two seasons of baptism six young men and six young ladies at each time put on Christ. The last was a season never to be forgotten. Another came and bowed to God in the ordinance. The day was one of extreme rain. After preaching, the storm prevailed to such an extent that the congregation kept the house, and we spent the afternoon in conference and prayer. The mother who was baptized was made the special object of prayer, that the Lord would bring her from home to obey him. God literally answered our prayer. She left her home, related her experience, and was permitted to put on Christ. God caused the rain to cease near the going down of the sun, so the converts enjoyed what we had asked for, the blessed opportunity to obey Christ. I believe some sixty were added to the church by baptism. I never saw more direct answers to prayer. Those who were aroused to see their lost condition had clear views of the nature of sin, and also of the only remedy God had provided for their recovery. Hence the time was short between their apprehension by Christ and their effectual laying hold on their Redeemer by a living faith. Children were also brought into the kingdom, who gave the clearest proof of having embraced him who gave such distinguishing evidences when on the earth of his love for such. Eternity will reveal an amount of good accomplished beyond what man can write. . .

"Once, in the course of my missionary labors, I went out as Abraham did, not knowing whither I was going. I was deeply impressed regarding the direction I should take, and that was all the clue I had as to my journey or its results. I finally arrived in the vicinity of a small Baptist church which had been without preaching for some two years, but had kept up a conference meeting, and had maintained a Sabbath school. In this locality I heard of one person inquiring after the Savior. I stopped and went to look after the inquirer, and found she had obtained hope and was a clear case of conversion. I commenced preaching from evening to evening and spent several weeks in the place, visiting from house to house, and seeking out the lost and pointing them all to Christ. In a short time inquirers multiplied and conversions were soon realized.

"One evening after the congregation had been dismissed, a young man, a member of the church, said, pointing to a pew filled with young men, 'These young men would have gone up for prayer had they been asked. One of them was brought up in our family and we think very much of him, and are anxious for his conversion.' I went directly to the seat where they were, conversed with them, and found them very attentive, and the one specially designated appeared deeply wrought upon. They all knelt with me in prayer, and before the next morning the one most anxious was converted. He stayed at home the next evening to take care of a little child while his wife came up to meeting, to seek her soul's salvation. She told me that while she stayed at home for her companion to come to meeting, she (though without hope herself,) prayed for him, I think, five times. She soon found the Savior, and

both of them were baptized. I spent a few weeks in the place and baptized thirty-two rejoicing converts.

REVIVAL IN WEST WOODSTOCK.

"I had heard of a work of grace in West Woodstock, and a few expressed hope in Christ. I went up and found Brother Worthington, who was pastor of the church, and spent a few weeks with him. The work that had been done was in an extreme corner of the society, but after my arrival we opened the meeting house and I preached to them. The church came up nobly, and very soon the work of the Lord became general in the congregation. At our first season of baptism, several middle aged persons were baptized who promised large usefulness in the church. Some of them had long cherished hope, but delayed being baptized. Generally such have all the blame of their delay saddled upon themselves. It is often true that they find in the church, and often in their own homes, those who council delay. Such council falls in with the disposition of their own hearts and the temptation of Satan. The result in all cases is loss to their souls and the church of God. The next who came out were youth, and a large number were converted. Satan attempted one of his old plots to direct attention from the work of the Lord to a dance. We held a prayer meeting, I believe, as long as they danced. God triumphed, and the dancers were defeated. In the progress of the revival a large class of youth were made the happy subjects of God's redeeming love. According as I remember, some fifty or sixty were baptized before I left the field.

REVIVAL IN WEST HARTFORD.

"I, with my Brother Shailer, held meetings in South

Colebrook, West Hartford, and New Hartford. In West Hartford our meeting was of necessity. We were blocked in by snow and could get nowhere, and so went to work with our beloved Brother, Rev. E. Cushman. Good was done, and some souls were converted. Our dearly beloved, and now lamented, Brother Joseph Sisson was then alive, and in full activity in his christian career. I must always remember how unflinchingly he wrought, with his heart and hands, to aid on the meeting. He went from evening to evening with his team when the roads were well nigh impassable, to carry us to the different school houses in West Hartford, that we might preach the gospel of Christ.

REVIVAL IN NEW HARTFORD.

“Our meeting in South Colebrook was a success, and quite a number were added to the church. In New Hartford the Lord wrought mighty wonders in turning many to righteousness. God arrested an infidel. When he came to the meeting to seek his God, he was led up the aisle, walking behind one of the brethren, with his arms extended over the shoulders of him who supported him; he thus appeared to lay himself down upon the altar of the living God who is ‘rich in mercy to all who call upon him.’ Very soon he was clothed and in his right mind. His conversion sent out an influence over the region round about vastly in favor of the faith which the new converted man had sought to destroy. The church in New Hartford was small at the time of the meeting, and met in a school house large and commodious. Weeks rolled by while the meeting lasted, and from day to day souls were added to the Lord. This meeting was wonderfully successful in bringing to the Savior quite a number who had long

withstood the calls of Christ. The only son of Brother Bentley who had made so many sacrifices for the little church was converted. A goodly number were added to the church of such as we trust will be saved.

REVIVAL IN CANTON.

"I preached a few sermons in Canton, and the Lord brought out a number who were baptized. Among them was the wife of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was converted under the following circumstances. She had a brother who died of consumption. In his anxieties about his soul he would call upon his sister to pray for him and with him. She loved him with inexpressible tenderness, and his beseeching her for prayer, overcame her; and while seeking the salvation of her brother, she found her own. The venerable Father, Rev. George Phippen, was pastor of the church. He was now about eighty years of age; yet still actively laboring for Christ. The church had some very valuable members, who tried to stay up his hands, while God sustained his heart. He lived in a parsonage owned by private parties as a sort of joint stock company. He kept his books in a kind of entry over the front door; the only place in the house where they could be secure from rain. In a storm, his washtubs were set in his lodging-room, and, I should judge, would sometimes secure water enough to do an ordinary washing. Both his salary and his congregation were small. A spot on the roof of the meeting house, about as large as a dining-table, allowed the rain to come through, so as to render several pews untenable in a storm. Yet the firm and true man of God was always in his place, with peculiarly erect form, broad chest, a wonderfully developed head, a remarkably dignified bearing, yet as meek and uncom-

plaining as a lamb. Some of our ministers who go to Europe to secure health, would be quite restored if they could take such a place as that of Father Phippen's for a month, thus saving the expense of the voyage and learning how some Baptist ministers, who live on the shady side of the hill, get up their breakfasts as well as their sermons. In ancient days, Father Phippen would have been taken for a Roman senator. He had exhausted the strength of early life in the work of the Lord, and now, in advanced age, was compelled to be allured into sleep in a storm by the music of the pelting rain from without and the melodies of pattering drops as they fell in his washtubs in his lodging room, having the consolation that he should not soon be out of rainwater. That kind of experience takes the shine all off of standing on the crater of Vesuvius, or studying German neology to brighten American genius; and learn how to rock a religious cradle, in which a Laodicean church sleeps, so as not to disturb the slumberers. On one occasion, after I had preached, Father Phippen offered prayer, and said: 'O Lord, we have had the gospel to-day, not exactly as we have been wont to have it; but it is the gospel. O Lord, bless it.'

"A book made up of the life and labors of Father Phippen and his class of fellow-workers, in their times, would be of great value to our present ministry. Invention and God-given genius served them instead of libraries, which were beyond their reach. Their advocacy of Bible truth was mighty, their views were transparent; and to run them ashore on theology would be as futile as to attempt to bail the Atlantic dry with a teaspoon. By diligent search in the mine of divine truth, they brought up gems unsurpassed for beauty and utility."

Their training of the churches in Bible truths, a strict adherence to which constitutes us Baptists, was such that, when christian characters were set up after their understanding of the divine model, no power beneath the heavens could turn them into anything else. They were men of broad charity, although their strict adherence to our denominational views drew down upon them the charge of bigotry. All honor to our advanced civilization, our general intelligence, and our happy facilities for fitting ministers for positions of honor and usefulness; yet the Lord was God while the ark dwelt in curtains, a fact which should never be lost sight of when the ark has its resting place in the temple. I once heard Elder Samuel West say, while the subject of ministerial education was under discussion: 'No man can preach without study. If a man thinks he can, he either studies when he don't know it, or else he thinks he preaches when he don't.' Neither Booth's Reign of Grace, nor Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, nor Jonathan Edwards' Theology contained sounder doctrines than those early veterans of God's army heralded forth to the world. 'The high praises of God were in their mouths, and a two-edged sword was in their hands, wherewith they bound kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron. This honor had they with all God's saints.'

"The multitude of claims upon Brother Shailer and myself, as missionaries, would not suffer us to toil together upon the same fields, save a portion of the time. Always in harmony, however, we went forth to our work, to cheer the disconsolate, to stay the things that remained, and to strengthen the hands that hung

down, and to point the lost to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

“Finally, at the end of three years and seven months, I declined a reappointment by the Convention. No years of my life had known so hard service. One horse could not stand my driving through the year. When a part of the year was over, I turned out the wearied animal, and bought another, and drove him till the first was recruited. This course I followed while in the Convention’s service. I worked myself harder than I did my horses.” [Mr. S. had an eye for a *good* horse, and was a tender-hearted owner.—F. D.] “On one occasion, to reach my field and meet my appointment, I faced a driving snow storm all day, riding upon wheels which made my case the worse. In two other instances, I traveled forty-two miles in a day, through drenching rain from morning till night.

“One of the hardest rides I ever had Elder Shailer gave me in his sleigh. The earth wore a hard finish of ice, and on it was a heavy fall of snow, blown into heaps, blocking up the highways. Over the whole God sent a mighty rain which reduced the mass to a kind of syrup. The wind was northwest and cold and we faced it. Our point lay twelve miles distant. So on we went, by ice and snow, and part of the time by water. But nothing could daunt Elder Shailer. He had sent on an appointment for preaching. Reaching the place we found an anxious assembly ready to hear the gospel. Without refreshment, I had to thaw out a little, and then took the pulpit and preached. Another appointment awaited me in the evening, which I was able to meet. And the next day, at one o’clock in the afternoon, I preached again on the field we left the day before. The above is

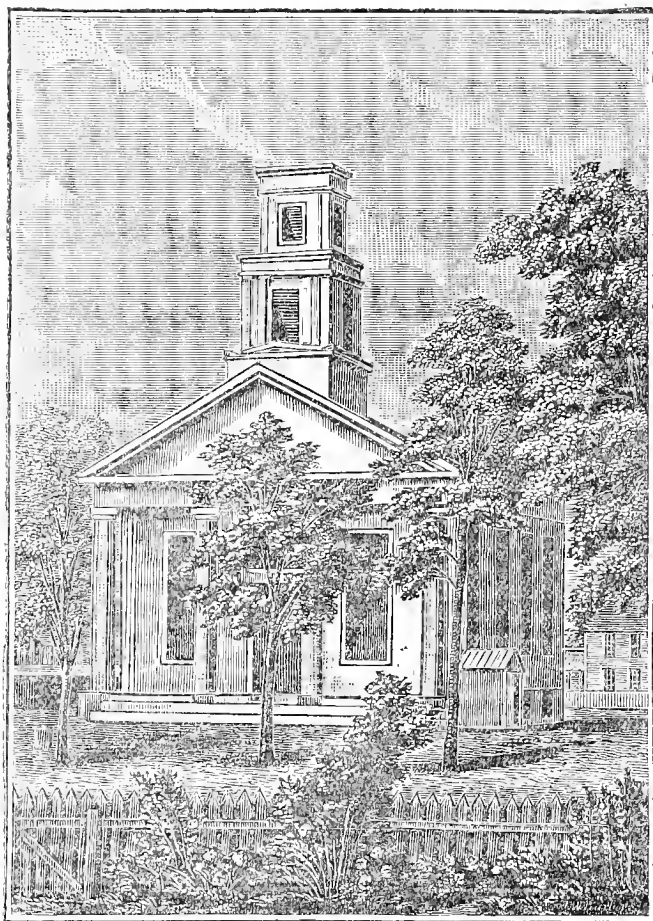
a sort of specimen of the exceeding felicities of domestic missionary life in Connecticut.

“When I had finished my work for the Convention, I was very kindly treated by that body. A resolution was drawn up by Dr. S. D. Phelps, of New Haven, expressive of their appreciation of my labors, and was unanimously adopted by the Convention.

PASTORATE IN WATERFORD, CONNECTICUT.

“My health was now down. I counted myself unable to enter into pastoral relations, and my way home from the Convention was dark. If my body had been as heavy as my soul, my horse would have found it difficult to have taken me home. On my way home one of the pulpit committee of the First Baptist church in Waterford hailed me, and asked me if I would supply their pulpit the next Sabbath. I consented. I met the brethren and they gave me a hearty welcome; but the aspect of the congregation was forbidding. The multitudes I had formerly met there were not present. The old church, gray with the honors God had put upon her, was now in trouble. The adhesive power of brotherly love had been weakened, and roots of bitterness had sprung up. I was in a poor condition for the work before me.

“But I have an article in my creed, obtained from the scenery of Genessaret, that has served me as an anchor in times of darkness. Christ had ordered the disciples to launch out and go over to the other side of the sea. When in the middle of the lake a terrible storm was upon them. They understood their peril but were without help till Christ appeared. From this I derived the article in my creed which is—to follow the course prescribed by Christ, though it may involve darkness, storm and danger. When dangers are thickest Christ



BAPTIST CHURCH.

WATERFORD, CONN.

AUGUST, 1873.

will appear for deliverance. This thought has been a buckler to me.

“The committee proposed that I supply them for a few months, and then for a year. They asked me for my terms. I said I had none. They named five hundred dollars, and a donation, which last, finally amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars. And this was during the high prices of the war; hence it cost the church a struggle. Moreover the church was in debt, and the pew rents had failed to pay their expenses. I had always been on the best of terms with the church; yet I held views in reference to which all could not go with me. They knew that heaven and earth would testify that to build Christ’s church and save souls was my life-work. As pastor, I never enjoyed more perfect harmony with any church. In preaching I dwelt upon truths adapted to bring the church out of darkness and into the light. Soon our congregations began to wear their old aspect, and the house finally filled up.

REVIVAL

“My pastorate commenced in June, 1864; and in the next winter the Lord Almighty set down the foot of his power among us. The order and life with which the vision of Ezekiel wound up, could hardly exceed what we beheld in the triumphs of the grace of God. Alienation died out among brethren; and the revelation of God’s power to save had more attraction to draw the family of Christ together than a thousand committees would have had, though good in their places. As months rolled by, new victories of the Son of God were achieved in the conversion of the youth, many of them our most promising young men. Near one hundred

were converted, the most of whom were added to the church.

“During the nearly eight years of my pastoral relation to the church, peace reigned in our hearts and pervaded the body. We had three principal revivals in which two hundred and twenty-three were added to the church. To me the last year was the most trying of my whole ministry. Deacon Gilbert Rogers and Deacon Isaac Avery died; both men of good report who purchased to themselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith. Brother Manassah Leech also died, who was a man of great power in prayer and exhortation, and whose gifts edified the body of Christ. To fill my cup of sorrow, Brother Daniel Stanton, while on his way to a Sabbath school gathering in a grove, was thrown from his wagon and instantly killed. The multitude had gathered at the table, I had just asked a blessing, when the message came “Daniel Stanton is killed.” Never a heavier blow fell upon my heart. The day was pleasant, and the forest wore its full beauties; but a cloud fell upon us like the darkness of Egypt. Every leaf of the forest seemed to respond “Brother Stanton is dead;” and all the surrounding scenery joined in the mournful echo. The christian, the friend of men, the lover of Sabbath schools, the happy husband, the endeared parent, the servant of the church of God and the supporter of missionaries, was dead.

“I asked of the church a respite of a few months, and it was granted, that I might devote more time to my now suffering companion, and, by change of scenery, regain my own strength. After about six weeks Mrs. Swan went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to spend the winter

with her daughter; and I decided to visit my only surviving brother and only sister, both residing in Central New York.

"In November, 1871, I arrived in Hamilton, N. Y., traveling with my own conveyance. I met with almost all sorts of obstructions on my way, till my detention suggested that God had work for me on the road; and I awoke to attend to it. When night overtook me, I usually stopped in taverns, in all of which strong drink was sold, though in some sparingly. I reasoned with the innkeepers on intemperance, and prayed in their houses, wherever a door was opened, and never got but one answer, from those to whom I named Christ, that savored of vinegar.

REVIVAL IN HAMILTON.

"I spent the Sabbath in Hamilton, and preached for Dr. W. R. Brooks, and had a very pleasant day and evening. Our meetings were crowded, being held in the vestry, as the audience room was undergoing repairs. In the course of the week, my sister invited a number of her friends and mine to spend an afternoon at her house. Among them were Dr. Eaton, Professor A. M. Beebe, H. Harvey, and J. J. Lewis, together with their wives. In the interview, the state of religion in Hamilton was a subject of thought. All admitted it was low and needed to be revived. I was asked if I could remain, in case a meeting was held. Having come with no design of staying, I could say but little. It was thought a meeting ought to be held and commenced at once; but painters were at work on the sanctuary. Finally, Brother Brooks and Brother Lewis called me aside, and asked my opinion. I answered them as follows: I once preached on the language Pha-

raah sent up to Jacob, 'Regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is before you.' I said the old king knew if they remained tinkering among their old furniture, they would never get to Egypt; I also told them my doctrine, deduced from the text, was 'Lesser good should be sacrificed for the greater, when the good of God's kingdom demanded it. Now,' said I, 'your condition of things at the church is all stuff. Let the whole repairs lie over; let the painting be dismissed, and the carpet replaced; and when obligations to God are met, then fit up the sanctuary.' They smiled; and the next day repairs on the house ceased, furniture was returned, and when Sabbath came we had room for the host to come in, and for work also.

"A vote was taken to hold a series of meetings; and from that time, for nearly five weeks, we were engaged in using means to revive the work of the Lord. A church never knows how far from God they have gone till they launch forth to let down the net for a draught. It is not uncommon, at the end of a week, to feel as though they had not so much religion as they had to start with. . So it was with us. In the great revival of two years previous, under the labors of Elder Knapp, many were added to the church; and, among the converts, some had strayed away from the fold. Our first two weeks of the meeting were weeks of heart-searching, supplication, confession and humiliation before the Lord. My old aids, Deacons Umpstead and Payne, and Esq. Payne, with others, had passed to their rest. And now the workers, some at least, had never been inured to my manner of working. Yet, when some two weeks had passed, the church began to strike the revival current, and daylight began to break over us. Those

who had been in polar circles began to come up under the sun.

“We have, as a denomination, been acquainted with the variety of evils which contribute to backsliding; but of late, a sort of Dancing Devil has got in among our churches, of such strange character, that it takes a long series of revival meetings, attended with the power of God, to cast him out. Yet God triumphs, notwithstanding human frailty. Dancers among Baptists are generally cured, when they come to themselves. It has proved a costly thing to chant to the sound of the viol in the kick-ups of the Devil, falsely called ‘hops.’ Among the wanderers from the church were some who had chosen dancing scenes before the prayer meeting, and yet not gone beyond the sound of the voice of the Great Shepherd.

“When the work of the Lord began to move with power, it reached our Institution on the adjacent hill. The Professors in the institution, including President Ebenezer Dodge, came in with all their heart, and took hold of the work of the Lord. Young men from the hill, who had backslidden from God, began to return to their father’s house; and God appeared in their prayer meetings at the institution. Dr. G. W. Eaton, now departed to his home above, was in feeble health, and could do but little to assist in gathering in the harvest; yet his whole soul was swallowed up in the glory of Christ, as it stands connected with the redemption of the lost. God also appeared in the schools of the village, and converts were multiplied in those seats of learning.

“The custom has long prevailed in Hamilton, when a general effort is made to save souls, to visit not only

the village but the whole region round about. This was carried out as I never saw it before. As we might expect, the inhabitants flowed in from all quarters; and from the host God gathered jewels. I never saw a more excellent company of youth than the Lord redeemed, in the course of the meetings. I never had so many effective workers in a meeting, when they were thoroughly broken in. The pastor, Dr. Brooks, drank deep into the spirit of the meeting, and God brought salvation to his house.

“Of Dr. Eaton, I ought to say more than to merely refer to him. I knew him for nearly forty years. God built him for service. His soul had large room to work in; I mean in his earthly house. He combined the most distinguished qualities of character I ever knew in one man. His friendship was as pure as it was strong; and his sympathies ran in the broadest channels which a human heart could feel; and his heart was like a river with banks always full, often to overflowing. I knew him better as a preacher, a christian and a sympathizer in my work for God, than as a professor in his more general calling. Abler pens than mine have done him justice in those relations. His love for the Institution, in which he spent his strength, surpassed the love of women. When its life was struck at with erring hands and addled heads, he threw all his powers on the side of righteousness and bent in the faith of God’s elect, in appealing to heaven for the defeat of schemes to run off with our educational ark.

“I was with him in one season of prayer, which he thought turned the scale. As a preacher, he was peculiar; he required considerable ground to turn in. When he beat up oil for the sanctuary, it took a vessel as

large as his to contain it. When in his best moods in the pulpit, he would furnish his hearers with a meal as effective as that brought to Elijah by the angel, on which he was sustained forty days, till he reached the mount of God. His theological views threw a charm over the whole field of divine truth. He came into the forest of God's Lebanon, and displayed a genius in unfolding the beauty of the hill of God, that few ever equaled; and his general range of thought if you followed him, took his hearers as in a walk among the trees of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. His uprightness was like a palm tree. With some giant minds we get kinks in the will, while some powers are of Samson growth, and combine weakness with strength; and, like Samson, with weakness in the will, lose their locks by some fascinating Delilah; and the Philistines have them. But not so with the Doctor. Each power of soul seemed balanced by corresponding powers, enabling him to work the whole mental and moral machinery so as to draw trains of thought freighted with the fruits, fragrance and beauty of the Jerusalem above. His sympathies with student life were a marvel. While he could not be beguiled into an approval of wrong, yet he would find in the boys, though a little wayward, some good thing regarding the God of Israel. If he ever erred, it was on the side of mercy. His humility was a sort of girdle which bound about the whole religious dress. His shaking of hands was better than a whole sermon upon recognition in heaven. The last time I met him was while he was prostrate by sickness, of which he finally died. He was so enfeebled that it was thought questionable whether I had better see him. I insisted he should

decide. When he found I was in the house, he would not be put off; I must come in. I went to his bed, and he clasped his long arms around my neck, exclaiming: 'O! Brother Swan, the New Jerusalem! The New Jerusalem!' We wept in each other's arms, like David and Jonathan. I then bowed with his weeping family, and led in prayer for his life, if possible, to be lengthened out; and God did partially restore him, to wait a season longer. He walked with God, and God took him.

"Of the Professors in the University I ought to say, I never knew such an effective force for the active work of God in leading souls to Christ in any college upon earth. Their power with God in prayer and their influence, not only with students, but beyond the halls of the University, were mighty. May the Lord open the eyes of the students there to appreciate the advantages they have under the training of such devoted men.

"The church came nobly to the work. Backsliders returned. Old hoppers took up the cross. Before I left, I witnessed several seasons of baptism. The other denominations stood aloof, with the exception of, here and there, an individual; yet they were invited. I never united in revival measures with any denomination without reaping a benefit. I think, when Christ passes through a place, and a portion of His friends shut their doors upon him, when they open to let him in, he may be gone. Those who want rain water, had not better tear down their eaves-troughs, because the sound of rain does not come in the way they expected. When Elijah heard the sound of rain, he made all arrangements conform to it."

CHAPTER XX

LATER ITINERACIES.

MR. SWAN'S RECORD:—VISIT TO NORWICH, NEW YORK.—DEATH OF HELEN.—FUNERAL.—SORROW.—REVIVAL IN NORWICH.—BAPTISM. GENERAL WORK.—REVIVAL IN OWEGO.—RAPTURE.—POWER OF GOD.—CONFESSION.—BAPTISMS.—HUNDREDS CONVERTED.—THE HIGHER LIFE.—SCRIPTURE TESTS.—ACCESSIONS.—W. H. KING.—REVIVAL IN CARMEL, NEW YORK.—JOHN WARREN.—HIS SERMONS. FORMER REVIVAL.—CHANGE OF TIMES.—DEACONS.—CONVERSION. BAPTISMS.—GOLDEN WEDDING.—REVIVAL IN UNIONVILLE, NEW YORK.—SICKNESS.—RECOVERY.—PREACHING IN NORTH LYME, CONNECTICUT.—REVIEW.—GRATITUDE.—THOUSANDS BAPTIZED.—MRS. SWAN.—HER LABORS.—HER CHARACTER.—THE FAMILY.

“AFTER closing my work at Hamilton, I went to Norwich, New York, my former residence, to hold a protracted meeting. Arriving on Friday, I found a letter from home, stating that my youngest daughter had been very ill, but was now considered out of danger. The church in Norwich had been waiting for me with anxiety, and seemed to be ready to enter into the work of the Lord. When the Sabbath arrived, a host came together to hear the word. It was a day of remarkable interest, and closed with deep solemnity; and I gave out my appointments for the week.

On Monday morning I received a telegram to come immediately home. No explanation was given. I feared the worst, and started at once. A hard snow storm prevailed all day, and dark clouds were on the hills and valleys. O the pain of my suspense! I reached Brooklyn, N. Y. and the house of my son-in-law, Mr. Phelps, where my wife was, and learned that Helen, my

youngest daughter, was dead. She died December 31, 1872. My wife was too feeble to return with me to my home to bury our dear, dear Helen. I reached home the next day. None of my family were present when Helen died, save my oldest daughter. Here were the three little children of the departed left now without a mother. The star of our hopes had gone down, not to rise again till the trump of God shall sound to call up the dead. Helen mourned that I was absent, and would often exclaim, 'O, when will father come?' The power of that exclamation upon my soul will never die till I have passed from earth. Through the hopefulness of our family physician and friends, the real danger in Helen's case was kept from me till death came in full reality. The submission I had preached to others I was now called to practice myself. Neighbors and christian friends, in the most tender manner, mingled their sympathies with me and my afflicted family. At the funeral, my brethren in the ministry, Revs. N. P. Foster and J. P. Brown, and others attended; and I can never forget how they exhibited in the services the genuine spirit of christian love, and opened to us the fountain of God's consolations, and bore us, in our sorrows, by prayer to him who bore our sorrows and carried our griefs. At the grave, I stood with my family as never before. Helen! dear Helen! we had to leave for the wintry snows to cover her bosom—the bosom we once so happily clasped to our own. O, that moment to me! The trouble of my whole life condensed would have been like the small dust of the balance compared to this sorrow. Deep cried unto deep, like the waves of the ocean responding to each other in the moaning notes of the surf.

“While I turned from the grave, feeling as though my heart had ceased to beat, God revealed himself to me as never before, according to the promise, ‘I will manifest myself unto you, as I do not unto the world.’ My field in the Chenango Valley which I had left rolled up before me, and the harvest to be reaped there caught away my heart from my sadness. I returned with my family to my home, borne up by a mighty uplifting tide, which for power exceeded anything I had before known. Now came another trial. My oldest daughter, on whom must devolve the care of the three little children her sister had left, informed me that she could not stay at our home for the winter, as I must be away, but desired to take the children to her sister’s in Brooklyn, where her enfeebled mother was. To conform my affairs to this, and close my house, was a new feature. I had, in all my former absence from home, looked towards that spot of all others on earth most dear. I must now look back upon it as a place where silence reigned, and gloom and night held perpetual sway. No other door being opened, I made haste to conform my plans to the wishes of my daughter; and soon the remaining members of my household were on their way to Brooklyn, and I was left to close my house and hasten to the work I had left.

“When all were gone, at evening, I repaired to the room where, when I left home previously, Helen and her little children were grouped together and happy. There I bowed, and wept, and prayed, and then passed out of my house, locking it up. I left for a walk of some three miles, to where I had held a happy pastorate for nearly eight years. That walk was the most peculiar one I ever took. I had passed over this road,

from my home to Waterford, to attend the funerals of my members, and a number of my deacons, in times of distress, but never knew a season like this. My eyes were nearly blinded with tears; my heart beat heavily, and, at times, it seemed as though my limbs would give way beneath me. I had come into a new order of experience. I had witnessed it in others. Perhaps few men in the ministry had taken more pains in attending funerals, and visiting the sick and dying, and endeavoring to comfort those who mourned. Now the time had come for me to practice what I had preached to others, and to let them see how I could trust in God in a dark day. Such grace, I think, was given.

“On the next morning I arose early and called on the Lord, and found some relief from the oppressive weight upon my heart. Then, for the first time since the death of Helen, I gave way to my feelings in weeping and lamentation. The more I indulged this, the more distress came upon me, till it seemed I should die unless I ceased to mourn. Finally, I determined to lay all upon Him who has said: ‘Cast all your care upon Him who careth for you.’ Relief came; and it being the Sabbath, I went up to the house of God and preached, feeling great freedom in dwelling upon the wisdom and goodness of God.

REVIVAL IN NORWICH, NEW YORK.

“On the following day I started for my field in Norwich, New York. In the middle of the week I entered upon my work of preaching the gospel of Christ. The church had held to the mercy seat while I had been absent, and everything seemed to promise a glorious harvest. Our meetings increased in interest; and soon inquiring souls were found pressing their way to the

feet of Christ. The late Judge York was then alive, and, though infirm, was able to meet with us in the afternoon meetings. His presence was a power among us. His counsels and prayers greatly increased the interest of the meetings. Between four and five weeks God wrought wonders in the conversion of many. Before I left, I assisted in baptizing twenty-one happy believers in Christ. The baptistery, which is a modern institution among Baptists in this country, was out of order; and I was not sorry, as necessity brought us for the administration of the ordinance of baptism to the ancient place, which God had provided, where I had resorted with converts during nearly eight years of my ministry. It was winter, and the spotless snow was about us; but the converts were peculiarly happy. If those who love God could trace out the connection of the right discharge of their duty with the good of others, they would become dead to all hesitation about performing their duty, though clouds might surround them and wear a threatening aspect.

“A lady belonging to our congregation had indulged hope in Christ, but had not been baptized. One evening, on returning from meeting, she requested her husband to take their little child and retire with it. After he had retired, he heard her open the bookcase door, as he supposed to take a Bible to read. He was right. She read and prayed. The noise of the opening of the book-case, and the object of it, were more to that husband than all the gospel he had ever heard, and all personal appeals to serve the Lord. God riveted this upon him so that conviction deepened, till he left all for Christ; and he and his companion were among the twenty-one who were the first fruits of the revival.”

“The conversions were principally among the youth; a few were children. The work was deep and thorough; and when any came to the light, they came strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. The churches in the village were affected by what God accomplished, and meetings were held with the Congregational, Methodist and Free-Will Baptist churches, and all were blessed. The great amount of conversions before I left were with the Baptists. I looked most hopefully for a general breaking down in the ranks of the ungodly, and directed my efforts accordingly. The church acted with me to a considerable extent. The overwhelming wave did not come till after I left. There was a mighty stirring up in the village, but the strong man, armed to a considerable extent, kept his palace. After I left, my brother, Rev. J. D. Potter, the Congregational evangelist, a man of great worth to the cause of Christ, and who devotes his whole life to it, came in, and the four churches above named joined in a union meeting, which was greatly blessed, and converts were multiplied. God showed that unity and diversity might be combined in the work of salvation. Tall cedars of Lebanon were bowed before the Lord as he advanced with his host of the militant kingdom.

REVIVAL IN OWEGO, NEW YORK.

“My next effort was made with the Baptist church in Owego, Tioga County, New York. In anticipation of my coming, the church had commenced meetings, and several had been converted and baptized. There is a class who may be won over to Christ, as Lydia of Thyatira, and readily embrace Christ in the dawning of a day of salvation. So it was in Owego, when I commenced to preach Christ to the people. After that

class have been gathered, a more thorough course is generally demanded, drawing down the lines of divine truth, and wielding that truth as the sword of the Spirit and the hammer of the Almighty, till the heart is broken in contrition before God. Very soon, the word of the Lord began to have free course and to be glorified. Our seasons for public meetings were in the afternoons and evenings. In the afternoon meetings I generally remarked upon some one feature which pertained to christian character, and directed my remarks to that one point, endeavoring to bring all the graces of the religion of Christ to that state of completeness essential to christian manhood, to secure the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. I never realized such success. The lovers of Christ who heard me seemed to drink in the doctrine drawn from the oracles of God; and wherein incompleteness was detected by them in any grace of their religion, there was a struggling and wrestling on their part to be perfected in love, and to build up christian character after the model of Christ. While pursuing this course week after week, the waters of life arose till they were swimming deep. For a long time there were no afternoon meetings without more or less obtaining hope through Christ.

“In one of those meetings a brother came in who seemed to be filled with the Spirit, God having come into his family in a most wonderful manner and converted all of his children. A son, a young man, residing in the village, was in the meeting and had just come into the kingdom, and was very happy. The father, in speaking, referred to what God had done in his home and his neighborhood, and while speaking fell into a kind of rapture, and commenced to clap his

hands and shout, 'Glory to God !' While so doing, the whole room was filled with the fragrance of heaven. I never saw the like before. I had never before been on a spot where in prayer, or praise, or remarks, I could give vent to my inward joys. On this occasion I raised all the ventilators of my soul; but instead of feeling relief from oppressive joy, the more expression I gave the more joys were compacted in my heart. I was not alone in this. Others tried to bring out the high praises of God, and to extol Christ; but in reference to exhausting their joys, they were more and more filled with the Spirit. There were no loud demonstrations, but utterances were replete with the love of God and his cause.

"Brother Derbonn, whom I have known for more than forty years, a very remarkable christian, walked the room clapping his hands and praising God, with the tears flowing down his face, declaring he never was in such a frame before. I believe we spent more than an hour in a kind of millennial glory. All in the room who were not converted seemed of a mind to go with us to heaven. At the close we invited the anxious to come up; and I believe all who came were converted on the spot. When we rose up from our knees and sang, then the Lord poured upon us another shower of his grace. From this time our meetings, especially in the afternoon, conformed to the one above described.

"The joy of God's salvation was restored to those who cried to God for it, as never before, and it was joy intensified compacted, and verified in fullness, till there was no more room in the soul to contain it, unless they who were the possessors were enlarged.

"Our afternoon meetings became so crowded, though

our room was a large one, that we had hardly space to work. After that baptism of joy, all seekers were converted who came up for prayer. Our evening meetings for preaching soon came to partake of the same religious emotion. A multitude would come forward after preaching to seek the Lord. After prayers, we would open the doors for the converts to speak, and God made their appeals to their fellows effective in turning their feet into the Lord's testimonies.

"To show how tenacious our blessed Redeemer is to sustain his own plan to save, and how utterly unsuccessful mortals are in attempting to compromise with him, the following will demonstrate: A young man arose one evening and said, 'I have been praying daily in my family for some two years, but can find no effectual relief to my soul. I have been impressed to confess Christ openly but I have failed to do it, and have been in perpetual bondage.' No sooner had he confessed with his mouth the Lord Jesus, having in his heart believed that God raised him from the dead, than he came into the gospel liberty; and he and his wife both arose and were baptized.

"Our seasons of baptism were most precious. The Baptist church in Owego have the best baptistery in their sanctuary that I have ever seen in a meeting house. It is in the rear of the desk, and is entered by a passage which is out of sight of the congregation. The administrator and the candidate are both out of sight till they obtain a suitable depth of water for the ordinance, but both are in view of the congregation when the ordinance is administered. The ladies who were baptized were young, and dressed in white, a beautiful emblem of the moral state of the soul when cleansed by the blood of Christ,

answering to the robes of Jerusalem which is above. One hundred and twelve were baptized during the refreshing which was sent from the presence of the Lord. Among them were eight husbands and their wives. I was with the church between three and four weeks. Taking into account the three meetings held in succession, viz: in Hamilton, Norwich, and Owego, with the number converted in them, and others converted where the work begun in these and spread and triumphed;—I was informed that the converts numbered between seven and eight hundred.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

“I wish here to draw a contrast between a faith perfected by works, as was the faith of Abraham—a life made effectively active by a replenishing of the heart with grace,—a girding of all the christian virtues upon the soul, so as to work effectively for God, and that pretended higher-life religion which, so far as I know, expends all its force upon one’s self. I understand the higher-life theory is, that to come into the sphere of our joys here, is only to believe, and all is accomplished. To me, the notion of this higher-life is a perfect delusion, and I think it will work evil in the end, for the following reasons:

I. “The theory militates against God’s plan in producing and qualifying effectual workers in his vineyard. To qualify such, we have spread out in the Scriptures God’s entire method, as follows: ‘According as His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine

nature; and 'giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' Herein is developed the beginning, progress, and perfection of christian character, and a triumphant entrance into heaven. The apostle leads off in noticing the ground work of all true religion as springing from divine power; all that pertains to life and godliness; and this through the knowledge of him that calleth. In conformity to this, is given promises exceeding great and precious; and thereby men are made partakers of the divine nature, which points to regeneration by the Holy Spirit. Here is the beginning of the soul-saving work, which remains to be perfected after God's own plan: 'We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' I understand that glass to be the gospel, and the executive agent is not faith, but the Spirit of the Lord. In the category of attainments, faith takes the lead, but the filling up is made in a manner which presents the individual temple built up

of graces, as lively stones, till each grace blends in with the whole body of graces combined in christian character, stimulating to work and do those things which secure both the calling and election. All this combined, is not for the simple production of individual joy, but for effectiveness in work for God. A sort of compelling power is apparent in the above combination, which makes the possessor that he shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of Christ. Confidence of the final good estate, and security against falling, follow all this, and not barely simple faith. The eunuch had faith, and was baptized, and went home, according to Josephus, and went to work. After genuine conversion to God, Paul prayed for the church, as follows: 'That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit, in the inner man. That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.' Now follows the ascription, 'Unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end.' It is noticeable how Christ accomplishes all this according to the power wrought in them; in harmony with the power already conferred, and acting with it; never departing from it. Christ dwelling in them by faith, is but one of the rounds in the ladder. To hang all upon this for the completion of christian character, would becloud the

agency of the Spirit, and prevent being filled with all the fullness of God.

II. "Another feature of the method of Christ, in the perfection of christian character, is utterly at war with the new theory of the higher christian life by simply believing. We admit that 'he that believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God;' but this is the starting point. The reason is this, 'When he ascended up on high he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men;' and grace flows to all who are saved through faith, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. 'And he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Till we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' All this was woven up by Christ as essential, in all its features, to the completeness of a man in Christ Jesus. Now to urge simple faith as all that is essential to come into all this, ignores both the wisdom and power of God, and puts an extinguisher upon Christ's apostles and prophets.

III. "The new order of the higher life attainment stands out at war with the experience of those who have attained to walk with God. Daniel obtained his wonderful advance in the divine life by praying till his comeliness was turned to corruption. Isaiah obtained his by beholding the glory of God so that he said, 'Wo is me, for I am undone; mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.' He remained in this state till he heard from God that something was to be done, and he

arose and said, 'Here am I, send me.' God has one law regarding those he would exalt: 'Before honor is humility.' Job obtained a view of God which led him to say, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' His view of God as seeing him, accomplished the work. The Hebrews to whom Paul wrote come at knowing 'that in heaven they have a better and more enduring substance than earth afforded, by taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and by terrible suffering for Christ.' Being strengthened, settled, and established, was after they had suffered awhile. Now to overlook this, in a professed higher life, looks like putting professed disciples where the accusations of Christ were put, in Greek, Latin and Hebrew over the head of the Son of God, who was given to be head over all things to the church.

IV. "The higher life people in their creed utterly deny the truth of the imagery chosen by Christ to illustrate the great salvation. 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' Here are three stages of grace; its beginning like the blade of corn; the process in its growth towards perfection; and its ripeness. If this imagery was happily chosen, it gives true light. Now try to jump the corn in the blade to the ear, supposing it had faith. The same God that established the law for corn, has established his law for grace to reign through righteousness unto eternal life. The leaven in the measure of meal is equally in point. The contact of the leaven is essential, and its process must be carried out, to leaven the whole. No matter how simple the faith of her who would leaven the bread; no faith can dispense with the process, and leaven the whole immediately, by the contact of the leaven and

mal. Take another figure, that of a tree, 'To give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of my righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified,' A tree has its beginning, growth, and perfection. By no process can you change the order and push it from the twig to the full proportioned tree. Suppose you attempt to jump a learner in the alphabet into all the science of which the alphabet is the key. Take the learner from simple addition into the rule of three by a simple faith, ignoring the often painful process, on the same principle that a simple belief even on Christ will accomplish the whole thing. This reflects on the wisdom of God in ordering all things in the kingdom of grace. You may get a gourd in a night, if you are related to Jonah and would prefer to go to Ninevah by the way of the whale and the bottom of the mountains; but this unnatural growth had a worm at the root, and the first day of its existence it fell, and left the one who sought comfort from it to perhaps desire another sea voyage, with the whale excepted. Jonah wanted the gourd for his precious self. Nineveh might perish for all he cared, if he could only have his head protected from the sun. I have no doubt that God can fit a man to go to heaven from a cross; but I am dealing with God's process and the plan by which he will work in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Paul was a man of genuine faith; but a faith adapted to the fight. 'Fight the good fight of faith,' was his direction to Timothy. My choice is to sit down under the shadow of him who was as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, rather than to have all the comforts from gourd protections, knowing that

Christ's perfected plan will succeed when the wisdom which is crooked will be defeated.

"Before I left Owego, I saw baptized from, I believe, all the evangelical churches of the village, members which had come to the Baptist church for admission. Neither Brother W. H. King, nor myself, made any efforts to induce their members to come, unless a simple preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus might have contributed to that end, and their seeing others put on Christ by baptism. In one instance, a young lady came to the Baptist church and requested to be admitted and baptized, saying she had been converted among the Methodists, and was told, with other candidates, that she might be baptized any way she chose, and when she said, 'I wish to go into the river and be baptized,' she was told, by the pastor, that it was dangerous, and moreover he should not go in. She made this statement, and gave a relation of a sound christian experience, and was received and baptized in the river. She added, when her experience had been told, 'I am prepared to be baptized in the river if it costs me my life.' When raised up from the watery grave, she looked up into heaven and said, 'O splendid ! O, splendid !'

"It was nothing new for me to work with Brother King. I had been with him before, and with him seen the glory of God. I am not alone in considering him one of the strongest men in Bible-faith I ever met. He seeks, in his researches after Christ and divine knowledge, into the utmost depth of the great sea of truth, and finds the coral beds, and the choicest pearls, which he gathers for the bosom of his Master, Jesus, and the church. Though always open to conviction,

yet when by deep research, and long and prayerful pondering the way of truth, he becomes fixed in the divine fastnesses, no enemies' shots can dislodge him. Yet I always found him meek and gentle, like his Great Exemplar. His effort in the anti-slavery cause virtually revolutionized his county, for his shots at the Moloch of slavery were like the rumored action of Gilmore's Swamp Angel upon the statue of Calhoun in Charleston. He suffered for those who were bound, and lived to see them free. Always ready to take decided ground against all wrong, he was careful to know the strength of his own battery, before he planted himself against the gates of hell and the stronghold of the dark castle. I always found him genial and simple-hearted as a child, and yet, in the doctrine of Christ, rooted and grounded. When his physical strength was not adequate to the work to be done, he most readily welcomed help to carry out the plan of Christ in saving souls.

REVIVAL IN CARMEL, NEW YORK.

"The summer of 1872, following my efforts in Owego, was to me one of great trial. I had hoped to be able to rest somewhat when the heat of the summer was upon me, but having failed to attend a meeting in Carmel, Putnam county, New York, as I hoped, I was induced to supply the pulpit there for some seven months. Mrs. Swan lay sick at home, in a very distressed condition, and I was compelled to return from Carmel on Monday of each week, and then on Saturdays go back again. This was severe and exhausting service, and the more so, because of the constant hardship of the previous winter. At length Mrs. Swan revived somewhat, and I was able to stay on my field for two

Sabbaths, which gave me a little rest. My field in Carmel was the one formerly occupied by the late Elder John Warren, who was pastor of the church about twenty years. In my work of visitation around the town, I everywhere found evidences of the fidelity of Father Warren. He raised a large family. His salary was small, and he owned and worked a large farm. He preached funeral sermons all over the regions round about. His early opportunities were limited, so that in entering upon the ministry he was compelled to accept the great work of the Master as the Master found him. He possessed uncommon strength of mind, and was peculiar in strength of memory, and sound judgment. His heart was as large as his judgment, and as sound, and stable. What he provided for the sanctuary was served in a lordly dish. When fitted for the pulpit, his sermon was none of your thirty-minutes essays; but would require some two hours in delivery. And, after a brief intermission, he would again open to his people a subject that required nearly another two hours. His people came considerable distances to hear the word, and were hard workers during the week. But when Sabbath came, they went up to the sanctuary for a feast of fat things, full of marrow, and wine on the lees well refined. They returned from the house of God with souls overflowing with the fullness of the gospel, and strengthened 'like a strong man to run a race.' It generally took Father Warren some fifteen or twenty minutes to get all his powers of soul in running order, after he had read his text; and then he would seem like a man plunging into a deep sea; and at every plunge would bring up choice pearls from the ocean of God's abounding grace.

“His people were struggling to bring up their families. Many of them were in debt for their land, and had to work hard, and were despised by those who had their portion in this life. Yet God was with them. They were often blessed with large outpourings of the Spirit of the Lord, and large accessions were made to the church. The revival of all others most peculiar, under his ministry, was ushered in and carried forward under truly wonderful circumstances. One evening, Father Warren was on his way to meeting; and two of his brethren, from different directions, were on their way to meeting also. While pursuing their course, they all heard singing in the heavens over them. The whole canopy was filled with salvation’s melodies. Very soon a meeting was called in the sanctuary, and, to the astonishment of all, the house was filled to overflowing. They had no preaching; but while prayer was offered, all the house knelt simultaneously, and near sixty are reported to have been converted before they arose from their knees. Sinners bewailed their condition, and saints wept over their departure from God. The work thus begun, spread in all directions, and God’s glory was revealed, so that hosts saw it together and were made glad with exceeding joy.

“Father Warren has been gathered to his rest, and things have changed. A sermon now of one hour is counted tedious, and with some is not to be endured. The business of the community now requires the breaking down of the Sabbath law; and the daughters of music are brought low. Many men in the church and society were in the milk business, and the milk had to be taken to the cars on the Lord’s Day. As a result, all sacredness was well nigh gone from the day, and

work and visiting were both common. Large ingatherings of souls to Christ, which was once the order of things, are no longer realized; and God is dishonored, and the land is under the curse. The few who are exceptions to the above course, mourn over Zion's desolation. It was said of Israel of old, 'their land is full of gold, and silver, and also of horses, and chariots; and their land is also full of idols.' The land of Carmel is full of wealth; but the Spirit of the Lord has been grieved away. I was generally treated with great kindness, but found myself tied hand and foot in reference to accomplishing what I had hoped. My first engagement was for six months, simply to supply the pulpit on the Sabbath. Yet, when I was able to spend time upon the field, I visited the sick and afflicted, and from house to house, as though I had been pastor of the church.

"When my six months were nearly out, the condition of my family was such, owing to the extreme feebleness of Mrs. Swan, and utterly despairing of success, I asked to be relieved; and my request was granted. I preached what I expected would be my last sermon in the meeting house, and went to a large school house to preach in the evening. I had held a few meetings in this house, and one poor weary soul had arisen and asked for prayers. A lady had buried three children out of four, who were taken away by scarlet fever. She asked that we would pray for her, that she might be prepared to meet her children in heaven. In the meeting now held; God appeared and the congregation was not dismissed till eleven o'clock at night. God displayed his grace and love in such a manner, that souls were converted, while saints were much revived. At the close

of the meeting, the Deacons, Hopkins and Fowler, pressed me to return and fill my three Sabbaths, which would make out the six months. I determined to do so, from what seemed to be a requirement of God. As I left the house, I spoke to a gentleman by the door, and asked him if he did not think he could help us some. He replied he did not know but he could.

"I returned from meeting with Deacon Hopkins, and after retiring to my room, I poured out my soul to God in prayer for the friend whom I had called on for help. I fell into a partial sleep, but awoke about one o'clock, much distressed for my friend. I arose and prayed for him with all my heart. While I was engaged in prayer for him, he dreamed that God appeared to him and asked him if he was prepared to meet him. To which he made no reply; and the question was put to him again, and he answered 'No;' and awoke in deep distress of mind for his soul. I left the next morning for home, but was soon followed by a letter, informing me of the conversion of this gentleman and his wife. I soon returned, and found the work had wonderfully advanced; and I labored for some seven weeks, and baptized my friend and his wife, and another gentleman and his wife, and a class of most interesting youth. Before I left, there was baptized into Carmel church and the little church at Dykeman Station, some twenty. I found most choice spirits coming to the help of the Lord, who were of the Father Warren type. For my principal home, during my stay at Carmel, I was welcomed to the hospitality of Deacon Hopkins and his wife. Yet everywhere I was kindly received among the people.

"After leaving Carmel, I was permitted to welcome

to my home in New London, a host of friends to join my family in celebrating my Golden Wedding. My house was filled during the afternoon and evening of the day, January 15, 1873, with generous friends; and the gifts they bestowed, together with various donations received from different parts of the country, amounted to some twenty-one hundred dollars; principally in money. I never saw such a gathering before. The christian denominations of the city were generally represented. A most generous expression was made to me and my family, not only from the pastors and churches, but from my fellow-citizens. Stonington, Norwich, New York, Brooklyn, Rochester, Hamilton, Owego, and parts of New Jersey, were represented in the gathering. Adverse circumstances had thrown me into embarrassment in my pecuniary affairs. I regarded all which was bestowed upon me and mine, as the gift of God, as well as the gifts of kindly inclined friends. Expressions which accompanied these gifts, both in writing and from the lips of numerous friends, quite overcame me. We closed up the meeting with prayer for the good of all, and rendered thanks to the Lord, and also to those who had so liberally remembered us. That the richest of all blessings may rest upon them all, is my prayer.

REVIVAL IN UNIONVILLE, NEW YORK.

"I soon left home for a meeting in Unionville, Orange County, New York. Brother Morse, the pastor, an old friend, received me kindly, and we soon commenced meetings which resulted in great good to the church, and were attended with the conversion of souls to God. The region is terrible for the amount of snow which falls there in winter. The roads are often

impassable, and this seriously affected our meetings; yet, when it was possible for the people to come out, they rallied to attend with us. I had not worked long before I asked the pastor, if any difficulty existed in the church which tended to prevent harmonious action for building up the cause of Christ; and found that trouble had been experienced which marred the peace of Zion, and tended to hamper united action. We then set about a settlement of the whole affair. I never saw the hand of God more prominently displayed in bringing the hearts of brethren together. All seemed to exhibit the Spirit of the Savior, and everything was completely renounced which had marred their peace and prevented their church progress. God had begun his work in converting souls previous to the removal of the troubles; and now that they were swept away, the work moved on with more interest; and our meeting was a success. I quote from a paper put into my hands by the pastor to show how my work was esteemed by the church. 'We, the members of the Orange Baptist church, Unionville, hereby express our high appreciation of the services of Rev. J. S. Swan in the series of meetings, which, with our pastor, he has held in Unionville, and which we believe has resulted in great good.'

"On my way home from Orange County, I called at Carmel to see my friends; and while visiting Deacon Hopkins and his family, I was taken with typhoid pneumonia, and was very sick. I was never so sick before in my life. My mind was so affected with overpowering disease, that I could not collect my thoughts so as to pray. On obtaining relief for my head, my mind acted again with its wonted regularity, and I

found sweet rest to my soul in calling upon God. For some seven weeks I was confined to my room, and suffered intensely. Once I supposed my time had come to die. I said to Deacon Hopkins and his family, who came to my room to attend family worship, 'I wish to say that, if this is my last morning on earth, there is not a cloud between God and my soul; all is transparent between my room and heaven.' I had no flights of joy; but a steady flow of peace from God into my whole soul, which was like a river. Everything was beautiful, as I looked towards my heavenly home. What passed over my soul for sweetness and consummate blessedness, must be known to be appreciated. Christ was all and in all.

"But my work was not done. I soon began to improve, and, at the end of nearly two months, ventured out into the open air. God's friends came in and prayed with me. Rev. Mr. Kirkham, Deacons Smith and Fowler, and others, were extremely kind. It seems now, but for the wonderful care of Deacon Hopkins with his family and their relations, on whom I leaned in the day of trouble, I must have died. May the Lord reward them in the resurrection of the just.

"I left for home in a very feeble state, and took a relapse. I was then in a still more doubtful situation; yet the Lord had mercy upon me. The second attack was followed by a cough, which was perfectly unyielding, and by great distress in breathing, and also by a swelling of my limbs, which seemed to portend my approaching doom. I moved about too soon, which aggravated my symptoms very much. I finally resorted to my old method, of working upon land, and followed it for

months, till my cough abated, and I was restored so as to resume preaching the first of last May.

“I have spent the last summer in preaching at North Lyme, where I preached my first sermon more than fifty years ago. I have resorted to the very place where I was baptized by the Rev. Wm. Palmer, over a half century ago, and administered the ordinance of baptism to two young ladies of the congregation. I am now preaching as God opens the way to destitute churches. My health is very good, and I hope yet to be of service in the Master’s cause.

“On a review of all the way in which the Lord our God has led me, I have much to rejoice over and much to lament. Of the kindness of the Lord towards me it will take an eternity to express it, with the great love he has conferred upon me and mine. I have been blessed with hosts of friends, both in and out of the church of God. No mortal has been more highly favored in this respect, My lot has been peculiar. I have suffered for Christ’s sake and the gospel; and yet have plead with all my heart for mercy upon my bitterest opposers; and shall carry in my onward journey to the bar of God, ill will for none, praying God to help me to forgive as I hope to be forgiven.

“For want of fidelity to Christ, regrets are numerous. I owe it to him to love him as he has loved me. My labors have been arduous, but pleasurable. Trials have been sharp, but tempered with timely mercy shed on me through the infinite benignity of Christ, to whom be all the glory for the success with which he has crowned my poor services. I have reason to believe that more than ten thousand souls have been brought to Christ through

the gospel he has enabled me to preach; and a large proportion of these I have baptized.

"My heart compels me to speak of my wife who has been the companion of my toils. I owe it to God and to her, to say she has 'borne the burden and heat of the day.' My duty has called, and kept me from home a great portion of my married life. She has been a keeper at home. I have always tried to divide her cares, and have done all in my power to lighten her burdens. Yet in the discharge of my duty, the labors of the family in sickness and in health, have fallen chiefly upon her. She never requested me to remain at home when duty pointed me away; and in the severest trials which have overtaken us, she has given me the example of trusting in God, which indicated where her soul's reliance was. I claim that my wife has done the duty of the wife of a minister, about which so much is being written at this day. She has served God, and taken care of me and the family. She never was president of any society except the society at home, where her duty has been fully met. My house has been a pilgrim-home all the years of my ministerial life. We have been careful to entertain strangers, and in so doing have entertained angels in one form, though not unawares. Mrs. Swan is still feeble, though able to move about the house. Four of the five children God gave us are still living. Helen P. Swan, God has called to himself. She belonged to God, who gave, and has now taken her away.

"P. S. BROTHER DENISON; May the Lord give you wisdom to get out the whole matter you propose for the honor of Him 'by whom all things consist.'"

J. S. SWAN.

NEW LONDON, CONN., OCT. 18, 1873.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTRIBUTED PAPERS.

FROM DR. PALMER.—SONNET.—FROM PROF. LEWIS.—REVIVALS.—
FROM DR. RAYMOND.—QUALITIES.—FROM H. D. PINNEY.—REVI-
VALS.—FROM DR. HILL.—EVANGELISM.—FROM J. TYLER.—RECOL-
LECTIONS.—FROM N. E. SHAILER.—INCIDENTS.—FROM DR. NEALE.—
ILLUSTRATION.—FROM A FRIEND.—FROM DR. IVES.—STATE
MISSIONS.—FROM DR. PHELPS.—CHARACTERISTICS AND ANEC-
DOTES.—FROM O. T. WALKER.—REMINISCENCES.—FROM DR. MUR-
DOCK.—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A PORTION of the papers kindly contributed to aid us in our work, have been introduced, in whole or in part, in preceding chapters, as suited to the order of time and events. To most of those remaining we now devote an entire chapter, which cannot fail of appreciation and deep interest to the reader. The small liberties we have taken with some of these contributions, omitting addresses, avoiding redundancies, and adjusting them to the whole work, will be readily pardoned by their authors. Some generous letters, calling for the volume and cheering us in our work, we omit entirely, on the ground of modesty, and for the want of space.

Be it remembered, the object of these papers is not to furnish endorsements of Mr. Swan's character and views—a work of supererogation—"carrying coals to Newcastle"—but to furnish certain side views of a unique and historic man, and to preserve incidents that Mr. Swan has omitted, and supply anecdotes that the editor could not otherwise obtain. By these charming

contributions the historic value of the volume is greatly enhanced.

JABEZ S. SWAN.

"A man of God, than whom, in these last days,
If measured by his faith and love and zeal,
His earnest care for souls, and Zion's weal,
No greater prophet has arisen:—In ways,
Unlike all other men; in thought and speech,
Manner, and tone, and illustration rare,
Humor and pathos, mightiness in prayer;
'In doctrine incorrupt,' and 'apt to teach,'
'In labors more abundant,' such as few
Of Christ's ambassadors have strength to bear.
'Neath sorrow's night and poverty's cold share;
Yet ever at his post unshrinking, true—
Elijah-like, he now but waits to rise
In chariot of flame to Paradise."

A. G. PALMER.

STONINGTON, CONN., SEPT. 22, 1873."

* * * "On Sunday, November 26, 1871, Elder Swan preached in the Baptist church in Hamilton. The brethren consulted and invited him to conduct meetings, though at the time there were no indications of unusual interest in the church and congregation. Cordially all united in the work. How great the contrast in the attitude of the church, and the professors in the theological seminary during this revival, from the position of the same parties relative to the first great work Elder Swan led in Hamilton in 183—. Forty years ago, the church and the professors either opposed "protracted meetings," or questioned their scriptural sanction.

"Mr. C. C. Paine relates that, just before the first great revival, Elder Swan and two other preachers were engaged to hold a 'four days' meeting.' Each had his time allotted; and the two others had been carefully

instructed as to what they might preach, and how far they might go. Elder Swan's turn came; and he received his instructions. But the instructing party had a different man to deal with. He concluded a vigorous refusal by reminding them that the 'Word of God' was not bound; he would not be bound. He said to Mr. Paine: 'I shall harness up and go in the morning. I won't stay.' Said Mr. P., 'You must stay.' Said Mr. S., 'No; I won't.' Said Mr. P., 'Yes, you must; pray over it to-night.' The Elder was up twenty times praying in the night. He prayed out; and staid; and during the first sermon, the power of God so rested upon the people, that opposition began to faint. In due time, the most of the professors were melted, and began to confess and break down. People flocked in from ten miles around, until the condition accorded with the Elder's expression, 'the old meeting house was crowded full, as red herring in a box.'

"We cannot adequately describe the power of that great work. Men were smitten down as by lightning. The results demonstrated the work of the evangelist in the kingdom, at a time when the church was opposed to the use of such means, and a Hyper-Calvinistic spirit limited the preaching of the word. In the protracted meeting, the Spirit of God surprisingly manifested his converting power. Both students and professors, in the main, received new light.

"In his own way, the Elder expressed the condition of the church, about this time, in the Chenango Valley. 'I asked my people if they were willing to have a four days' meeting. One consented. Others opposed. The ministers were generally opposed. There was Elder O—; five thousand tons of ice. — Down here in the val-

ley, the Baptists were sound—sound asleep; hearts warm as an anvil. Brother Chamberlain and I belonged to the Chenango Association; it had been turned out to die. In one year, we baptized five hundred and fifty.’

“The subsequent revival in 183-, conducted by him was another mighty work, not only in Hamilton, but in the neighboring towns. Both were as the blasts of an archangel, pealing through all the churches of the village, and awakening town after town. The spirit of refreshing fell upon communities far away, and notable days of the Lord were known.

“The revival of 1871 was not so general for several reasons. Elder Knapp had preceded him by two or three years, when a very large number had been added to the church. However, the Spirit of God again moved the people, and about fifty were converted. Through six weeks Elder Swan preached with great vigor, often preaching one hour and three-quarters. When he had taken his text, then all he wanted was unlimited time. The subject glowed and sparkled. Once the brethren suggested that the sermon be shortened. The next evening he announced that he would preach a short sermon. He spoke for forty-five minutes; but that was the last short sermon.

“We give a brief memorandum of part of a discourse from Mark V. 15, ‘And he could do there no mighty works,’ etc.

“Christ is full of friendship toward our world. This is demonstrated by warnings. These always in the language of kindness. Universalists, led by their master, the Devil, mock at warnings; God has assured them, when their calamity cometh he will mock back again.

‘He that being often reprov’d * * * shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.’

‘Whom we preach warning every man.’ We ought not to leave any man without warning. My purpose is to inquire, wherein the might, employed of God, merits the approval of reasonable creatures.

“One peculiar feature of might employed by God on the human soul, is the conviction of sin. Note the commission of Paul. The church was afraid of him; and if I had been pastor, I’d said, ‘We’ll quarantine you.’ I believe he’d been damned but for the prayer of Stephen the only one of the whole lot, so far as I can see, who had any faith.

“Sometimes the Spirit of God moves as the wind over the boughs. There’s Lydia; her heart opened like a rose on a June morning. But when God converted the jailer, he introduced him to thunderbolts and an earthquake at the same time, and both in the dead of night. But he was converted and he held out.

“Universalists think they like mercy; but let one of the family be converted, and they’ll howl like the Devil. They’ll follow a child to the grave, and wear a weed on the hat and be comfortable; but let one of their kin be converted, and how they’ll howl!

“Referring to conversion he said, read it out of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, ‘Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees shall clap their hands,’ etc. Here you see, are evergreens on either side of the way,—balsam and fir tree, and myrtle for fragrance; and trees of the forest back of them to clap their hands. And here is the

young converts to start in the way. O, how God uses up figures to show the beauty of the other world !

“The Elder often turned in his discourse to express a thought like the following: ‘If I was going to take up carnal weapons against any one, I’d first find out whether God thought any thing of him. When Peter drew his sword and struck off the gentleman’s ear, he didn’t strike to do that, I’ll warrant you. I know the man too well.

“Speaking of Paul’s shipwreck, he said, ‘Paul put the decrees where God placed them; except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.’

“Again: ‘The love of the world is the Jeff. Davis of the kingdom; when that is gone, ‘On to Richmond.’ If I had a theological class, I’d teach them to pray half the time, and commit scripture to memory the other half.’

“Alluding to his own conversion, he said, ‘the first thing I knew, I was packed solid full of the love of God.’

“Speaking of the man who tempts others to backslide, he said, ‘He’s got a soul so small and so hard, if one of God’s arrows hit him, it would split on him.’

“In our Baptist churches, three men are now familiarly known as Evangelists. Brethren Swan, Knapp, and Earle. Each has been abundant in labors, and each has been wonderfully successful. Each labors in a different manner. Brother Earle, if not convincing is pursuasive; he has marvelous tact. Elder Knapp is Thor. Woe to him who comes before his sledge hammer. He preaches with clenched fists; albeit, he said in a sermon, ‘I never struck a man; I’d never strike a mosquito if he wouldn’t sing before he’d bite.’ Elder Swan is mighty in the scriptures, and an archangel in prayer.

Just the man is he for Tyndall. The appearance of the man; his fervor and sincerity; the remembrance of his heaven approved labors; the blamelessness of his life; all conspire to impress a reverent mind with a feeling of veneration. One might feel, here is a friend of God. God knows him. And for all of any quaintness in occasional expression, the great underlying, awful seriousness of the man is apparent.

“At times there is a certain brilliancy of thought which proves no common brain. Fancy, imagination, and memory united, so aid in presenting and illustrating the scriptures that the old appears as new. In prayer he seems to lay hold on God; and his faith communicates itself to his brethren. One said. ‘He seemed to lift us all up; the great arms of his faith seemed to lift the whole assembly to a safe place before God.’

“To crown all, there was a beautiful simplicity, so that when speaking of himself and of former times, no one thought him boasting; there remained the conviction, ‘He is lost in his Master’s business.’

“He preached in Hamilton in sore distress, at the last. His daughter (Helen) died before he could reach her; and other troubles pressed sorely. He spoke of his daughter with deepest affection, and sorrowed as a man before God. But against all these troubles in his old age, he presented his usual sturdy spirit, and the power of a mighty faith. God bless the old saint.”

HAMILTON, N. Y., OCT. 4, 1873. J. J. LEWIS.

* * * * * “If I had the leisure, it would give me much pleasure to recall the memories of Elder Swan, and the remarkable scenes connected with his revival meeting in Hamilton, and to endeavor to

analyze my somewhat mixed conceptions of that extraordinary and interesting man; but leisure is a word that does not belong to my vocabulary.

“In general, I can say that he impressed me at the time as a man of unique and extraordinary power; of intense earnestness; of unbounded faith; and, in the moments of his inspiration, of brilliant and effective eloquence. In nothing was there a display of culture or elaborate preparation; all was the outpouring, or rather, the outflashing of native genius, kindled by a vivid apprehension of the worth of the souls for which he was laboring, and of the infinite interests he saw hanging on the decisions of the hour. His natural power was less intellectual than moral; it lay in his immense earnestness, and the impression (conveyed by his remarkable manner) of an absolute sincerity in his dealings with men on the most important of all themes. No one could listen through a succession of days to his sermons, exhortations, and prayers, and escape the conviction that he believed all that he said, and was in dead earnest to produce practical convictions of the same in other minds. Add to this singular energy, directness, and fervor of importunate prayer, and you have an explanation of his wonderful success, so far as it depended on any natural causes. As a young disciple of Christ, and minister of the gospel, I derived many lessons from him which have been of great value to me since. Though I have met him but rarely of late years, I always felt myself drawn to him by ties of peculiar and strong attachment. I am glad you have undertaken to prepare some permanent memorial of him; and wish I could make a more valuable contribution.

VASSAR COLLEGE, OCT. 11, 1873. J. H. RAYMOND.

* * * “No evangelist could have a better record than Brother Swan has with us. His fidelity to truth, and his unwearied labors with us in five protracted meetings, have been wonderful. Many most interesting incidents connected with his labors might be mentioned, had we space for them; such as the baptism of a lady who was sick nigh unto death with consumption, and had to be carried down into the river; and the conversion of a little girl nine years of age, while riding home from one of the meetings, late at night; and who said, when relating her experience before the church: ‘I hungered and thirsted after God.’ The most wonderful manifestations of God’s glory and power always accompanied Brother Swan’s labors.

“His first special labors with this church commenced about the twentieth of December, 1837, with the pastor, Rev. A. Wheelock. On the Sabbath, December thirty-first, our Jordan, the beautiful Susquehannah, was visited, and twenty-three converts were baptized. January 7, 1838, fifty-one more were baptized. In a short time, about eight weeks, one hundred and thirty were added to the church by baptism, and many more by letter and experience. Never before had such scenes been witnessed in this part of the country. The whole church was in prayer and labor, visiting from house to house. There was violent opposition on the part of the world and some surrounding churches, but all was in vain. Sectarianism, which had its root in selfishness, could not cope with the truth.

“The next revival labor of Elder Swan with this church began December 23, 1838, under the pastorate of Rev. Philetus B. Peck, who had succeeded Rev. A. Wheelock. On January sixth, 1839, twelve were bap-

tized ; on January thirteenth, thirty more ; January twentieth, thirteen ; January third, eight ; in all eighty. The pastor proved to be a man peculiarly adapted to this field, having the confidence of all the people.

The church extended to Elder Swan a third invitation to labor with them. The meetings commenced in January, 1841. The baptisms were: January twenty-ninth, twenty-two; February fifth, twenty-one; February twelfth, thirty-eight; February nineteenth, seventeen; and afterwards, fourteen more; making in all one hundred and nineteen by baptism.

"Again, by invitation, he visited and labored with the church in 1858. He came about the last of February, and toiled about three weeks ; and over one hundred united with the church by baptism. The meetings had been in progress about two weeks before his regular labor began.

"Once more he was invited to come and help the church in 1871, after finishing up his labors at Norwich and Hamilton, and after our meetings had been in progress about four weeks. He was with us about four weeks, in a most blessed work, resulting in the baptism of one hundred and ten. Brother Swan's peculiar manner of presenting gospel truth has always attracted great crowds both from the village and the surrounding country.

H. D. PINNEY.

OWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1873."

* * * "You ask of me reminiscences of Rev. J. S. Swan. Such have been my stations and labors in life, that others can speak of him more fully than myself. Yet I have met him on special occasions, where caution in procedure was very necessary, and was

pleased to find him reliable as a counselor. With special gratitude, I remember other times, when in protracted meetings, his preaching was made to those who were called the power of God and the wisdom of God.

“During my pastorate of the First Baptist church in New Haven—I think, in the year 1827—I visited Stonington and vicinity, in Connecticut, to solicit aid for my church to pay the debt contracted in building their house of worship. I then made the acquaintance of Brother Swan, and became attached to him for his kindness, his social qualities, his warm, christian sympathies, and his ardent devotion to the christian ministry. Evidently he was held in much esteem by his church and congregation, and by the inhabitants of Stonington; and by none more so than by gentlemen of high standing and large influence among the Congregationalists. Of this I found ample evidence in the liberal aid which I received from several of them through his introduction.

“You also ask of me some recollections of early evangelism in the present century. My personal interest in the subject commenced in the latter part of the year 1813, when a revival of religion was in progress in Thompson, Connecticut. Rev. Pearson Crosby was then pastor of the Baptist church in that town. From his pen an account of the revival was published in the *Massachusetts Missionary Magazine* in 1814. It was a very remarkable work, affecting powerfully the Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist churches; spreading wonderfully into other towns; extending its influence to surrounding counties, and resulting in the conversion of a large number of souls.

“No particular minister was considered a special in-

strument in producing the revival; nor were the ministrations of the pastors of churches credited with extraordinary efficiency in the work. Their labors attracted large audiences. So did the conference and prayer meetings. The people generally seemed to be moved by deep-seated convictions of their need of religion, by some, to them, unseen and unknown influence, until they yielded to the Divine authority, to repent of sin, and rejoiced in the mercy that revealed to them the way of salvation. They were then soon heard exhorting others to forsake their sins and seek the Savior.

“Several private christians were known to have been for a considerable time praying with special earnestness for the conversion of the impenitent; but, as a general thing, the churches were taken by surprise, by seeing the prayer meetings crowded by attentive, serious-looking people unaccustomed to be there; and especially so, when hearing them speak of their great change of mind and heart respecting religion. Ministers and church members, from other towns, visited the place to witness the effects of the revival rather than to aid its progress, and returned soon to enjoy similar blessings at home. The converts seemed to be the principal instruments in the conversion of others. They were in reality the evangelists of that time, and were faithful in the performance of their work.

I have witnessed revivals since; some in churches under my pastoral care, when to considerable extent some of the same characteristics were apparent, but when the preaching of ministers was the principal means of conversion.

In either case, usually success followed plain, faithful declarations of the sinful character and dangerous

condition of the impenitent; their great need of the Savior; the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ; with earnest, affectionate appeals to repent of sin and believe in him.

Thus the glorious Redeemer taught his disciples to preach, and assured them that such, and only such, as obey, shall be saved. These solemn declarations form the foundation of all efficient evangelism. My experience of more than half a century in ministrations of the gospel, and my observation of others' labors, have convinced me that, without them, all efforts for man's spiritual and eternal benefit, can at best only enlighten the mind; they cannot win a soul for Christ.

May true evangelism become more prevalent.

B. M. HILL.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. OCT 3, 1873.

* * * "I am pleased that you are preparing to give to the public a record of the life of Rev. Jabez S Swan, that great heart among the soldiers of Christ. He has conducted many a pilgrim through trying paths, engaging against giants in their defence; and he has attended them even to the borders of the dark river.

"He was the beloved friend of my departed parents, and for many years frequented our home familiarly. I find his social and religious influence so inwrought with my childish and maturer experiences, that it is hard to resolve recollections of him into detailed incidents, or to coolly anatomize his character. .

"It is easy to imagine an Elijah, or a John the Baptist, breasting the 'floods of ungodly men,' boldly rebuking sin, and scorning obloquy, yet bearing away the popular heart; when one has known Elder Swan.

"It has been said that he is rough in manner. So, at times, are most of those who 'tumble mountains about with words.' But I have thought him the gentlest of men in the private walks of life. I have seen his tenderness at the bedside of the sick, and known his yearning sympathy in their behalf. I well know one who believes his 'fervent effectual prayer' of faith raised her from her bed of suffering, when far advanced in years, and apparently in almost the last stages of disease.

"I remember in my childhood and in my youth, he has pointed out work for me among my companions. I know that he is 'instant in season and out of season,' forgetting neither child, foreigner, nor servant, in his search after souls.

'I recollect hearing him dwell with great emphasis on the seldom quoted exhortation 'Condescend to men of low estate.' This command he has been ready to obey; so that the memory of his kind ministrations must dwell largely in the minds of the lowly and obscure. 'The common people heard him gladly.'

"While thousands can attest with what power he has been enabled to preach the word, the most of them have not been permitted, as I have been, to witness wonderful manifestations of his gift of supplication around the family altar.

"He is a man of prayer; the closet is his armory from which he comes forth with weapons, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

"In the great revival at Norwich, Connecticut, more than a quarter of a century since, Elder Swan labored as an evangelist. He sojourned then at my father's house, and it is a household reminiscence that, before

the work reached its height, he, with several others, continued all night in prayer to God in our sitting room, until as he has said, referring to the vision of Elijah at Samaria, they 'saw chariots and horses' round about, and were assured that the Lord would give his children a victory in Norwich.

"His conversation is charming to those who love to hear of the 'things of the kingdom.' His rich experience furnishes incidents of great interest, and he has the peculiar power to place them in a happy light. But woe to the object of his keen, witty criticism, or stern invective.

"It seems that to each whom the Master calls into the ministry, there is given some part or parts of his truth, which they are especially adapted to inculcate; and the one gospel as it passes different lips, seems impressed according to the various natural endowments of the speakers. The same air may vibrate across a lute in gentlest murmurs, yeat peal from the pipes of a grand organ with far other effect; each instrument lending its own peculiar tones. Elder Swan appears gifted to talk of the majesty of God's kingdom, of the terrors of his law, and of the unmeasured depth of his love. He chooses the sublime features of truth, being, if one may so speak, at home among the mountain heights. A friend said of his mind, that nothing was ever great enough to fill it, except the kingdom of God.

"With what impressive enunciation, have we heard him repeat certain portions of the Bible, such as 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth;' 'There shall be a handful of corn, in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon;' and how

the echo of his noble voice must blend in memory with those grand old hymns he has so often sung, for instance, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow;' 'Our bondage it will end' 'Where now are the Hebrew children.'

"Doubtless there is enough of imperfection in any man to forbid hero worship. But God says 'them that honor me I will honor,' and if the Lord honors his faithful servants, shall not we? Let us then honor Elder Swan; let us sympathize with him in the trials he may have to bear, and rejoice in all the blessings and success that attend him; praying that at last to him an 'entrance may be administered abundantly' into heaven, when to use the language he so often sings, he shall 'burst the chains in glad surprise, and in his Savior's image rise.'

JOSEPHINE TYLER.

NORWICH, CONN., SEPT. 1873.

* * * "I have known Brother Swan more than forty years, and have been very intimate with him for thirty years, and have witnessed much of his work, and the way in which he has done it.

"I have ever regarded him as one of the most laborious, untiring and efficient ministers I ever knew, I have been with him under a great variety of circumstances, in prosperity and in adversity, and he always (when in health) proved himself equal to any emergency. Strong physically and mentally, and what is more, strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus, he has done much to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. He always relied on the agency of the Holy Spirit for success. He has a way peculiar to himself in working. While this is true of all who have any originality, some of Brother Swan's ways are very peculiar. To give a

specimen of his way of doing things; I visited him thirty-one years ago, during the great ingathering of souls in Mystic and vicinity, and witnessed his preaching and that mighty work of God that spread throughout Groton and into adjacent towns, the result of which may be seen to this day in many sections of Eastern Connecticut.

“At my first visit I learned he had been preaching two or three weeks, and had not preached a single sermon to the unconverted. Every sermon had been directed to professors of religion. I was ready from my own experience and observation, to heartily endorse that feature in his way of working. But some of the good people seemed a little chafed, and in a few days he was requested to hold up a little in regard to the people of God, and turn his attention to the unregenerate.

“After several urgent requests of this sort he mentioned, at the close of a meeting, that he understood the wishes of some of his friends, and that in the evening he would preach from the text ‘How can you escape the damnation of hell.’ It was remarked by some of the church members, ‘We shall be let up now. The Elder has changed his course.’

“In the evening I was in the pulpit with him, and with others, really supposed the preaching would be particularly directed to the unconverted. He read his text, and very soon, without much exordium, announced his theme. The gloomy prospects of the ungodly; while the human agency God has appointed, in connection with the Divine, was not adapted to work in a way to save men.

“It was the most searching, scathing sermon I ever heard. The illustrations he gave were very striking,

and well calculated to stir the soul of every one who heard it. After that evening, it seemed the ploughing and breaking up the fallow ground had been done, and the time to sow the seed of the kingdom had come. Very soon scores and hundreds were awakened and brought to the knowledge of God and Christ.

“In reference to the Elder personally, I have always observed that two elements of character meet in him, which are seldom found in the same person. I mean sympathy and severity. I have been with him when many thought him severe; and so he was. But in all cases that have come under my observation, I think it was justifiable. Let him be annoyed beyond certain limits, as he sometimes has been, and the element of severity would be quite prominent, and sufficient to remove annoyances out of his path. I never knew this element developed for his own personal defence, but for the cause of revealed religion. And now in reference to the other element that of sympathy. Not unfrequently when he had been slandered and abused, let those who had been guilty simply admit they had been wrong, or might have been wrong, and he would be perfectly satisfied. Under the head of confession he was satisfied with a very small percentage.

“Brother Swan was with me as an evangelist or missionary for several years, and I have known his anxieties and toils by day and by night, and of his success in preaching Christ and salvation. Very appropriately he may say, ‘my record is on high’ There is one thing more in reference to Brother Swan, about which I wish you would write,—a delicate subject, and yet one that ought to be referred to,—I mean the prostration, at times, of his nervous system. I have been with him

previously to these seasons of debility, and while he was prostrated. Some have supposed they were hereditary; but those who knew his ancestors know this is not true.

“In one instance he had been preaching every evening for weeks, and I was knowing to his visiting upwards of twenty families in one day, praying with and for nearly, if not quite, all of them, and preaching in the evening, doing without sleep; enough to break down any man. Overwork, without sleep and rest, induced this prostration of the nervous system. In every instance, a cessation of labor, a few nights’ sleep, and his nerves would be quiet; but a general weakness followed, from which it took time to recover. I think he has erred in prosecuting his work of preaching when he could not sleep nights. He was at my house a few days since, in usual health, and, as ever, much interested in preaching the gospel, and very hopeful in reference to his present field of labor. May his days be prolonged, and the last be his best.

N. E. SHAILER.

DEEP RIVER, CONN., Oct. 19, 1873.

* * * “I am gratified to hear that it is proposed to publish a memoir of Rev. Jabez S. Swan. In the circumstances there is no impropriety in doing this, even before his death. His has been an eventful life. His friends will be glad to have reminiscences of his history and ministerial experience; and they will be all the more welcome if furnished, as I trust many of them will be, from his own pen.

“His countenance and character have been familiar to me for many years. He has ever sustained an unsullied reputation. Greatly beloved as a pastor, he has yet been much occupied in labor as an evangelist. Whatever department of Christ’s cause he has entered

upon, he has been distinguished for going into it with all his heart. 'There is not a lazy joint in his frame.' He never needed the spur, and seldom the bit or bridle, except to prevent his working himself to death. I have heard many anecdotes about him, some true, and some very likely apocryphal, but all characteristic. Nothing low or mean is ever told of him; and nothing indicating intentional levity in the pulpit. As an ambassador of Christ, he answered happily to Cowper's well known description of the true pastor: 'Serious in a serious cause;' but in his earnestness there would sometimes spring out, irrepressibly from his lips, a laughable illustration.

"The following incident is authentic, as I had the account of it from the late Dr. Ide, of Springfield, who was present on the occasion: Said Dr. Ide, 'Elder Swan was holding forth in his grandest strain, on the duty of obeying God.' Said the Elder: 'We must follow close in the line of the Spirit, and never seek our own ease, when the Lord has work for us to do. There was Jonah, a Baptist preacher; God told him to go to Ninevah and hold a protracted meeting; but, like some other ministers, Jonah doubted whether there could be a revival of religion in the summer time; and so my gentleman goes off on a voyage to Europe. But he did not get off as easily as he expected. A terrible storm arose, and threatened to send the recreant prophet and all on board to the bottom of the deep. The sailors, heathen as they were, held a prayer meeting. Jonah ought to have improved the opportunity, and talked to them about the God of Heaven. But no; he was taking his ease, fast asleep, down in the sides of the ship. And then what a rebuke they gave him: 'Arise, and

call upon thy God, that we perish not.' At the suggestion of the shipmaster, the men cast lots, in order to find out whose deity was offended; and the lot fell upon Jonah.

"The poor fellow now came to himself, and made a full confession, and felt that it was right that he should be thrown overboard. The seamen were unwilling to do it; but as the storm continued, they threw him into the sea. The Lord, however, had an eye on him. He had some work for him to do yet.

"He prepared a great fish—whale, or shark, or something of the kind—which, following in the track of the ship, seized Jonah and swallowed him down alive. But I tell you, the shark got mistaken that time; he had got a load on his stomach such as he never had there before. A backslider is nauseous anywhere, sickening to both man and beast. The great fish splashed, foamed and pitched up and down, here and there, and everywhere, to get rid of his burden. At length, growing more and more sick, as well he might, he made for the shore, and vomited the nauseous dose out of his mouth.

"Jonah, finding himself once more on dry land, was ready to streak it for Ninevah, and he held a protracted meeting there; and had a great revival, and in the summer time too.'

"The above, Mr. Ide told me, was delivered with such imperturbable gravity, that the people listened to it with perfect seriousness. 'Indeed,' he said, 'I did not think of laughing myself, till I got out of doors; but I have since scarcely been able, day or night, to get that image out of my mind—'Jonah streaking it for Ninevah.'

R. H. NEALE.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct., 1873.

A highly-esteemed clergyman, too modest to allow us to mention his name, gives us the following illustration of Mr. Swan's tender, fraternal, condescending spirit:

* * * "Suffering from a wounded, painful foot, I was visited by Elder Swan, who insisted upon seeing my suffering limb. After carefully examining it, he went out and diligently gathered medicinal herbs, from which he prepared a wash, and proceeded to tenderly bathe the wound and swollen foot; thus acting the part of a nurse; even kindly refusing the aid of my wife. How like his Master in washing the disciples' feet."

* * * "You inform me that a volume is to be prepared, giving the life and labors of Rev. J. S. Swan, and request me to contribute a paper on his ministry, as related to State Missions. It would afford me very great pleasure to contribute any thing which might add to the completeness, interest, and usefulness of the contemplated work; but it will be impossible for me to express my estimate of the labors of Brother Swan in this or in any other department of his ministerial work. Nor can it be expected that those now coming upon the stage will appreciate what has been done in the work of domestic missions in this State, during the last thirty years, by those who have been leaders and laborers in the cause.

"It has been my privilege to be associated with Brother Swan during all this period, in prosecuting this mission. And among those who have been prominent in directing and carrying forward this work, no one, in my judgment, has done more or better work than Brother Swan—if we except our excellent Brother,

Rev. N. E. Shailer, who, as our senior, and most of that time our only, missionary, has had no peer as a counselor, and in his labors and sacrifices in the cause of domestic missions in Connecticut. With this single exception, I know of no pastor in the State, whose labors in this department have been more abundant, or more useful, than those of Brother Swan. In attending the meetings of the Board, of which he had been a standing member, and in pleading for the support of feeble churches, and for destitute fields, before conventions and associations; in preaching the gospel to the poor; in holding protracted meetings, and in direct missionary labor, his name occupies a most conspicuous place in the history of our domestic missions. And while he was interested and efficient in regard to every other denominational enterprise, domestic missions stood first, and lay nearest his heart.

“And as a fellow-laborer, this one characteristic, especially deserving of notice, was very prominent; that notwithstanding his position as a pastor, and his popularity as a preacher, if, in a matter of policy or of ways and means of carrying on the work, he chanced to differ in judgment from his brethren, he never insisted on the adoption of his particular views or measures, but readily acquiesced in the decision of the majority, and always worked harmoniously and earnestly with his brethren. No care or effort was required not to offend Brother Swan, or to conciliate his favor, to secure his co-operation in the work of domestic missions, or in any other christian work. And this, by the way, is not only a distinguishing characteristic of true greatness, but a most important element of success in all associated christian effort.

“Without encumbering space with particular incidents, which might be better occupied with anecdotes, that others can relate far better than myself—for I never could tell a story well—I am happy to bear this general testimony to the labors of Brother Swan in our State Mission. I am frank to confess that, as I recall my long and intimate acquaintance with him, and his herculean labors, and his wonderful success in every department of the christian ministry, he rises before my imagination in such colossal grandeur, that I hesitate to lay my poor offering at his feet ; but, as it is the offering of one of his most devoted friends and admirers, you are at liberty to give it a place in the record of his life and labors. D. IVES.

SUFFIELD, CONN., Aug. 13, 1873.”

“I consider myself fortunate in having been brought into intimate relations with the many excellent ministers in our State, whom I have so often met at our religious anniversaries and other gatherings, during my ministry in New Haven, which embraces twenty-nine annual meetings of the Connecticut Baptist Convention, every one of which I have attended. Prominent among these ministers, and always and everywhere a man of mark and influence, has been Rev. J. S. Swan, of whom you ask some reminiscences from me.

“I recollect hearing of him when I was a student in Brown University in 1840-4, and of the wonderful revivals and the numerous baptisms in connection with his labors at New London, Mystic, and Stonington. The secular press as well as the religious, made frequent allusions to these great awakenings and their results. The former set forth the characteristics of the revivalist, and

repeated some of his alleged strong and sharp utterances, especially in his controversies with Universalists.

"I think the first time I saw him he was presiding in his somewhat free and quaint way at a meeting of the Convention. Whenever he addressed that body on the Education Society, there was at once a great eagerness to hear. No speaker among us could gather and hold an assembly like him. In addition to his good sense and earnestness, his original way of putting things, his apt, pithy, and facetious illustrations, and his rich fund of personal experience, always commanded attention and generally conviction. He is a true genius in power, thought, brilliant imagination, impressive utterance and tender pathos. Speaking on one occasion of his reception to the patronage of the Education Society, he said it was the custom then to give the candidate a text and hear how he could preach upon it. As there were two of them and not time to hear a sermon from each, the Board divided a text, giving each a part, one to lead off and the other to follow. 'The brother's name,' said he 'was Pilgrim, (Thomas J.) and mine Swan—he *ran* in one direction, and I *flew* in another; and so we got through.' Again alluding to some of the scanty means of some of the students at Hamilton, and their trials to get along, he said a good brother near the village, a farmer, allowed such ministerial students now and then to go into his pasture and take a lamb from the flock for their use. Having done this several times, 'those sheep,' added Brother Swan, 'could tell a theological student as far as they could see him, and had to give in that they themselves were candidates for the ministry.'

"At a meeting of the Convention in my church in 1852, an extra session was held that we might have the

privilege of hearing a sermon from Brother Swan. The hour, I believe, was eight o'clock in the morning, but the house was full, and the sermon admirable, full of deep and tender interest, on the power of afflictive scenes to develop christian character, being founded on the service rendered by Joseph and Nicodemus to the dead body of their Lord. There was one passage, however of enlivening wit in it. Christ, he said, was faithful in all things, even to tribute-paying, and he once told Peter to go to the lake and cast in a hook, and the first fish he drew up would have in his mouth the required piece of money. 'How the silver coin came to be there, I don't know,' said Brother Swan, 'but I guess God drowned some stingy old miser, and sent that fish to pick his pocket.'

"When he was appointed State Missionary, I as one of the Board, hesitated, thinking that, as the other laborer in the field had eccentric qualities, the denomination would be somewhat over-represented in this regard. But I soon heartily acquiesced; seeing how devotedly he labored, and what good and gracious results followed. Speaking of his missionary labors at a meeting of the Convention, and alluding to some of the hardships encountered amid the wintry storms on the Litchfield county hills, he used one of his sometimes exaggerated expressions which, with the connection, only conveyed strongly the truth he wished to utter. 'Why,' said he, 'I have traveled over those hills in such storms, that, if the snow which froze to my person and clothing were spread out in a line, *it would make good sleighing a mile and a half!*' At the same meeting; I think it was, some measure or organization was proposed for adoption, which his strong common sense and keen

practical conception of things, saw at once would be unwise and end in failure. After expressing his opinion of it, he closed with an illustrative story. An Irish workman had a difficulty one time in making a fire in the little shanty where he lived. He put the sticks upon the live coals, but they were slow to kindle. Taking a keg of blasting powder that was at hand, he began to pour some of it upon the embers, when instantly it exploded, and both shanty and its occupant were blown to atoms. His fellow laborers thought some legal report must be made upon his death. So gathering up what little fragments of the body they could find, they formed themselves into a jury of inquest. After puzzling themselves for a long time they came to this result: 1. They couldn't call the event a visitation from God, because he wasn't struck by lightning. 2. He didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything to breathe with. 3. It couldn't be said he committed suicide, for they had no evidence that he meant to kill himself. 4. Therefore their verdict must be, *'That he came to his death for the want of common sense.'*

"In his wonderful prayers as well as impressive sermons, this eminent servant of God loves to dwell on the Divine presence and power. I heard him once allude to a sceptical explanation of the earthquake at the Phillipian prison, as being only the imagination of the keeper. Brother Swan put these words into the mouth of the jailer. 'Ah! you needn't tell me any such stuff. I remember how God shook that old jail to its foundations, and made all its walls crack. 'Tis'nt repaired yet.'

"In social conversation, as in his public addresses, his native, overflowing wit and fund of anecdote, made

his company joy and gladness. He was a powerful advocate of temperance, and against those engaged in the liquor traffic. I recollect speaking in his presence of a young minister, as accepting a challenge to meet in debate a rough, burly defender of the traffic.

“‘I hope he will have help and success,’ said Brother Swan; ‘but it reminds me of a country fellow, who, going through a piece of woods alone, came suddenly upon a huge black bear. The bear rose up at once upon his hind feet to challenge battle. The young man dared not run, he was so near, and yet dreaded a contest. He thought something must be done, and in his dilemma prayed thus: ‘O Lord, you are about to see one of the greatest bear fights you ever did see. Now, Lord, help me if you can; but if you can’t help me, don’t help the bear.’

“It has never been my privilege to witness the labors of Brother Swan in the midst of a powerful revival. But I readily believe the testimony of those who have been with him in such scenes, and who speak of the marvelous power of his sermons and his prayers. It has been my pleasure, however, to entertain him several times at my house, and I gratefully recall his sweet, christian simplicity and cheerfulness, his entertaining conversation, his hearty singing, and his tender and earnest supplications at the family altar. Such men are a rare gift to the Church of Christ; and I am glad that the memorials of a life so interesting and useful are to be preserved.

S. D. PHELPS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nov. 18, 1873.”

* * * “As pastor cotemporary with him in New London, for six years, I can bear testimony to his

brotherly love, his genial nature, and kindness of heart. His interest in my family was always tender and affectionate. On one or two baptismal occasions, we united in administering the ordinance. He was in his glory. He must pray. He was just the man to pray, with the heavens for his sounding-board, and the hills his side galleries.

“A captain of a vessel told me he heard him off Fort Trumbull, full a mile away.

“We were thrown into each other’s society officially and otherwise. We rode through the country, to visit the sick, deliver temperance addresses, and preach the gospel. Elder Swan did not preach politics, as such; but had a wonderful gift in letting people know upon which side of the fence he stood.

“I do not undervalue the labors of others, when I say that Elder Swan has been sought for in attending funerals, making addresses, and preaching on public occasions, more than any other man in Connecticut. If the number of such services could be given, it would surprise himself. We can only say of him, ‘abundant in labors.’ Elder Swan has great conversational powers. But very few persons can interest a company of ladies and gentlemen as he can. Ready in wit, appropriate in words, smooth in diction when he chooses to be, genial in temper, ready in reply. One has remarked that Elder Swan is a Lord Chesterfield in conversation. We regard him, measured in the line of his profession, and in many other respects, a representative man of his time; wholly original in thought and expression; bold, clear, decisive. He has had many imitators, but no master, no equal. To unfold a subject, to drive home a truth, to hit the nail on the head, to clinch a conclu-

sion, he has no superior. He makes his text preach as but few men can. His aim—his ruling passion—is to save men. His arguments, his illustrations, his anecdotes, and his glowing exhortations, are remarkable; calculated to awaken men and bring them to Christ.

“He used to say, the best way to catch quails was to now and then throw in a handful of chaff with the wheat. So, while he offered the old corn of the gospel, he occasionally told a story, or related an anecdote, to arrest the attention,—to catch and hold his hearers through a sermon of an hour and a-half. The people never wearied, but were sorry when he closed. To do this, he was not monotonous; now he would speak in a colloquial manner; now, in a subdued, mellow tone; then, in one of his awfully grand flights, he would carry his hearers away amid the thunderings of his eloquence. At times, in the tenderness of a mother’s words and tones, he would come down and talk with his audience so sweetly, that you would suppose you were quite on the verge of heaven. Thus his hearers were entranced; but never went away saying, ‘what beautiful poetry;’ but rejoicing in the glorious gospel, which to them was the power of God unto salvation.

“His powers of endurance were almost miraculous. He could preach every evening during the week, two or three times on the Sabbath, and pray only as Elder Swan could pray; often passing sleepless nights, as on one occasion, at my house, he said he could not sleep—‘the frogs praised God all night.’

“He was the friend of education and an educated ministry; though sometimes, from his remarks or allusions, one might suppose the contrary. There was nothing he more admired than a cultivated mind. On

hearing a very fine scholar preach at one time, he was asked how he liked the sermon. He replied: 'I am reminded of a neighbor of mine who had a good axe, which he persisted in grinding until the steel was all gone.'

"It must not be forgotten that Brother Swan possessed, in a large degree, the missionary spirit, and at times made most powerful appeals in favor of the cause. While he was a flaming evangelist for his own land, his heart went out to the ends of the earth, and his prayers and contributions followed our beloved missionaries to their far-off fields. That was a memorable scene in the Huntington Street Baptist church, on the eve of the departure of the beloved Justus H. Vinton and wife for Burmah. The house was densely crowded with a deeply interested congregation. Brother Swan was worn and weary with incessant labor. He was strengthened, however, for the occasion. He spoke and prayed as he was inspired of God. He took the missionaries in the arms of faith and prayer, and bore them safely over the ocean, and landed them joyfully on the field of their future labors. Mr. Vinton rose from his knees, his countenance shining like that of an angel, and said: 'I go bound in spirit to Burmah, and from Burmah to heaven.' So it came to pass; he never more returned to America. After heroic toil and valiant service for his Master, he went up on high, as he predicted. The meeting was glorious. It seems photographed on my mind, as but of yesterday. Many a heart was consecrated from that evening to the cause of missions; and many have gone to their reward that were present on that day; among whom was Deacon Isaac Harris.

"If any man has earned the honorary title of Doctor

of Divinity, it is Jabez S. Swan; and the college that shall give him that degree will honor itself, and recognize hard, noble, successful work. Honor to whom honor is due. Let the general who has won the battle receive the honors.

"I have no doubt, those who will write of Elder Swan, will refer to his power in prayer. I do not think Professor Tyndall's theory will ever disturb the equilibrium of the Elder. I can imagine how he would treat him, if they should ever meet. His first sentence would be: 'Let us pray;' the second would be: 'O Lord God, smash up this infidel theory of the professor.'

"Brother Swan will never submit to the innovations of these days of degeneracy, lack of nerve, laxity in doctrine and practice on the communion question and revivals of religion. He stands firm on the old foundation of the gospel, and in the primitive order of advocating it. He gives all to understand that they must believe and be baptized. He is a positive man, with but little conservatism in his nature, radical in his tendencies, and hence has been and is now the pioneer of the churches; the herald-preacher of the nineteenth century.

O. T. WALKER.

MERIDEN, CONN., OCT. 21, 1873.

From Rev. J. N. Murdock, D.D., we orally obtained the following account. Near thirty years ago, at a meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union in Albany, N. Y., when the question was before the body whether to continue or abandon the Telooogo Mission, Elder Swan thus spoke in substance upon the affirmative side, 'I recollect a story, in an old book admired by my mother, and somewhat regarded by myself, about

a certain man in former times, who obtained a conviction that he was called to a foreign mission. Laboring under this impression he addressed three of his friends and persuaded them to join him in the mission enterprise, though these friends had some question in their minds about their success. They started for Europe, then considered in heathendom. They reached a certain city and commenced operations. A little pleasant success soon followed their efforts. But immediately the Devil induced a certain person to follow them and endorse them in mockery, saying, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." In overcoming this Devil they got into difficulty. Two of them were arrested, publicly accused, stripped and whipped, and cast into prison. Finding themselves in the deep dungeon of the prison, torn and bleeding, in the night, with their feet gripped into great rugged stocks, one of them whose name was Silas, said to the leader of the mission whose name was Paul, "Well Paul, what do you think now of your mission? The Devil has endorsed you, and we have got whipped, and here we are in this dark, cruel, heathen prison. Do you think this looks much like success?" "Hold on," said Paul, "we haven't seen the end of this enterprise yet. I think the Lord sent us, and will somehow stand by us; although just now the outlook to human eyes is dark. You know it is said of the Lord, 'clouds and darkness are round about him.' By the way, where is your psalm book? Let us sing and then pray. Turn to the forty-sixth psalm, and give it a good pitch. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear.

* * * * Be still and know that I am God;

I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth. Now let us pray.' As their psalm and prayer rang through the dungeons and cells of the old prison, the foundations began to tremble and move. 'Sing again,' said Paul, 'The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; He uttered his voice, the earth was melted.' So the Lord sent an earthquake to help the missionaries. They were soon out of prison, and held a revival meeting the same night in the jailer's house. And the jailer and his staff of assistants were converted and baptized straightway as they ought to have been. And thus the Lord planted a church in that heathen city. It seems that the Lord had an eye on that jailer and chose these missionaries and their sufferings and the voice of an earthquake to bring about his conversion. I rather think that jailer made a good deacon, and his experience a good sermon. So brethren my opinion is that we had better sing a psalm, and hold on up on the Teloo goo mission.'

. Adds Dr. Murdock, 'that speech as I now recall it, and I often recall it, ranks among the prophecies. And so, what hath God since wrought in the Teloo goo Mission.'

A friend writes to the publisher from Steuben County, New York: 'My recollections of the dear good man, and of his family, are of the sweetest and tenderest character.

"When God's Spirit was being poured out, and souls were flocking to Jesus, and I was weary with over-work, he came to my help and faithfully labored with me in gathering precious souls into the kingdom.

"My heart is cheered that there is a prospect of some day possessing in an enduring form a memorial of one whom I highly esteem."

CHAPTER XXII.

DOCTRINE AND MANNER.

GROWTHS.—STANDARDS.—TESTS.—SPIKING A GUN.—VIEWS.—A BAPTIST.—ANECDOTE.—BEFORE THE S. U. ASSOCIATION.—SONGS.—TESTIMONY.—DEA. O. SUMNER.—THE SPIRIT.—CAPT. C. C. LEWIS.—ILLUSTRATIONS.—DIVINITY.—JONAH.—CHARGE.—SOLDIERS.—SAMSON.—ELECTION.—CROOK.—FAITHFULNESS.—PRAYER—CHALLENGE.

EVERY growth has its vital principle, with its appropriate laws of organization and development. The germ in the acorn—a miniature tree—unfolds into roots, and trunk, and branches, and foliage, maturing at last into the monarch of the forest. So is it in the growth and development of human character. Emphatically so is it with the christian. There must be the “seed”—the divine germ—the roots of faith, the branches of doctrine, the foliage of devotion, and the fruits of piety. Doctrines then hold an important place in every man’s life. A just rank was awarded to them by the thinker and preacher of whom we speak.

He knew no authoritative standard of religious truth save the Bible. His commission was from Christ, and his doctrinal text book was the New Testament. His favorite theologian was Paul. His inspiring precedents for evangelistic efforts were John the Baptist, Christ, and the apostles. Yet he was a careful and discriminating student of the ablest theological writers since the era of the Reformation. Socinianism and its cognates he abhorred. Arminianism and its train he

denounced. Antinomianism and its lotus fruits he vehemently eschewed. Calvinism, as interpreted by Andrew Fuller, received his hearty endorsement. His views of grace in regeneration corresponded with those of Bunyan, Whitefield, Edwards and Payson. He offered the gospel to men as freely as Wesley, yet preached the sovereignty of God and his election by grace as thoroughly as C. H. Spurgeon. He admired the doctrinal statements of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Dr. Francis Wayland. Like Paul he emphasized faith, like James he emphasized work, and like John he emphasized love.

His well poised lance was always against Romanism, High-churchism, Universalism, Deism, and the lesser pernicious heresies that skulk and multiply around the borders of christianity like serpents in a hedge. Fellowship with Christ and holiness of life were the prime tests he applied to all professors and all systems of religious belief. Dr. E. Dodge, President of Madison University, who, in a private note, says of Mr. Swan, "I love the man, and honor him for the good work he has done," after listening often and earnestly to his preaching in a time of revival, heartily subscribed to his doctrinal views and said, "That is the theology needed in this nineteenth century."

While laboring in a series of successful meetings in Norwich, New York, he was brought into contact with a Mr. M——, whose religious opinions were of the "cast iron" type, though at heart he was a Universalist. This man met all ministers and others who sought religious interviews with him, by announcing his belief in the decrees of God; that all things were determined beforehand by the purpose of Jehovah and

could not be altered or modified ; and that all things whatsoever would eventuate in the glory of God and the final good of all his creatures. As his daughter became interested in the revival and experienced religion, his opposition to revival meetings and measures was greatly intensified. To prepare the way for the daughter to make a profession of her faith, the evangelist visited Mr. M. with the view, as he expressed it of "spiking his guns." The conversation in substance, was as follows:

Mr. S. "You believe that all things and all events follow the fixed decrees of God."

Mr. M. "I do, sir; God is a sovereign and does his will with all his creatures."

Mr. S. "Have you no doubt about such a view?"

Mr. M. "None at all, sir."

Mr. S. "Then you believe in such meetings as we have been holding here, and in all that has been said and done."

Mr. M. "No, sir; I don't."

Thus the fatalist spiked his own gun.

His ecclesiastical views, to which his practice rigidly conformed, may be stated in brief, as follows: Regeneration by the Holy Spirit precedes baptism; baptism precedes church relation; church relation precedes the observance of the Lord's Supper; all churches independent bodies; all church members equal in rights; ministers ordained and deposed by churches; but one order of the clergy, whether teachers, pastors, or evangelists.

He has always been a Baptist,—strict, regular, true, consistent. Holding from John the Baptist, from Christ, and from the apostles, "the faith once delivered to the

saints," he has found no occasion to alter his creed or modify his practice. Never ashamed of his principles; never apologizing for his adherence to the New Testament, he has everywhere and boldly proclaimed and advocated his Baptist sentiments. He could never "daub with untempered mortar." He never could go down into "the plain of Ono," or enter into negotiations with Rome. Sufficient for his authority were the commandments and examples of the New Testament. Beyond a "Thus saith the Lord," he hesitated to advance in things strictly ecclesiastical. He knew no marching orders, save from the Head of the church and his original legates.

Yet no man more thoroughly respected and ardently loved all true christians who differed from him in their views. What he boldly demanded for himself, he cordially conceded to others—the right of private judgment. Unswerving from the old Baptist doctrine of liberty of conscience, he could even highly esteem all those who conscientiously followed Christ in paths and manners differing from his own. In worship and work, he especially fraternized with the Congregationalists, for their firmness; and the Methodists, for their fervor. Dr. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, was always delighted to listen to him, and to have him speak in his pulpit. Frequently would Mr. Swan solicit pulpit exchanges with both Episcopal and Wesleyan Methodists; and at times he would shout and sing with the most emotional and devoted of them.

As an opportune confession of his faith, we give the anecdote related to us by Mr. Isaac Anderson, of New Haven. "During his first pastorate in the State of New York,—being providentially in the city of New

York, he attended a conference meeting of the First Baptist church in that city, under the ministry of Dr. Parkerson. The meeting was opened by the deliberate reading and long-drawn singing of a lengthy hymn. Then came the ceremonious reading of a very long chapter. This was followed by another hymn like the first. This was succeeded by a routine prayer reaching through fifteen minutes or more. By this time, the young evangelist began to feel, as he expressed it, "the chills of death" creeping over him. Rising, therefore, he said: "My name is Jabez S. Swan. I am a Baptist minister from Norwich, Chenango county, New York. I believe in God the Father; and God the Son; and God the Holy Spirit; and *protracted meetings*;" and resumed his seat. The word *protracted* had a double edge in such a meeting.

Only in the times and modes of applying truths did he differ from the best instructed evangelical ministers around him. While they believed in waiting for the waters to be troubled, he believed in troubling them by prayer and labor. Some supposed revivals could occur only at long intervals; his faith embraced annual harvests. Some regarded winters as the divinely selected seasons for spiritual ingatherings: he claimed that the Lord's seasons were not set down in the secular calendar. As confirmations of his faith, the powerful revivals in Stonington Borough, at Mystic Bridge, at Volun-town, and in Albany, were in the summer.

For the last thirty years, it has hardly been felt by the Stonington Union Association, that the regular annual exercises have been observed, if Elder Swan has not preached to the multitude one of his characteristic sermons. Should one look over the minutes of that body,

and collect the texts chosen by him, he would not fail to discover in them the peculiar bent and spirit of the preacher. The sermons, however, never were, and never could be reported. Usually, the best hour—we ought to say two hours, or, at least, an hour and a-half—was given to the spiritual feast. The interest felt has always been betokened by a crowded assembly. Often a multitude would surround the house, some seated in carriages, and some on the ground—some eagerly peering through doors and windows, all silent and eager listeners. As the preacher warmed with his holy theme, his voice, deep and rich, compassed the vast assembly within and without. If the day was excessively warm, he laid off his coat and loosened his cravat. Thus he laid aside every weight that he might do his sacred work. Illustrating his propositions by his own experiences and the experiences of others he had known, using freely names, dates and events, and most felicitously employing the narratives and incidents of the Old and New Testaments, he would bear away the whole assembly upon the tide of his argument. Stoical natures alone could dispense with the use of handkerchiefs. Down the hardest cheek would occasionally steal a tender tear. What other preachers would seldom dare to attempt, and we might add, seldom had the power to accomplish, namely, the arousing of hearers by the power of sacred mirth, he frequently and successfully effected. Often upon the faces of his hearers might be seen smiles and tears at the same time. Student of mental and moral philosophy, as he was, he well knew how to touch all the delicate cords of the human organism. Unique in his methods, strangers at first might misinterpret him. Shortly, however, they would be conscious that he was

dealing truly and faithfully with their hearts, and seeking their good.

His manner, his voice, his spirit, his evangelistic power, can only be understood by those who were favored to be present in seasons of revival, where he freely breathed the "blessed winds of the heavenly kingdom." Thousands will remember with delight the look of his upturned face, and the round and rallying tones of his voice, as, in his inimitable way, he usually led in the spiritual song:

"Where now are the Hebrew children?
Where now are the Hebrew children?
They went up from a fiery furnacé;
Safe now in the promised land."

Or, that other favorite of all pilgrims to the better shore:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

In moments of tenderness, he would raise the hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Or the prized hymn of Wesley:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

With wonderful pathos, in hours of general awakening, he would lead in the hymn:

“ To-day the Savior calls:
Ye wanderers, come ;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?”

Deacon George O. Sumner, M. D., of New Haven, writes as follows:

* * * “ Some years ago, I was at the house of Brother Edward Bolles, in Hartford, in company with Rev. Ira R. Steward and Rev. Alfred Gates, when the conversation turned upon Elder Swan and some of his peculiarities of speech. Brother Steward said: ‘ When I was pastor in Groton, during the revival of 1842, some of the people wished me to speak to Elder Swan about his extravagancies, which offended certain tastes. I accordingly mentioned the matter, when he very kindly said: ‘ Brother Steward, I am aware of these blemishes in my preaching, and have often set myself to guard against them; but as sure as I put myself under constraint in this respect, I am shut up and cannot say anything satisfactorily. I have to sail away, and let come what will; and if anything amiss occurs, it never answers for me to go back to pick it up and try to mend it: if I do, I always make it worse. But this is not what troubles me most. What especially annoys me, is that there are young preachers springing up in the country who are trying to imitate me in the very things that I would avoid if I could.’ ”

Speech may not adequately emphasize the dependence the evangelist placed upon the Spirit of God. A case may somewhat illustrate this. When, in 1842, Captain Charles C. Lewis—afterwards Rev. Mr. Lewis, of dear memory—was brought under deep and painful convictions by Elder Swan’s pungent preaching; and,

as a consequence, indulged in loud and extravagant speech in regard to the meetings held,—the Elder, on having his attention called to the fact, calmly observed: “Let him alone; pay out warp; let him run; he has got a harpoon in him; the Lord will bring him up.”

In reminiscences furnished us, Rev. A. C. Bronson says: “Elder Swan’s latest version of Jonah’s voyage we heard at the last meeting of the Stonington Union Association (1873) at Groton Bank. Alluding in his sermon to Peter and the tribute-money found in the mouth of the fish, he took occasion to say, ‘This is one of my proof texts to establish the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. If he was not Divine: 1st. How did he know the fish was there to be caught? 2d. How did he know that money was in his mouth; fish don’t generally carry money about in that way? 3d. How did he know there would be just enough to pay the tax? and 4th. How did he know Peter would catch the fish? fishermen don’t always catch at the first bite. Peter once fished all night and caught nothing. Christ’s divinity is established by this Scripture beyond a doubt ’”

“Then in one of his digressions he said, ‘We read in the Bible, of other fish which God used to accomplish his purposes. There was once an old Antinomian who undertook to cross God’s arrangement, and the Lord took a fish, large enough to fit up a state room in, for Jonah to occupy all alone. But I don’t think Jonah liked his accommodations, for he said, ‘Out of the belly of hell I cried unto Thee.’ He was glad to get ashore, and did not care to try another voyage of that sort. The Lord taught him a lesson that he did not forget.’”

His terseness and vigor of style are shown in the charge he gave to his son Charles Y. Swan, when about

leaving home to pursue his studies at Hamilton. Laying his hand on the son's shoulder, the father said, "Charlie, gird on the sword of the Lord against rum, hell, and Universalism."

He believed in direct and constant work to save souls. He regarded christians as soldiers, and churches as making up an army, with orders to advance against the enemies of God. While preaching once in a city (N. H.,) to a church whose house of worship cost above a hundred thousand dollars, and who had strength of numbers and wealth, he said to them: "Perhaps you think you are a success, because you have a splendid meeting house; and think you are strong because you have a grand roll of members, and can wear fine uniform. But what of tents, and roll, and uniform? What could General Grant have done towards capturing Vicksburg by dressing up in his regimentals, and stepping out before the enemy's works, and reading over the splendid roll of his army? It was the fighting that gave Jeff fits."

Speaking once of the unwise alliances too frequently entered into by the children of God, he illustrated his view by a condensed presentation, in his own original and naive style, of the story of Samson and his affiliation with the Philistines, and concluded by saying: "For one, I was never exactly reconciled to Samson's marrying into that family."

The same happy and plain way of meeting a grave, practical matter, occurred when once handling the old doctrine of predestination. To impress upon his hearers the absurdity of promulgating the offensive dogma, he said: "These predestinarians seem to reckon themselves as elected of God to sit like watch dogs at the

strait gate, to prevent the non-elect from dodging through."

An anxious christian mother once asked him if he would advise that her son be educated for a minister. He replied: "Well, madam, you have an excellent son, and I think he will make a very good and useful man; but I cannot advise you to try to make a minister of him." "Why not?" urged the somewhat disappointed mother. "To be honest with you," said Mr. Swan, "he hasn't got the natural crook."

In a certain town, he delivered a temperance lecture, in which he keenly and severely portrayed two conspicuous politicians, T. P. W—, M. D., and L. H—, Esq., who were leagued with the anti-temperance party. Discovering some of their friends present, he concluded by saying: "Now, you go and tell these men all I have said, and make a faithful report; and then add, Elder Swan don't care. I am sorry they are not present to hear me." The report was made. Shortly after, Esquire H— met Mr. Swan, and thanked him for his honest, manly defense of his views, and closed by saying: "Elder, I always esteemed you; and, as it is some time since I have had a chance to do you a favor, please accept a small present;" and handed him ten dollars.

A writer of items has recently mentioned the Baptist church in Preston, New York, as follows: "Their house of worship is being modernized. It has been cut down twice. It was originally built by Elder Jabez S. Swan, and was big enough for a New York tabernacle. The Elder went into the woods with some brethren, to get out timber for this house—more than thirty years ago—and as he came to a tree of proper proportions for use in the building, he struck his axe into it and said: "Let

us pray." And he did pray earnestly and loud, till the woods rang with his fervent supplications for success in his undertaking; and the neighbors for a mile around heard him."

Rev. H. L. Dietz, the German Baptist minister in New Haven, tells us of an incident related to him by Mr. Swan, in reference to a challenge the Elder had to fight. A certain gentleman became exceedingly enraged with the Elder, who was about to baptize the man's wife and daughter, and threatened the Elder's life, in case he persisted in administering the ordinance. The madman, who was at the water side when the sacred rite was duly performed, advanced with clenched fists to meet the Elder as he came up from the tide, and vehemently challenged him for a fight, using epithets and adjectives familiar to men of his grade. The Elder coolly listened to the chivalrous Goliath, and then remarked that, as he was somewhat engaged for the day he would accept the challenge to meet him the next day, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in the main street of the place, in front of a certain well-known office. As, by the code of honor, the time and place rested with the challenged party, the challenger could do no less than to accept the terms. The hour came; so did the Elder, the challenger, and a crowd of spectators. Said the Elder: "Are you ready?" The pugilist replied: "I am." "But," said the Elder, "I always begin my work with prayer. Let us pray." He knelt, and prayed only as J. S. Swan could; and the prayer broke down the pugilist, and all the crowd of witnesses, and cleared the ground, leaving the Elder a victor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CIVIL RELATIONS.

THE OLD ACCUSATION.—PORTION OF THE FAITHFUL.—POLITICIANS AND THEIR POLICIES.—MR. SWAN'S PRINCIPLES.—REPUBLICANISM.—EQUAL RIGHTS.—DUTY TO THE GOVERNMENT.—A REPUBLICAN.—TOO SMALL INDUCEMENT.—TEMPERANCE.—DESERTS OF RUM-SELLERS.—PURGATORY.—DEVILS.—MAINE LAW.—HIGHER OCCUPATION.—A DIVINE INSTITUTION.—LACK OF BLOOD.—FILL-MORE SQUASH.—HANGING.—PATRIOTISM.

EVERY man called of God to bless the world by his preaching has encountered the charge of "meddling with politics." This accusation cast Daniel into the den of lions, erected the gallows for Mordecai, stoned the faithful among the Hebrews, beheaded John the Baptist, crucified the Prince of Peace. The Hamans, the Jezebels, the Herods, the Neros, are not all dead. Edward Wightman went to the stake, John Bunyan lay in Bedford jail, Roger Williams was driven into the wilderness. "For worshipping God contrary to law," Baptists were incarcerated in New London. "Principalities and powers" are not yet reconciled to God.

Not until politicians cease to be sinners, should the ministers of God cease to preach against their sins. Not until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of Christ, will there be accord and peace between politics and true religion. The offense of the cross must remain while men remain self-righteous, and while iniquity enthrones itself in the high places of the earth. The Gibralters of wickedness can be shaken only by

the thunders of Sinai. Wo to a land when its prophets become "dumb dogs," or crouch submissively at the feet of purpled, or ermined, or mitred ungodliness. Who leads the host of the Lord but a day's march from Egypt, must expect to be pursued by chariots and horsemen. It is the old cry of Pharaoh, "Get you unto your burdens," and be but slaves. God, however, says, "Let my people go."

Both from his early education in the peculiarly free principles prevailing in his native town and his pure home, and from his study of the spirit and principles of christianity, Mr. Swan has always been thoroughly republican in his views of society; holding that the divinely appointed organizations for mankind are families, churches, and states, all to be formed voluntarily. To these necessary and obligatory organizations, schools, and various benevolent associations are to be added as auxiliaries, when circumstances require them; and in these the voluntary principle is to be strictly observed. He was never the patron, but rather, from clear convictions, the stern opposer of all secret organizations, whether in the state or in the community. An open field, an open Bible, and open methods of procedure in all things, have been his favorite canons of faith. Decidedly has he deemed all secret organizations, no matter how labelled by smooth and specious names, as altogether anti-republican and repugnant to the spirit and principles of the New Testament. Like our Lord, he has always "spoken openly to the world," and in secret has he "said nothing" that he was unwilling to have "proclaimed upon the housetops." Holding all men as brethren, he has stoutly contended for equal privileges to all, deploring all spirit of caste. Whenever

he deemed that our professedly free and voluntary political parties, or benevolent associations, or even missionary societies, were untrue to their original professions and platforms, especially if they were chargeable with favoritism and the abridgement of inalienable rights, he fearlessly, faithfully, vehemently lifted up his voice against them. When the God-given rights of men have been invaded, or a great moral or religious principle has been assailed, nothing has been sufficient to bribe or intimidate him. Much is there in him of the spirit and faith of the furnace-tried Hebrew children, of whom he fondly speaks and sings.

Though not a politician in the common acceptation of that word, he was yet never indifferent to the interests of his state and his country. When a lad, as we have seen, he took an active and brave part in the defense of his native town against the attack of a foreign enemy. Against all the foes of human freedom at home and abroad, and all corrupters of society, or disturbers of civil tranquility, he stood with equal strength and courage at all times. Unambitious of name or place in state affairs, except what pertained to a good citizen, he aimed simply to perform his duty. His text of faith and conduct was "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things which are God's."

Deeply interested, when young, in the discussions, resolutions and petitions of the Baptists in behalf of perfect religious liberty, which was finally securely reached in the new State Constitution of Connecticut in 1818, he never ceased to feel a lively interest in all legal affairs pertaining to rights and morals. He hated slavery and intemperance with a perfect hatred. Though once a Jeffersonian democrat, of strict lines he was

quite oblivious when great moral questions were before the country. Latterly he has been known as an ardent republican, because this party has been the antagonist of slavery and the friend of order. Sometimes, when absent from home, he has incurred both fatigue and expense of travel to reach the polls. Pro-slavery men and the rum party have accused him of political partizanship, but nothing has daunted him in the discharge of his duty as a citizen.

It is told of him that on the eve of an exciting election, in which the temperance question was involved, an ambitious office seeker, Mr. W., the anti-temperance candidate, aware of the Elder's influence in the county, as a stroke of policy sent him twenty-five dollars; to which donation, the Elder instantly gave the laconic reply, "It is not enough: Judas received *thirty* pieces."

From its inception in the form of the old half-way pledge of abstinence from distilled liquors as a beverage, through all phases of its progress and through all its struggles with custom, and law, and selfish interests, the beneficent temperance reform found in Mr. Swan an ardent friend and a fearless champion. Many a lance did he unerringly hurl through the mail and into the heart of the enemy. Master of wit and satire, as well as of facts and logic, he was a prodigious force against the makers, venders and drinkers of the poisonous beverage. He regarded rum-sellers much as he did thieves, highwaymen, pirates, and murderers. Once, speaking of the worst cases among them, he said they were "fit only to be hung, though not from any decent tree. They ought to be hung in the night, in a swamp, from a pepperidge."

In the movement for the so-called Maine Law, his

voice rang out like a trumpet. Pressed to speak, as his other duties would allow, throughout New London county, and in different portions of the State, multitudes, charmed by his arguments and eloquence and wit, thronged to hear him. Believing that hell and rum were in league, he gave the "rummies" no quarter, but thrust them through with the sword of the Lord.

Says Rev. Charles Willett, formerly settled in New London:

"In the early days of the Maine Law agitation, Elder Swan, in common with most of the pastors of New London and Norwich, was a member of the executive committee of the New London county temperance society. At a meeting of the committee, in which each pastor stated his convictions as to the vote of his parish, Elder Swan expressed a fear that, through political influence, some of his people would vote against Maine Law representatives. Said B. W. Tompkins (a worthy layman of Norwich): "The Catholic priest of our place tells me he shall secure the votes of nearly all his flock, though most of them, if left to themselves, would vote against the law;" and then asked: "Why can't you Protestant ministers manage your people as well as the priests?" After a brief pause, the Elder replied: "Give me the management of purgatory for six months, and I'll fetch 'em."

He insisted, on one occasion, that the State ought to adopt the Maine Law as a measure of self-defense. Said he, "If the devils are cast out of the neighboring States, as we pray God they may be, and we are defenseless, every one of them will mount a hog and start for Connecticut, and you will see pig-riding and music enough;

for the devil is never so much at home as when he gets charge of a hog."

Often was the blade of his argument whetted to the keenest edge of irony. In one of his campaigns, he made an appointment and promised to answer the arguments presented by the liquor-party against the proposed legislation. The hour came; the house (in Groton) was crowded; the tide of interest ran high. According to promise, he took up the pleas of his antagonists and showed their weakness and unsoundness. One position was met in the following manner: "You say that the proposed law would destroy your business, and so prevent you from getting a living. You really make two points: first, that you ought to live; second, that you must have business. Now, in the first place, I am not sure that you *ought* to live; but, for argument's sake, we will allow that you ought. Next, in regard to business, I can suggest bigger and better business than you are now engaged in. I commend to you the honorable and useful profession of poultry-raising. And to expedite the business, relieving the fowls from a waste of their time in the process of incubation, and to avoid the expense of the new French system of employing steam and hot air, I suggest that you liberally furnish the posterior sections of your pantaloons with tar and feathers, and devote yourselves to hatching hens' eggs."

Once, while discussing the slavery question, he also considered the arguments of his opponents. With great adroitness, he would successfully turn the tables upon them. Thus, on the occasion referred to, he said: "You pretend to think that slavery is right. You contend that it is a *divine* institution. Very well; for the sake of argument, we grant it. So is *hell* a divine insti-

tution, as only too many will find out; but we don't propose the extension of either."

He followed principles and not men; and he dealt peculiar blows against whatever he conceived to be morally and religiously wrong. When a portion of the old democratic party swerved from the old Jeffersonian anti-slavery line, he lifted up hand and voice to correct them. In one of his animated addresses, he expressed himself as follows: "You call yourselves democrats; but you are not; you are nothing but locofocos. I am a democrat; but of the regular old school—not one of your new-fangled democrats, recreant to the old faith. You may take all these perverts from the faith—these renegade democrats—locofocos, true blue—here in New London county, and put them into the hands of a steam doctor, and steam them three weeks, and then bleed them, and you would not get genuine democratic blood enough out of the whole batch to dot an i."

Nothing was foreign to him that was related to the welfare of men. In the presidential campaign of 1856, at the immense mass meeting on the Plain—now William's Park—in Norwich, (October 15,) we recollect that he was present, and, by urgent request, addressed the meeting. Above all the orators of the day, he commanded and delighted the multitude. His speech abounded in pith and characteristic illustrations. Of course, he spoke for Fremont and freedom, as against Buchanan and slavery. As, from his nature, he never could look complacently upon compromises where principle was involved, or upon half-way men and measures, he was particularly sarcastic upon the then third party in the field, headed by Fillmore. By the following illustration, he expressed his estimate of that party:

"A few mornings since, I was inspecting my garden, looking after the prospects of a crop. Among other things, I noticed a vine had departed from my premises, running through the fence into my neighbor's garden. Where it passed through the fence, it had blossomed and set into fruit, but the fruit had grown exactly between the pickets, swelling out to the pickets and protruding on either side, so that it could not be moved one way or the other. In looking at this ambitious, wandering, impaled fruit, I inquired: To whom do you belong? On which side are you? How are we ever going to get you out? Where do you think you are? You are a regular Fillmore squash."

In the days of the Kansas excitement, he was thoroughly outspoken against the enemy. On one occasion he said: "These pro-slavery, border ruffians ought to be hung. And only one tree on the face of the earth is mean enough to hang them on; that is a pepperidge, which looks as though it grew against the will of God."

When the civil war broke upon the land by the rebel attack on Fort Sumter, the faithful preacher recognized the nature and magnitude of the strife. Having foreseen the gathering storm, and confident that it would finally overthrow slavery, he lifted up his prayers and his voice for the Union. Freedom's war-girded sons advancing to the field received his benediction, and he almost longed for youthful strength, that he might accompany them. His heart beat high to the march of liberty; and his loud amen went up to God when he read President Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the bondmen. He wept like a father for the loyal slain and shouted for the ransomed sons of Africa, and for the future of his country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PULPIT PREPARATIONS.

QUALITIES AS A SERMONIZER.—CAST OF MIND.—A SEVERE STUDENT.—METHOD.—TESTIMONY.—ARGUMENT AND ILLUSTRATION.—EXPLANATION.—SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A COMPLAINT.—PREPARATIONS.—THEIR FORM.—SPECIMENS OF SKELETONS.—RANK AS A SERMONIZER.—CALL FOR HIS SERMONS.

IN his preparation and delivery of sermons the evangelist fully proved his great native strength of mind, and his superior skill in execution. He evinced splendid original genius, and rare attainments in the mastery of great principles. Rude, as some polished scholars of courtly schools might have deemed him, he had that massive intellect, that power of perception, that acuteness of discernment, that skill of analysis, that wisdom of arrangement, that aptness of expression, that glow of soul, that true enthusiasm in his work, that made him a man and a worker of the noblest order. If he lacked the charms of a Chrysostom, he had the force of a Boanerges. If he was wanting in the rhetoric of an Everett, he abounded in the logic of a Webster. Few men had such power to draw, and hold, and move assemblies. Nor was this done by sensational arts and eccentricities, but rather by strength of arguments, weight of conclusions, and force of illustrations. It is sufficient proof of his ability, that it has sustained him and borne him victoriously through the heavy labors and conflicts of more than fifty years of public life.

He has been a close, constant, severe, successful student. He never spoke without preparation, and the best preparation he could make under the circumstances. To really discerning hearers, his discourses, though delivered from a brief and adorned with freshest utterances, betrayed the consumption of midnight oil. He never went to the battle without armor and ammunition.

In his record of his pastorate at Stonington he has given us some hints and clues in regard to his sermonizing, that all sermonizers will study with interest, and we think with advantage. He began his work with prayer, prosecuted it with prayer, and followed it with prayer. As he tells us, he looked to God for texts as he did for aid in arranging his discourses and in delivering them. That his work might have point and effect, he studied "how to cover" his text with a thought that should express its meaning in a form suitable to be presented as a subject or theme; that is, using his own language, "to caption it with a statement which should sum up its meaning" in a practical form for pulpit use. Then he labored to arrange, if possible, the argument in "two propositions," or at most in three. His propositions were then subdivided and illustrated in a manner suited to time and occasion. Having heard him often, and on various occasions—indeed he has repeatedly assisted us in times of revival—and having closely examined, as was necessary in preparing the present sketch, great numbers of his skeletons, briefs, and fully written preparations, we are prepared to speak of them in highly appreciative terms. They reveal the man of prayer, the close and penetrating thinker, the toiling student, the independent man, the original genius, the workman endowed with strong

power of construction. Though in the delivery of his sermons he abounded in illustrations, many of which were pre-arranged and many of which were impromptu, there lay beneath all, and around all, and over all, and pervading all, a body of logical argument that made his discourses an irresistible power. The frame of his argument was massive and grand as are the great magnolia trees of the South; and his illustrations were as abundant and enticing as the peerless magnolia blooms. His grand scriptural propositions blossomed into captivating illustrations.

If to any he ever seemed to speak with such freedom and readiness as betrayed no previous study, we might explain the matter by saying of him as he once said of an old Baptist minister of power who was ever ready to preach, "he always carried a hundred sermons in his head." By the power of brainwork his sermons were set in his head and electrotyped in his memory. As a fabricator of sermons he was always a hard working man: hence his efficiency and success. On all his discourses might be written in large letters, work ! work ! work !

Shall we inquire further into the secret of his success as a sermonizer? Consider: he felt called of Jesus Christ, who had saved him, to publish his priceless gospel to the perishing; he asked his texts from the Lord; he believed the Lord gave him his subjects; he asked for help in comprehending and unfolding his texts; he believed he received such help; he asked that the Holy Spirit might guide all his powers, and he laid all his powers upon the divine altar; he believed that Christ meant to save souls through his ministry; he felt that he was a worker with Christ. Wonder not

then that he exhibited such devotion to his work; that he bent himself with such energy to it; that he glowed with such enthusiasm; that he exercised such faith; that he met with such success.

The only complaint worthy of notice we have ever heard respecting his discourses, has been in reference to their length. Sometimes he would occupy from one to two hours in unfolding the burden of his thought. He brings no light and trivial message. He speaks of eternal things to immortal beings, and makes little account of an hour. With glowing heart and radiant face he brings down from the mount of his converse with the Lord, tables of law and chapters of beatitudes. Thus the objection of length is counterbalanced by weight of thoughts and wealth of illustrations. Only dainty souls and admirers of dilettanteism weary or become impatient in his audiences. If he detains his hearers more than ordinary preachers, he also, more than they, gives to the multitude loaves and fishes before they retire.

We hasten to give specimens of his pulpit preparations. We have before us about five hundred of his skeletons and briefs. From these we select, almost at random, a few with which to show his general method and his skill. By the way, we find great uniformity of merit in this large collection from which we must select. A few of his sermons were written out in full. The greater number are briefs occupying about two pages of letter paper. Readers, and especially preachers, will notice with interest his method.

First we will give a somewhat lengthy skeleton. We select the one marked "Huntington St. N. L. The sermon which *offended*." The word "*offended*" here

will suggest the time and the spirit of which the sermo speaks.

“Nehemiah iv, 5, ‘*For they have provoked Thee to anger before the builders.*’”

Doctrine. God’s builders, and the course they are bound to adopt when God’s prerogative is invaded.

I. In what sense are the people of God builders.

II. The course they are bound to adopt when God’s sovereign prerogative in their work is invaded.

I. In what sense are the people of God builders ?

1. They are builded together for a habitation of God—lively stones—workers, etc.

2. One part of their work is to repair the breaches and inroads made by opposers, etc.

3. Work belonging to God’s house.

4. The re-establishment of religious usages which by vicissitudes have become impaired.

5. The recovery of ground which may have been lost, etc.

6. They are to build one another up, in faith, in liberty; liberty not misjudged; liberty not used as a cloak of maliciousness, etc.

7. Builders in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; in that faith is the whole system of revealed religion; in it are found the immunities secured by Christ to men, such as liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

II. The course which God’s people are bound to pursue when God’s sovereign prerogative in their work is invaded.

1. We inquire, when is God’s prerogative invaded?

a. When the work God has called on his people to perform is mocked and despised by hostile enactments

claiming to be laws—Nebuchadnezzar's laws—Herod's laws, etc.

b. When laws are made and enforced by earthly governments, which tend to the annihilation of moral obligation, and which strip the laws of Christ of all their dignity.

c. To foster slavery under the pretext of saving the Union, a fugitive slave law is introduced as a finality, etc.

2. The course God's people are bound to pursue.

a. To seek redress from God himself—prayers, etc., as Esther; as Elijah called fire, etc.

b. To attempt to advance their work by trowels and if need be by sword, etc.

c. To look with contempt upon, and treat with indignity all attempts to invade God-given rights; not worship the image; Daniel broke the law, etc.

d. Bound to use all laudable means to break up such usurpation. (Quotation.) The Continental Congress in 1774 agreed that our struggle should be for universal liberty, and not for a class; the rights of human nature. Jefferson in his original draft of the Declaration arraigned the King for sustaining the execrable traffic in slaves, etc.

Now comes the question of sanctioning by federal legislation a system at war,

(1.) With every right of humanity.

(2.) With every principle of our Constitution.

(3.) With all that is glorious and virtuous in our history.

(4.) With every interest and hope of our country.

(5.) With every precept of the Bible.

“The question is to be submitted to the ballot box of legislating into new territory a system that robs man of

his manhood and woman of her chastity. Tremendous events hang upon that day."

However this sermon "offended," who now will say that the preacher was not a true prophet?

We will now give one of the shortest skeletons we can find.

"Mat. ix. 37, 38, '*Then saith He to his disciples. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.*'"

I. The lordship of Christ over the souls of men.

II. The method devised by Christ to secure sufficient laborers to gather the harvest.

III. The motives by which disciples are moved to call on the Lord of the harvest.

I. The lordship of Christ over the souls of men.

1. God has given Him power over all flesh.

2. He died and rose again, that he might be lord both of the dead and the living.

3. Such lordship reveals his compassion for the multitude.

4. Such lordship indicates his ability to meet the needs of the harvest field, &c.

II. The method devised by Christ to secure sufficient laborers to gather the harvest.

1. He will supply the field in answer to prayer.

2. Thus He throws the responsibility of supplying the field on the disciples.

3. Thus He would teach them that the proper kind of reapers are those alone which Christ himself sends.

4. Thus all who are sent will be welcomed by those already in the field.

5. Thus they are prepared for greater union to Christ and for the efforts which the demands of the field excite.

III. Motives by which disciples are urged to call on the Lord, &c.

1. The plenteousness of the harvest, &c.
2. The fewness of actual laborers, &c.
3. The ability of Christ to send laborers.
4. The consequences to the harvest if the sickle is not put in."

We will now give a few texts and the propositions. The reader will readily imagine the propositions drawn out in appropriate points, after the manner of the preceding skeletons. We take the briefs almost as they come to hand:

"Exodus xxxiv, 29.—*"When he came down from the mount, Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone," &c.*

- I. Communion with God assimilates to his likeness.
- II. Likeness to God can exist, though in obscurity to its possessor.

"11 Chronicles, xxxi, 21.—*"And in every work he began in the service of the house of God, and in the commandments," &c.*

A just respect for the house of God, a perfect security of religious prosperity.

- I. What is a just respect for the house of God.
- II. The prosperity which it secures.

"Job xxiii, 14.—*"For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things," &c.*

- I. The character of God's appointments.
- II. The certainty of their fulfillment.

"Matthew xiv, 30.—*"And when he saw the winds boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink," &c.*

- I. Attention diverted from Christ forebodes evil.
- II. The remedy found in reclaimed attention.

“Mark xxvi, 20.—*And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them,*’ &c.

Doctrine. Industry in religion secures corresponding success.

I. The industry which religion demands.

II. The manner wherein God has secured its success.

“Luke v, 5.—*Nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net.*’

I. The commands of Christ the law of christian action.

II. Compliance with Christ’s commands secures ample success.

“Luke xiv, 19.—*I pray thee have me excused.*’

I. The character of excuses for rejecting gospel provisions.

II. The danger of excuses excluding those who make them from heaven.

“John xxi, 17.—*He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas lovest thou me.*’

I. The necessity for this kind of interrogation among Christ’s professed friends.

II. The reply which true religion will furnish.

“Acts 1, 8.—*And ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you.*’

I. The proper qualification for a religious interest.

II. The object to be accomplished by men thus qualified.

“1, Cor. vi, 20.—*For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are his.*’

I. A christian belongs to God by purchase, both body and spirit.

II. The object of God in this purchase.

III. The purchase paid, the motive to action,

"11, Thes. iii, 1.—*'That the word of the Lord may have free course,' &c.*

I. The position God has assigned to his word in the triumphs of salvation.

II. The duty of the church to promote its circulation.

"Heb. vi, 9.—*'Things which accompany salvation.'*

I. Things which accompany salvation in its attainment.

II. Things which accompany its enjoyment.

"Rev. iii, 16.—*'So then because thou art lukewarm.'*

Doctrine. Religious indifference.

I. Its criminality.

II. Its offensiveness to God.

III. Its danger.

"11, Cor. vi, 9.—*'As dying and behold we live.'*

Doctrine. In the kingdom of God, death the harbinger of life.

I. The death which is the harbinger of life.

II. The life which follows death.

These briefs of pulpit preparations need no explanations or encomiums. They reveal a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word. If the dry bones themselves have no flavor of "locusts and wild honey," be it understood that the flesh with which they were clothed had it. If such was the frame of discourses, what must have been the muscle, and nerve, and spirit? Those who heard the sermons can answer. Such study and prayer, such labor and ability, were not without signal success. As a sermonizer, Mr. Swan holds no inferior rank among the justly celebrated preachers of our land. He had the analytic tact and power of an Edwards, and the zeal and fire of a Tennent. If he had negligence of scholastic taste and an unusual

daring in phraseology, he yet had point and energy and pathos and power, and stands, of his kind, quite unrivalled for effectiveness. His proficiency in homiletics will command the respect of all strong thinkers.

In 1857, a writer, "not a member of the Baptist denomination," sent a paper to the Christian Secretary, urging the publication of a volume of the evangelist's sermons, affirming that "very many of his sermons are justly deserving an enduring existence, on account of their unusual excellence, as clear and logical expositions of the sacred text. As bold, forcible and eloquent delineations of sacred history and biography, many of them have no parallel, even in the history of New England preaching; and, if carefully selected and prepared, they would well deserve a place in the same category with those of Whitefield and Spurgeon." He also suggested that "the revenue from the sale of the work, would prove of advantage to him when age and infirmity prevent him from performing further duty as a preacher." This last reason, we fondly hope, maybe in some measure answered by the volume that now engages our attention.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

HOME REMEMBERED.—NO INTRUSION.—SANCTITY OF HOME.—PROTESTANT.—FAITH AND PRACTICE.—MRS. SWAN.—HER QUALITIES AND SPHERE.—CHILDREN.—DEATH OF HELEN.—MEMORIES.—EVENTFUL LIFE.—ITS ISSUES.—ITS RECORD.—DEATH OF MRS. SWAN.

WHILE with so much profit we have traced the remarkable steps, and read the impressive record, of the evangelist, think not that we have forgotten his worthy and cherished home. Often, from his tender allusions, and its own pure attractions, have our own eyes been turned upon it.

Into the privacy of domestic life we have neither the right nor the disposition to intrude. Some reference to it in this case however seems appropriate and indispensable. The public man had a home-aid whose name and virtues should be ever coupled with his own.

Man is a domestic as well as a public actor. The first and most sacred school on earth is that of the family. It is more than a school; it is a sanctuary; and parents are priests. Rightfully Protestant ministers claim their relation in the family; they may assume the position of husband, and father, and teacher, and ruler, in the kingdom of home. Unschooled and inexperienced in this sacred realm, we are unprepared to teach and direct in the wider relation of the community. Despite the dogmas of the Papacy, borrowed

from the blind austerities of paganism, the experience of men, not to quote the teachings of the Scriptures, has proved that religious teachers should know, by personal knowledge, the loves, endearments, toils, responsibilities, anxieties, sanctities, trials and rewards of home, if they would be skilled in touching, with truth and sympathy, the cords of all human hearts, winning them to the harmonies of God.

In Laura Griffin, (born October 2, 1797,) daughter of Zebulon Griffin, of East Haddam, Mr. Swan found a true woman, a true wife, and a true christian—qualities and relations not easily expressed. What of Eden now belongs to earth, the preacher found in his home. From the toils of the field he had a happy, cheering bower to which he could resort. Though obedient to calls of duty that often took him far and detained him long, no man more prized the quiet endearments and peace of his home shrine. His wife was worthy of the ardent love she received. Words may not describe how much, by her care, her tenderness, her councils and prayers, she, as a true partner, girded him for the battles to which he was summoned. We have seen that she accompanied and cheered him in his studies. By her own skillful and diligent hands she bore her full part in providing for all needs. Through all the eventful years—now numbering more than fifty—her house has been strongly characterized by piety; industry, hospitality and benevolence. Few women have equally with her illustrated the unostentatious, sacred, influential sphere of woman. Her rights have been her duties, and her duties have been her rewards. One in love, life, labor and hope with her husband, their record should be one. Although history

as men write it and repeat it, may not emblazon her name or lift it to human notice as prominently as the name of the evangelist, the record of her loves, and prayers, and deeds, is sure in the book of divine remembrance.

The children of Jabez S. and Laura G. Swan have been,

Elizabeth L., born in Stonington, Ct., Feb. 19, 1829.

Ann Augusta, born in Norwich, N. Y. May 29, 1832.

Samuel P., born in Norwich, N. Y., May 20, 1837

Charles Y., born in Oxford N. Y., Aug. 5, 1840

Helen P., born in N. London, Conn., Sept. 11, 1845.

The last, the loving mother of three children, has passed to the other shore. She died in New London, Conn., Dec. 31, 1872. A thousand hearts were deeply affected by the death of this fair, young christian. She was ready, through faith in Christ, for her heavenly home; yet her maternal heart turned to her little ones, as the following lines, found among her choice papers, will indicate.

“O little feet; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.”

The day of her death—the last of the year—and the hour of her death—as the sun was setting—recalls another stanza that she had selected and preserved, as if prophetic of the hour of her departure.

“O, when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.”

The tender and truthful sentences subjoined are from the pen of a member of the family:

“For forty-nine years no coffin has passed our threshold. In common with the experience of all earthly homes, we had had severe illness, with days and nights of painful solicitude, and weary watching, but the death angel ever passed on, and left us an unbroken circle for nearly a half-century.

“The peculiarly afflicting circumstances of her sickness and death can never be written. Father was absent in the State of New York, engaged in a great religious awakening. Mother, in a precarious state of health, was with her son-in-law, in Brooklyn. The eldest sister was left almost alone to grapple with the dreadful disease—besides caring for three little children, and the other duties of the household. A sister’s love, fortified by that faith which is an anchor to the soul, alone enabled her to pass this terrible ordeal.

“Eulogy is unnecessary for those who knew the dear departed. It need only be said, that she was a true daughter, wife and mother. She had early in life professed her father’s faith; and though her profession was in deeds, rather than words, when the supreme hour of trial came, she was enabled to bear all with christian endurance. When the death-angel had set his seal upon her fair, young brow, we knew that all was well. A beautiful light, like the foregleams of the morning land, seemed to illumine her countenance in her last moments, which came to us as a beautiful final token, when the poor lips failed for utterance, that she was with her Savior.

Three score and ten years are the full measure of man’s life. Beyond that period, the toiling preacher

has now advanced. His retrospect of life must be impressive. No common satisfaction must spring from the reflection that for more than fifty years he has labored far and near, with his full strength, continuously, and joyously, and successfully, in the purest, highest, noblest employment permitted to man; and that his successes have won for him a place in his country's history.

But who may presume to trace the issues of such a life? What part did this man act in the great economy of God? What cords, great and small—all of deathless vibrations—did he touch? How many perishing souls have been won to Christ through his ministry? How many thousands of God's Israel have been quickened in their faith and led to gird on the armor of righteousness and go up to the battle of life under his inspiring call? How many, converted under his preaching, and called of God into the ministry, have become able preachers of the everlasting gospel? By his glad hands, what scores of hundreds have been "buried with Christ in baptism," and raised to newness of life? How many assemblies has he gathered, and how many churches has he been instrumental in founding? What a great number of eagerly accepted sermons he has preached to immense congregations, at ordinations, dedications, associations, conventions and great general gatherings?

A ministry so lengthy, comprehensive, and peculiar, in an age fraught with such activities, changes, and issues, must have, beyond all apparent fruits, a great train of consequences that only the future and the divine record may disclose. Interlocking with the holy past, it will also link itself with the sacred hereafter.

DEATH OF MRS. SWAN.

WITH sadness we arrest the work of the printers, to add to our volume a brief obituary chapter. For want of space we shall confine ourselves to the substance of a note just received from the sorrowing evangelist.

“DEAR BROTHER DENISON : I have a most trying subject to write about. You have heard of the death of my beloved wife, some account of whom you already have. Let me add : She was converted in her youth, but did not publicly profess her faith in Christ till after we were married. Her relatives being of another denomination (Congregationalists), the way was not clear for her to unite with the people of her choice till located among Baptists, though she was never opposed by her relatives, and the Congregationalists have ever been among our best friends.

“Her life has been one of unceasing toil and labors for Christ. She was diffident of her ability to work openly in the kingdom ; but, till prevented from attending conference meetings by home cares, ‘she did what she could.’ When I was ordained, my salary was but two hundred and fifty dollars a year ; and it did not exceed that for about six years. Only the most rigid economy enabled us to live on our income. But for the peculiar faculty of Mrs. Swan to make a little

go a great way, I must have been driven from the pulpit to support my family. Pardon an illustration of her thoughtfulness. Through her economy and planning, during the second year of my settlement, we saved enough to buy her a silk dress. She was small of stature, and fashion favored our poverty. We went twenty miles to reach a cheap store, and paid nine dollars for nine yards of blue-black silk; and it was deemed an ample pattern. We were never as happy, before or afterwards, on account of silk. When in health, Mrs. Swan did all her work, and took the utmost pains to always have my affairs so arranged that I could go at the bidding of Providence.

“In the great revival of 1832, in Chenango county and the surrounding regions, I deeply felt the importance of being more effectually girded for my work, and desired Mrs. Swan to join me, before my large congregation, in a statement of what we intended to do, with the help of the Lord. Together we stood before the multitude, and made acknowledgments, and tried to take a stand for God, that the way might be open for others. Then we knelt together in the sanctuary, and poured out our hearts to God for the salvation of the lost. The effect was remarkable. The revival rolled on till near one hundred were converted to the Lord.

“While, in the multitude of my toils, I have been much from home, Mrs. Swan has uncomplainingly looked after the home affairs. But few women have endured more trials, borne more crosses, and suffered more from the burdens and heat of the day. The last five years of her life have been specially full of trials and sufferings, as her nervous system seemed to be broken. In the loss of Helen, the trial was such, that she sank almost into

the valley of death. Yet for the last few months her health in a degree returned, and she exhibited her wonted cheerfulness.

“About ten days ago she was taken ill, but we were unable to ascertain that her case was alarming till within twenty-four hours of her decease. She suffered some from thirst, and before we were aware of it she was struck with death. I asked her if I should pray. As she readily assented, I spent a few moments in asking God for help. I inquired if she had requests of any kind to make. Her answer was, she had none. Almost the last words that fell from her lips were: “Had I possessed more ability, I should have done more for Christ.” When really in the valley of the shadow of death, over her seemed to dawn the day that breaks from the Delectable Mountains. Before she departed, she repeated two passages of Scripture, as follows: ‘I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.’ The other was: ‘My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.’ In a few moments, she fell asleep as quietly as an infant in the arms of a fond mother. Her departure to the celestial home was on Friday, (December 19, 1873,) between five and six o’clock. On Sunday, (December 21,) we tearfully followed the body to the cemetery, to await the great day.

“Thus has passed from earth one whom Jesus loved; one who has borne bereavements in a wonderful manner; a devoted wife, a tender mother, a friend to all, and, I may add, beloved by all. And her death is felt among

the poor, whom she was always forward to remember. She was seventy-six years of age.

“O, how changed is my home! May the Lord give me grace to finish my course as she finished hers, and as fully, at last, to lean on the arm and the bosom of the Lord Jesus.

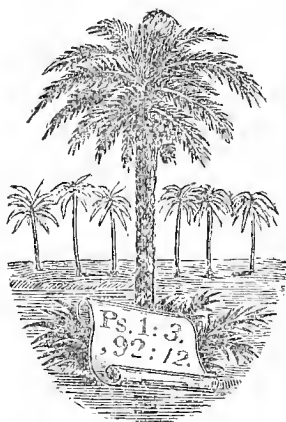
J. S. SWAN.”

NEW LONDON, CONN., Dec. 22, 1873.

THE ONE, on the hill-tops, the trumpet has blown,
And led to the battle the host of the Lord.
THE OTHER defended the home tower alone,
Deserving, with palm-bearers, honor's award.

F. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Dec. 25, 1873.



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